

















Yours Truly  
W. H. Hotchkiss

THE  
PINE AND THE PALM  
GREETING;

OR,

The Trip of the Northern Editors to the South in 1871,  
AND THE  
Return Visit of the Southern Editors in 1872,

UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF

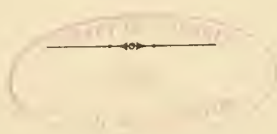
MAJ. N. H. HOTCHKISS,

*Traveling Agent of Chesapeake & Ohio and Richmond & York River Railroads.*

"IT IS WELL."



EDITED AND COMPILED BY N. J. WATKINS.



BALTIMORE:  
J. D. EHLERS & Co.'s, ENGRAVING AND PRINTING HOUSE,  
87 SECOND STREET.  
1873.

F106  
W33

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1873, BY  
NELSON H. HOTCHKISS,  
IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON.

---

SOLE AGENT, J. T. ELLYSON, 1112 Main Street, Richmond, Va.

To my friends in Baltimore and the North, the PINE AND PALM will be found at FOUNTAIN HOTEL,  
Camden Street, Baltimore, Md.

Head Quarters of

MAJOR N. H. HOTCHKISS.

*Traveling Agent C. & O. and R., Y. R. & C. R. R.*

, Office, 144 Light Street.



DEDICATION.

---

TO THE

EDITORIAL FRATERNITY,

THE GREAT LEVER POWER THAT MOVES  
THE WORLD.



## PREFACE.

---

As its name implies, this volume is a record of the thoughts, feelings and impressions of the Northern Editors who accompanied Major Hotchkiss south in the spring of 1871, and of the Southern Editors who, with him, returned the visit in 1872. No literary merit is claimed for it. The book is a compilation from the hastily penned letters of the newspaper men who took part in those expeditions. Writing under such circumstances, they were unable to bestow upon their work the care necessary to disarm adverse criticism. Many of the descriptions, however, contained in it are graphic, highly interesting, and by no means devoid of grace and elegance. As a whole, it is a stirring narrative, full of exciting incidents, and a faithful index of the feelings of the people both North and South, when properly approached. The volume is made up of extracts carefully selected from the different papers represented on the excursions. The names of these papers, with their editors, have been given in the body of the book, but it has been found impossible to individualize, as aside from the monotony occasioned by almost endless repetition, and the space required for the insertion of names of the journals accredited with certain portions of the work, dissatisfaction would inevitably follow. Many exceedingly interesting letters have been omitted, because of their length, while at times the compiler has found it difficult to discriminate in making his selections. He has endeavored to follow closely the admirable example set by the excursionists, and nothing of a political or sectional character will be found in the volume.

SEPTEMBER 16th, 1873.



## INTRODUCTION.

---

When, in 1865, the great civil war was brought to a close, by the surrender of the Confederate armies, hopeful persons in both sections confidently expected *reconciliation*. The North regarded the South as necessary to the perpetuation and prosperity of the Union, or her people would never have submitted to the unprecedented sacrifices they were compelled to make in order to enforce that bond. The South lay helpless, crippled, well nigh ruined. Her people, with an unanimity scarcely exemplified in the history of nations, had given their all to the cause they so fondly cherished and which they believed to be just. Stripped of her wealth, her fields laid waste, and in many instances homes that had protected generations desolated, bankrupt and without a currency, she naturally looked to the North for assistance and for the means of recuperation. The South in her then condition was but a barren conquest, and experience told but too surely what would result from the imposition of harsh measures and the prolongation of those animosities begotten of internecine strife. Americans are by nature generous. The struggle over, the victory won, the prejudices occasioned by untoward events over which neither side had control softened down, the proper thing to manly and magnanimous natures seemed to be *reconciliation*.

That such was the feeling of the people throughout the United States is evidenced by the many abortive attempts at reconstruction by both political parties during the winter succeeding the collapse of the Confederacy. Unfortunately two branches of the Government were arrayed against each other. Nothing that emanated from the Executive was acceptable to Congress; nothing that originated in Congress proved palatable to the President. The breach widened day by day, and finally degenerated into a struggle between political parties, and the poor South, the bone of contention, was ground between the upper and nether mill-stones. Her condition at the

time of the surrender was deplorable, but how much more pitiable it became three years later, when she was overrun with *scalawags* and *carpet-baggers*, will never be known save to those whose misfortune it was to live within her borders.

A *scalawag* is an original secessionist, a fire-eater of that peculiar Southern type who before the war kept alive the smouldering embers of sectional hate by appeals to the masses in the Southern States to resist the encroachments of Northern usurpation and fanned the flames of civil war by violent denunciations of the Northern people and their supposed efforts to trample upon the liberties and seize the property of the people of those States. None were more energetic in their efforts to bring on the war, none were more directly responsible for the frightful consequences which followed. They stirred the people to frenzy by their harangues, and assisted manfully in the formation of companies and regiments for the coming conflict, in most cases modestly confining their own ambitious longings to stationary positions in the commissary or quarter-master departments. If they soared higher and ventured into the rank and file of the army, at the first sound of approaching danger they were reminded of some convenient malady that had lain dormant in the system during a long period of years but which had opportunely thrust itself into notice in time to secure for the patient a discharge from military duty. Having worked all the injury to their fellow-beings that their microscopic souls could suggest, they quietly "enrolled themselves in their virtue and retired to private life" to await the result of that strife which they had done so much to foment.

The war over, the South helpless at the feet of the conqueror, they crawled from their holes and hiding-places and pounced upon those whom they had lured to their destruction. The iron-clad oath disclosed no obstacles to their elastic consciences. They swallowed it with an unctuousness that savored of delight, and protested their life-long devotion to the Union and the dominant party with an ardor and impetuosity which exceeded if possible the enthusiasm manifested by them in behalf of the South at the beginning of the struggle. Their late friends were not only abandoned but treated with ignominy the more galling because of the source from whence it sprang. The colored man was a brother whose interests must be secured, regardless of the rights of the whites, by placing them, the *scalawags*, in positions of trust where they could prey upon the body politic and grow plethoric from the remaining property of the sorely tried and impoverished

people of the South. They humbled themselves that they might be exalted. No descent was too low, no rascality too contemptible, which would further their plans and projects. The negroes were incited to hostilities against their late masters and natural friends, and taught by these new fledged philanthropists that what might be theirs through frugality and industry was theirs by common right, and that by elevating the scalawags to power it should be assured to them.

We must not be understood as embracing in our description of the scalawag those who from conscientious convictions differed with the majority of their Southern brethren. Of these there were many, and their influence and example were potent in ameliorating the condition of their friends and neighbors.

The *carpet-bagger*, though differing but little in general features from the above, was, upon the whole, a superior creature. He was not a viper warmed into life to sap that which had given him birth. Born and raised in the North, he joined the armies of the Union as a camp-follower, and during the war had preyed indifferently upon his own people and those within the territory of the enemy. Whenever stealing cotton, cereals or household furniture and running the blockade proved more lucrative than filching from the soldiers who had gone out to fight the battles of their country he abandoned the latter for the former. At the termination of the war he discovered instinctively the true field for the exercise of his talents. The political complications in the South, growing out of that unfortunate affair, furnished just the material he needed for the prosecution of his purposes.

Armed with a box of paper collars and a couple of calico shirts, with an audacity strangely at variance with his late hang-dog mien while being kicked and cuffed by officers and men of the Union forces, he marched into the conquered territory, and with that contempt for appearances created in him by his previous career, he made his head-quarters at some negro cabin or abandoned hovel and from thence issued his ukases and thunderbolts. The negroes were taught that the whites were their natural enemies and that he was the modern Moses to lift the yoke of Egyptian bondage and give over to them the lands that flowed with milk and honey. The *carpet-bagger* found a congenial spirit in the *scalawag*, and with combined forces they helped themselves to all the offices of trust and profit (we were about to say honor) within the gift of the people. Then commenced a system of plunder and corruption which would have beggared States that had known no trouble.

The people were taxed for more than their lands would bring to fill the rapacious maws of these cormorants while those whose property and position certainly entitled them to some voice in their governance were compelled to sit with their hands tied and behold their own despoilment. The worst passions of the colored people were appealed to, and but for a common sense and a rugged honesty with which they were not then accredited the most frightful scenes would have ensued, horrors at the bare thought of which the soul shudders.

This is no fancy picture, nor is it overdrawn. It will be seen that the *scalawag* is a native, a fungous growth, for which the South is responsible, while the *carpet-bagger* will be recognized by every soldier of the Union as one whom, during the war, the army but for the control of its officers would have given "a short shrift and the end of a rope." We have sketched the main characteristics of these parasites for the benefit of our Northern brethren. The impression prevails largely at the North that the term *carpet-bagger* is applied indiscriminately to all who hail from that section of our common country. Never was there a greater error. Many excellent men of both political parties have settled in the South, and not a few have adorned the most distinguished positions in the arena of politics. The South welcomes to her homes and firesides all who come with honest intent and a determination to further the general prosperity. She is grateful for the aid they give, the skill they possess and the capital they bring. She asks not what may have been their antecedents, what their political opinions; all she requires is that they assist in building up her institutions and developing her resources. That this is true may be easily learned from the perusal of the following pages. We have spoken with more latitude than we intended of the *scalawag* and *carpet-bagger*, and perhaps they were not worth such an extended notice, but our object has been to remove erroneous impressions.

In 1868, the South was at their mercy, and precious little of it did they exhibit towards her suffering people. Earnest efforts at reconciliation were made by all classes and both political parties. Peace conventions, Congressional committees, reconstruction laws, were tried without avail. Disorders followed in the wake of the anomalous governments established in the Southern States, and people, stung to madness, cared but little about the means they used to rid themselves of the vampires that had fastened upon them. As always happens when citizens take the law in their own hands, outrages were perpetrated which were deeply regretted by the better classes of people.

The partisanship of the press at this time was a serious misfortune for the South. While one-half the newspapers in the country were endeavoring to prove that the millenium had already begun in the ex-Confederate States, the other half contended that pandemonium had broken loose, and more stringent measures should be adopted for its suppression. Instead of allaying the animosities engendered, they were intensified until there was real danger that a feeling might spring up between the two sections which would embitter their relations for all time to come.

At this juncture Major N. H. Hotchkiss, a gentleman who will figure largely in this volume, accepted the appointment of General Traveling Agent of the York River and Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. He was a Northern man by birth and a Southerner by adoption. He loved both sections with an ardor which naught save the purest patriotism and most perfect unselfishness can beget. We do not propose to give here a sketch of his life, that will be found further on. Prior to the war he was an avowed Republican, but when Virginia resolved to cast herself into the breach between her Sister Southern States and the North he like many other noble men considered it his duty to stand by the land of his adoption. No taint of bitterness detracted from the purity of his resolve. His generous nature forbade that he should desert the people who had opened their arms to him in the hour of adversity and yet his heart bled to think that those who should be brothers were engaged in such a contest. Whilst aiding the State of Virginia with all that characteristic energy which will be clearly developed to the reader during the progress of this work, his mind ever turned with the deepest solicitude to those whom the cruel exigencies of war had for the time being made enemies.

Major Hotchkiss was not exempt from the hard fate which overtook so many of his compatriots at the close of the war. Reduced to poverty, with a helpless and dependent family, and his naturally robust constitution seriously undermined by the many hardships and privations he had undergone, he nevertheless applied himself diligently to repair his broken fortunes. His first idea was that a man owes it to the community in which he lives to contribute his mite towards its general happiness and progress; his second, that the time not thus employed should be expended in efforts to strengthen the ties which connect it with others. The latter seems ultimately to have gained the ascendancy. He was a plain man, endowed with more than ordinary common sense, and to use the words of one of his eulogists, "he had a heart as big as a bushel."

It is a popular error to imagine that no man can become great unless he fills some exalted public station. The unknown benefactors of mankind, the great men in private life, whose only reward is the proud consciousness of duty well done, will probably fill as large a scroll and constitute as bright a record when days shall be no more as the story of those whom monumental brass has created the heroes of the hour.

Major Hotchkiss was contented with the lesser (?) distinction. While he did not disparage measures adopted by the Government for the restoration of peace and harmony between the two sections his active mind cast about for some other means to reunite the practically dissevered people of the Union. His own experience taught him that ignorance, as in many other cases the prolific source of evil, was in this the real cause of bitterness and distrust, and that if the North and South could be brought to know each other as they really were without the aid of political spectacles or party coloring, sectional hatred would fade away like the mists of the morning. His acceptance of the position tendered by the Chesapeake and Ohio and Richmond and York River Railroads gave him the long wished for opportunity to test the plan of *reconciliation* he had matured in his own mind. His new duties brought him in contact with the people of both sections. The Press was the acknowledged vehicle of public sentiment. Each journal was a centre from which radiated impressions to light thousands of people. The masses had no other means of gaining information. If the light were not obscured by the clouds of prejudice and passion the rays that issued from it must be bright and healthful.

So reasoned the Major, and he determined that he would never relax his efforts until the Editors of the North, the framers of public opinion in that section, should be brought face to face with the people of the South, until they should see them engaged in their daily avocations, listen to their views upon topics of general interest and importance, sit by their firesides and under the shadow of their sacred Penates partake of the generous hospitality for which they erst were famous. His heart told him that his labor would not be in vain. Month after month found him toiling to accomplish this noble object. The months lengthened into years, and at last, during the winter of 1871, having repeatedly visited New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and other Northern States, and having perfected his arrangements in the South he was enabled to announce to the Northern Editors that his efforts had been crowned with success, and that the great experiment at *reconciliation* would soon be commenced under the most hopeful auspices.

It must not be imagined that the end was reached without trouble. Railroad magnates were to be propitiated, lines of travel mapped out and obdurate Editors whose prejudices blinded their judgments were to be persuaded to lay aside for the nonce their unreasoning bias and look at things as they really were. This last was by no means the least of the troubles that beset Major Hotchkiss, while making his preparations. Men, intelligent men, whom he had known from boyhood and who preserved for himself the same unswerving esteem that they had manifested towards him when a youth, refused at first to believe that any good thing could come out of Nazareth and in more than one instance days of sight-seeing and familiarity with the people of the South were necessary to wrest the scales from their eyes and induce them to admit that they were mistaken. It must also be borne in mind by the reader that the troubles in the South which had reached such formidable proportions in 1868 had measurably increased during the period that elapsed between that time and the starting of the Editorial Excursion. "Rumor with her hundred tongues" had been busy, misrepresentation had so completely usurped the place of truth that the Northern Editors and by consequence the Northern people could not really be blamed for their prejudices against the South or their utter ignorance of her condition.

However on May 22d, 1871, a goodly number of Editors assembled at the Delavan House, in Elmira, to meet their leader, Major N. H. Hotchkiss, many of whom grasped his bronzed but honest hand for the first time. At 9.45 P. M. the party was escorted to the Northern Central Railway Depot where special cars had been provided for their accommodation through the kindness and foresight of Mr. Ed. Young, the deservedly popular General Ticket Agent of that line. A ride at night over this railroad is pretty much the same as a jaunt over any other road, but what wonders are disclosed at the return of day will be fully detailed hereafter. Editors freed from the trammels of the sanctum and temporarily released from the gentle tyranny of domestic life are about as irresponsible as any other class of men. Such absolute freedom is unusual to them and correspondingly enjoyed. The fun and hilarity which bubbled over on this occasion proved a pleasant harbinger of the good time a coming.

Their leader, soon after bidding adieu to Elmira, made himself acquainted with the excursionists by one of those practical introductions which frequently form the basis of a lasting friendship. Through the kindness of Messrs. Thomas Flack & Son he was enabled to mete out to them consolation from a huge demijohn which bore the inscription "Old Baker," and an inspection

of its contents demonstrated conclusively that the aforesaid vessel had been correctly named. One car was set apart for the smokers, for whom ample provision had been made, while the other was devoted to the total abstinence party, whose members grew hourly "small by degrees and beautifully less." The night was passed in pleasant and genial intercourse, interspersed with jokes whose practical character gave a zest to the trip, while their perfect harmlessness prevented any unpleasant consequences. Harrisburg was reached at an early hour in the morning, and the excursionists breakfasted in the Northern Central Railroad Depot. They reached Baltimore in excellent time and were conducted to the Fountain Hotel. A short opportunity was here given for a stroll through the City, after which they partook of a substantial dinner at the hotel, and were escorted to the steamer State of Virginia of the Richmond and York River Railroad Line.

We will take up the narrative as written by the Journalists themselves.

# The Pine and The Palm.

## ON THE CHESAPEAKE BAY.

Yesterday afternoon we sailed from Baltimore in the magnificent steamer "State of Virginia," which R. Foster, Esq., agent of the Richmond and York River Railroad Line, had kindly placed at the disposal of Mr. N. H. Hotchkiss and his editorial friends. At four o'clock the steamer left the dock and moved gracefully down the harbor, passing Fort McHenry, one of the strongest fortifications in the United States, and which gave birth to the national song "the Star Spangled Banner." Further down, and midway in the Patapsco, is Fort Carroll, which is unfinished and probably never will be, as iron-clads have rendered it useless as a means of defence. We passed Annapolis in the distance, only its numerous church spires being visible. As the steamer plowed through the waters on its way, and the shadows of night were falling, the bell for supper was rung and the party assembled around tables laden with products of a sunny Southern clime, and meats and drinks of various kinds. The Captain of the steamer, L. W. Freeman, and Chief Hotchkiss, had evidently done their prettiest, and we showed our appreciation by clearing the festive board.

An informal meeting of the members of the Editorial Excursion was called and Hon. J. H. Selkreg, of Ithaca, N. Y., stated its object to be to effect an organization to better express their united sentiments in regard to the excursion. The following are the names of those present at the meeting:

- |                                                                                     |                                                        |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------|
| H. TIDD and Hon. D. B. HILL, <i>Gazette</i> , Elmira.                               | C. H. KEELER, <i>Record</i> , Owego.                   |
| R. R. R. DUMARS, <i>Advertiser</i> , Elmira.                                        | H. N. BEACH, <i>Republic</i> , Brockport.              |
| H. H. ROCKWELL, Elmira.                                                             | A. A. HOPKINS, <i>Rural Home</i> , Rochester.          |
| J. H. BURCH, Scranton, Pa.                                                          | A. O. BUNNELL, <i>Advertiser</i> , Dansville.          |
| A. S. HOOKER, <i>Gazette</i> , Troy, Pa.                                            | M. C. RICHARDSON, <i>Daily Journal</i> , Lockport.     |
| Rev. GEO. COMFORT, <i>Northern Advocate</i> , Auburn.                               | C. B. THOMPSON, <i>Gazette</i> , LeRoy.                |
| J. W. SPAIGHT, <i>Standard</i> , Fishkill Landing.                                  | W. H. STEWART, Rochester.                              |
| J. G. P. HOLDEN, <i>Gazette</i> , Yonkers.                                          | W. H. GREENOW, <i>Tribune</i> , Hornellsville.         |
| FRANK B. BROWN, <i>Democrat</i> , Corning.                                          | SIDNEY B. HOWELL, <i>Journal</i> , Corning.            |
| J. M. WESCOTT, <i>Record</i> , Dundee.                                              | WM. H. NEARPASS, <i>Evening Gazette</i> , Port Jervis. |
| E. N. BACON, <i>Examiner</i> , Nicholson, Pa.                                       | M. D. STIVERS, <i>Evening Press</i> , Middletown.      |
| C. E. WHITNEY, <i>Republican</i> , Montrose, Pa.                                    | JOHN D. BIDDIS, <i>Herald</i> , Milford, Pa.           |
| H. P. WINSOR, <i>Transcript</i> , Jordan.                                           | ALBERT STOLL, <i>Tri-States Union</i> , Port Jervis.   |
| WM. A. KELLOGG, <i>Republican</i> , Homer.                                          | S. H. FERENBAUGH, <i>Times</i> , Painted Post.         |
| J. J. MATTISON, <i>Republican and Messenger</i> , Canandaigua, N. Y.                | CHARLES H. STOW, <i>Courier</i> , Deposit.             |
| E. B. HOLMES, <i>Times</i> , Canandaigua.                                           | W. H. GARDNER, <i>Journal</i> , Susquehanna Depot, Pa. |
| J. S. ROBINSON, <i>Record</i> , Naples.                                             | A. FOOTE, <i>Gazette and Herald</i> , Lisle.           |
| ELMER HOUSER, <i>Recorder</i> , Lima.                                               | JOHN A. SLEICHER, <i>Press</i> , Troy, N. Y.           |
| D. M. TRUE, <i>Evening Express</i> , Rochester.                                     | F. A. DONY, <i>Democrat</i> , Mauch Chunk, Pa.         |
| A. J. MCCALL, <i>Advocate</i> , Bath.                                               | A. GENNET, <i>Leader</i> , Binghampton.                |
| Rev. JOHN E. ROBIE, <i>Christian Advocate</i> , and <i>Daily Courier</i> , Buffalo. | B. H. RANDOLPH, <i>Democrat</i> , Warsaw.              |
| JAMES B. HOFF, <i>Advertiser</i> , Union Springs.                                   | R. S. LEWIS, <i>Batavian</i> , Batavia.                |
| H. A. DUDLEY, <i>Western New Yorker</i> , Warsaw, N. Y.                             | J. MALETTE, <i>Republican</i> , Binghampton.           |
| C. K. SAUNDERS, Nunda, N. Y.                                                        | Hon. JOHN H. SELKREG, <i>Journal</i> , Ithaca.         |
| J. WATTS, <i>Atlas</i> , Attica.                                                    | S. H. PARKER, <i>Genesee Gazette</i> .                 |
| L. W. KINGMAN, <i>Gazette</i> , Owego.                                              | O. W. OSMAN, <i>Gazette</i> , Hackettstown, N. J.      |
| FRANK T. SCUTTER, <i>Enterprise</i> , Waverly.                                      | E. McCONNELL, <i>Democrat</i> , Pen Yan, N. Y.         |
| WM. POLLEYS, <i>Advocate</i> , Waverly.                                             | M. G. GRAHAM, <i>Advertiser</i> , Addison, N. Y.       |
|                                                                                     | S. GOODALE, <i>Citizen</i> , Phelps, N. Y.             |

On motion, C. B. Thompson, the oldest member of the craft present, was chosen President of the meeting. The following gentlemen were chosen secretaries: A. O. Bunnell on the part of the New York delegation, and John D. Biddis on the part of the Pennsylvania delegation.

Remarks were made by F. A. Doney, Esq., Hon. J. H. Selkreg, A. A. Hopkins, and S. H. Parker, to the effect that due arrangements should be made to properly represent this party in Richmond, and urging the appointment of a committee to systematise our programme, that we may obtain as much information and as full an expression of the sentiments of the people of Virginia as possible in the short time allotted to us, and also to convey the warm regards of the members of the profession and of the people of the North generally toward the South.

On motion, the following gentlemen were appointed a committee to perfect arrangements for the next day, Messrs. W. H. Gardner, James Malette, M. D. Stivers, R. R. R. Dumars, and M. C. Richardson.

On motion, the chairman and secretaries were added to the committee.

On motion, the following committee of five was appointed to report resolutions in reference to the incidents of the excursion, at such time as they may deem feasible and desirable—viz: Messrs. A. A. Hopkins, J. G. P. Holden, F. A. Dony, J. W. Spaight, and S. H. Parker.

### SPEECH OF MAJOR N. H. HOTCHKISS.

Colonel Hotchkiss, the host of the excursion party, being called out, made a stirring speech of some length, comprising a sketch of his connection with Virginia and Virginians since removing from his native State of New York in 1859, gave full evidence of the faith which was in him that Virginians were among the noblest people of God's footstool; said he acknowledged now that Virginians were wrong during the war, but that they were honest in their convictions, and earnest in their endeavors to practice what they believed. He was a thorough Republican before the war, announced himself as such, and was commended and honored by Virginians for so doing. He depicted the long and excited discussion throughout the length and breadth of Virginia before the ordinance of secession was passed, and the terrible days that followed through the war; but all is over now. Virginia needs and asks the assistance of the North to develop her resources and restore to her, her more than old-time prosperity. The North and South is divided now only by passion and prejudice. How are we to become again an united people? He thought it was by the power of the press and by association. And in the fervor of his patriotism, his love for his whole country, he had vowed never to rest day or night until he had done *his* utmost, however humble that might be to restore good feeling between the North and South; it was to this end, and this alone that he had been stimulated to plan this editorial excursion. He had worked at this so long, and had given so much of time and thought to it, that now the prospect of success was so near he was absolutely drunk with excitement, and he acknowledged the day and the night the proudest and happiest of his life. He felt the invigorating spirit of the whole land and people. His heart and soul were in the work.

It is impossible to convey on paper the eloquence, the irresistible logic, of this man's oratory, for whom simple and fervent love of country had done more than the most finished education and life-long practice. The speech had a most happy effect upon all the auditors of Mr. Hotchkiss.

The ride from Baltimore on the steamer "State of Virginia," through the Chesapeake Bay and York River, was one of the pleasantest we ever enjoyed on water. The steamer is a magnificent palace, and is officered by the best of men, and supplied with the richest material tempting to appetite and to body. We have much eloquence and good sense in the party, and the gentlemen need not be ashamed to appear on any occasion.

A mistake occurs in the report of Major Hotchkiss' speech. He did not say "that Virginians were wrong during the war," but that "if they were wrong it was not the first time in the history of the world that a brave and noble people had been mistaken in their ideas of government, and that they had faithfully defended what they believed to be right." A man who had so steadfastly adhered to the fortunes of his State in her hour of trial was not likely to stultify himself by such a declaration. He spoke with so much fervor that it was difficult at times for the reporters to accurately follow him. He said: "I stood out firmly against secession, but when it came I could not, I would not, desert my State let its future be what it might."—ED.

A call of an hour at Yorktown gave us an opportunity of examining the relics of an hundred years ago. The town which Cornwallis made his headquarters is still standing, even showing the traces of the balls from Washington's guns. The place is hardly anything now but a miserably dilapidated town. A century since it was different. Then some of the grand old families of Virginia were residents there. But it is rich in reminiscence and is most beautifully, charmingly located on the bay. We left the steamer at West Point and took the Richmond and York River Railroad for Richmond, special cars having been furnished through the kindness of the Company, Capt. Wm. N. Bragg, Superintendent.

### RICHMOND.

On our arrival at Richmond we were not met by the Editors, as was expected. We suspect that they were too much occupied to pay any attention to the visitors. We arrived on Decoration Day, and the following day was election, two occasions at home, as we know, demanding about all that an editor can accomplish. We believe that the Editors of Richmond are both generous and hospitable.\*

There is a sadness about Southern burial places that is peculiar to them. Nowhere else in America can one realize so thoroughly the extent of the sacrifice of human life which war involved to the American people, and probably at none more fully than at the Richmond cemeteries of

### HOLLYWOOD AND OAKWOOD.

At Oakwood it is our good fortune to be able to attend the ceremonies of the Confederate Decoration Day, and what a day! There are not less than 10,000 people here, and I may under-estimate them by 5,000. As far as eye can reach is one dense surging crowd. But there is no levity here. Thousands of these dead were known to these living, and few live who would not willingly bow in sympathy with this people, and in the presence of their dead accord to them the praise of having "meant what they said" when their armies confronted ours in the field of deadly battle. Oh, what proofs are here! In these two cemeteries lie over 30,000 dead Confederate soldiers, and in the distance to the southward is seen a flag waving over lifeless thousands of those they met in battle. Here in sight of each other's graves they sleep, and who can say but that those who fell would blot out the past as those who fought long since have done. Thank Heaven, I never have slandered the Southern people by ascribing to them motives of selfishness or revenge, or a blind following after leaders in their warfare! If any were guilty, all were guilty; for never, I

\* A fact fully demonstrated further on.—ED.

believe, could people be more united or more in dead earnest. Else, what means the graves of 30,000 of their fallen in the shadow of one city? But to-day over the graves of those they loved, and love still, I hear their orator say:

"Let us bury animosities and vindictive resentments. 'Let the dead past bury its dead.' Here, over the mounds of our braves let us tear out everything that is unforgiving, unchristian, unlovely. Almost in sight, sleep those whom they met in battle. In the grave are no rancorous hates. Between the sleepers there is perpetual truce. Shall the living have less? As far as permitted, let us hail our late enemies as friends. In the tomb let national quarrels be buried. Savages may perpetuate immortal hates. Be it our prerogative to illustrate the benignant principles of a purer religion, to pluck out all convictions that will nourish ill-blood. No 'barbarian memory of wrong' should dishonor those who keep vigils over the graves of such illustrious dead." And from the people all over the nation—more particularly from the brave men who fought them—I hear an earnest heartfelt "amen."

The incidents that occurred here during this Decoration Day would fill a book, and would nowhere fail to find a chord of tender sympathy, even in the breast of an implacable foe. As we pass away silently, sadly, unconsciously "weeping with them that weep"—see that mourning mother standing by the grave of her son! How sadly she drops the flowers! Tears fall! Her face is buried in her hands! And, see! she has fallen on the ground and kisses the very earth in her grief, calling to her son. Such sights are all around us. Let us go. Truly have they written over the archway at the entrance

"HERE SLEEP THE BRAVE."

While at Hollywood we stand a moment at the side of the grave of President Monroe, and hurriedly copy the inscription from his tomb:

"JAMES MONROE,  
Born in Westminster, Va.,  
28th April, 1758;  
Died in the City of New York,  
July 4th, 1831.

By order of the General Assembly his remains were removed to this cemetery, 5th July, 1858, as an evidence of the affection of Virginia for her good and honored son."

And on the reverse:

"The eminent services performed by this patriot for his country are enduring monuments of his wisdom and virtue."

There are other spots of great interest here but we must hurry on. By the courtesy of the City of Richmond, we are being taken to many points that have connected with them much of history, and much that many now living can testify to of misery. At the close of the day, the Editors gave themselves to their pens, and the next morning a multitude of letters were sent North, descriptive and illustrative of scenes and events during a day in Richmond.

To-day the excursionists visited Petersburg, a place abounding in incidents of the late war.

### PETERSBURG.

By the politeness of the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad Company a train of cars was placed at our disposal, which took us to the renowned and once beleaguered city, whose houses, churches, &c., are studded with marks of shot and shell sent over from the

Union lines. I noticed one brick building with five shot holes in its side—others with four, three, two and many with one hole. The brick buildings struck with shot were generally plugged with brick and mortar, but the spots were discernible. After a sumptuous dinner at Jarrett's, Mr. Bishop, formerly of the Spottswood, proprietor, the best hotel in the city, the party proceeded in carriages to visit the battle grounds. Passing one of the oldest burying grounds, we halted and walked through the solemn aisles of the ancient dead. Some of the tombs were moss-covered and showed signs of great antiquity. The ruins of what was once the renowned Blanford Church, built of imported brick, still stand. The roof is kept good, but no timbers, doors or sash remain. This relic of olden time was built two hundred and two years ago. Passing on half a mile we came to the rebel lines of defence in the late war. The earthworks remain as when the surrender took place—except that the elements have worn them down. The Federal lines were but a short distance off, and in the place where the great mine was dug by our forces and sprung, the contending parties were not many rods apart—near enough to converse with each other, but which civilities were necessarily carried on with "heads down" below the top of the breastworks. Our guide was Colonel Rawlson, from Oswego, N. Y., now settled in Petersburg, a brewer. He kindly pointed out to us the locations of both armies during the siege of Petersburg.

Returning to Richmond at six o'clock, P. M., we were the recipients of bountiful attentions at the counting-room of the *Whig* office where were assembled the city editors, the Mayor, and some of the principal citizens. After a friendly interchange of sentiments and a jolly good time, we retired to our hotel with a vivid appreciation of the hospitable attentions and noble-heartedness of our Virginia editors and Richmond citizens.

### THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

After resting over night at Ford's Hotel, Richmond, our leader, Hotchkiss, escorted the entire excursion party to the depot of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, where a special train with two new coaches was in readiness, and we were at once comfortably seated, and soon speeding our way. These coaches were built at the company shops in Richmond, and wholly of material procured in Virginia. They will compare favorably with our first-class passenger coaches on Northern roads, both as to beauty, finish, and ease of riding. Mr. J. N. King is the master builder there. The locomotive was driven by Charley Taylor, with whom many of our Northern engineers are well acquainted, and the train was under the management of Capt. (they call all conductors captain in the South) Joseph Mallory, both of which gentlemen deserve and received the thanks of the whole party for their uniform courtesy during the entire trip from Richmond to White Sulphur Springs and return. Superintendent A. H. Perry also accompanied the excursionists about forty miles on their way. Running over a well-ballasted road, at a distance of two miles from Richmond, we passed a line of fortifications thrown up by the Confederates at Mechanicsville, forming a semi-circle nearly a mile in length, and in the distance was yet plainly visible the line which McClellan fortified, with the house which he occupied as his headquarters, it being on the Chickahominy flats.

Peake's Station was the next point of importance passed. This was where Stonewall Jackson's forces crossed the railroad in their vain endeavor to flank Little Mac. A short distance from the depot, in plain sight, we passed the house in which the immortal Patrick Henry was reared and where he died.

Ashcake, the next station, is in Clay Township, Hanover County, where Henry Clay was born, and a portion of the little church is still visible where the great statesman received his first lessons in Christianity.

The next point of interest passed was Hanover Court House, where Patrick Henry practiced law for many years, and where the Federal and Confederate forces met in deadly conflict, with heavy loss on both sides. The old court house is still standing in its primitive condition. An effort was made a few days ago to remove it to some other point, but the vote was almost unanimous against the movement.

The country through this portion of Virginia is charming to a superlative degree. The land is very rich, and extensively cultivated, with promising crops of wheat, rye, oats, potatoes, corn, and some clover. There is also an abundance of fruit of every variety.

Upon the farm of General Wickham, Vice-President of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, the crops were very beautiful and very promising. Near the railroad we saw a large pile of green sand marle, which is used as a fertilizer, and is said to be the best and the cheapest in any portion of the South. It may be obtained anywhere in that valley by sinking a shaft twenty or thirty feet deep, or hauled from tide water on the Pamunkey river, a short distance from the railroad. It is composed of rich green sand and shells of every description, in a decomposed state. Large quantities of sassafras root is obtained a few miles north of the railroad at different points and shipped north. The mineral wealth of Virginia cannot hardly be over estimated. At Tollersville we found ready for shipment a large quantity of rich ore, consisting of about equal parts of iron and sulphurate of copper. It is shipped to the Northern States, and principally used in the manufacture of sulphuric acid.

Louisa Court House, sixty-two miles out from Richmond, the next station reached, was a very pretty place, and the home of our estimable conductor, Capt. Mallory. It contains about twelve hundred inhabitants, but has no newspaper, and we understood the people there and in the surrounding towns very much desired the establishment of a good weekly paper.

Trevilian, the next station, did not attract our attention only from the fact that it was the scene of the cavalry fight between Sheridan and Hampton's forces.

Gordonsville, the next station reached, and the junction of the Orange and Alexandria and Chesapeake and Ohio Railroads, is an important point, though a small town in itself. Upon the arrival of our special train we were surrounded with a swarm of old and young negroes of both sexes, carrying large servers upon their heads, containing pies, cakes, chickens, boiled eggs, strawberries and cream, ripe cherries, oranges, tea and coffee, biscuit, sandwiches, fried ham and eggs, and other edibles, which they offered for sale, though scarcely any of our party purchased aught but the berries and cherries, which were gobbled up quick, and the darkies were sent for more. While out upon the platform in search of items we were lightly tapped upon the shoulder, and upon turning to see who our assailant was, we beheld an old schoolmate, whom we had not met in eighteen years. It is needless to add that the meeting was a pleasant one, and from him we gained much valuable information of the country thereabouts. On either side of the railroad skirting Gordonsville is a magnificent strip of country, with the best farming lands to be found in Virginia, all under cultivation, with the most favorable and promising crops. Fruit is also abundant in this locality, and we know that half of our party became nearly foundered eating cherries and strawberries, but, happily, no serious results followed.

For a distance of fifty miles, from Gordonsville to the Blue Ridge, we passed through the Piedmont Country—the most delightful and picturesque portion of the South which we visited. It consists of lovely valleys, now several miles in width, now narrowing as the encircling hills seem almost ready to touch each other, and anon dividing into two or more smaller valleys, with the gently rising hills, cultivated to the very tops, running between. As we rode along on the southeastern slope of the mountain ridge, with these lovely valleys lying below us, dotted with green fields and orchards, and scattering

dwellings, we thought: "This needs only our Northern energy to build in these valleys villages with their churches and school-houses and develop these lands, to make this as perfect a paradise as can be found on earth."

Our next grand sight was the Chadwin Mills, and we saw upon the side of the track the walls of the old grist-mill owned and run by Thomas Jefferson during his lifetime. About two miles distant, upon the summit of the South West Mountain, the train stopped, and we had a good view of Monticello, once the home of Jefferson. It will be remembered that Monticello was confiscated during the war by the Federal authorities, and subsequently released. According to Jefferson's will a large portion of the property was to revert to the Commonwealth of Virginia for educational purposes, and at the present time there is a suit in the State Court to decide the legality of the question at issue.

### THE HOME OF JEFFERSON.

Monticello, which is plainly visible from the railroad, is a grimmy but grand old Virginian mansion. It faces to the westward and is surrounded by a thick grove of trees, which hide portions of it from view. It is here that the author of the Declaration of Independence sought repose from the cares of exciting public life; it was here, amid all that is beautiful in nature and calculated to lift mortal out from the errors and follies of earth, and plant in him the highest patriotism and the purest love for the best of countries, that the political principles of Thomas Jefferson were fostered and matured. The man is dead, but the products of his pen and the impress of his statesmanship will live on as long as the world stands and Republics endure.

Near the gateway, at the entrance of the grounds, is a modest tomb and on it an age-scarred inscription to the memory of the sage of Monticello. There lie his ashes, and

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

The Rivani river, a small stream, flows gracefully along at the foot of the mountain, and along its banks, a few miles to the west, we beheld the farm of Thomas Jefferson Randolph, a grandson of Thomas Jefferson.

### CHARLOTTESVILLE.

We soon after arrived at Charlottesville and there dined. We were received there and welcomed by Mayor William L. Cochrane, several of the Council, and members of the press, among the number Mr. Foster, editor of the *Tri-Weekly Chronicle*. We were at once seated to a sumptuous dinner, to which we gracefully "pitched in" without further ceremony. Over the tables were six large fans, peculiarly constructed, hanging pendant from the wall, which were propelled by a darkey stationed in the back kitchen. They were excellent arrangements, however, beating Delmonico all hollow, and deserving of this slight mention, because it was pure Southern ingenuity. The "Pike County Delegation" passed a vote of thanks for the fans, but forgot the landlord and his excellent dinner, and the present of five hundred cigars made by Charles C. Wortenbaker.

Charlottesville is a pretty place, situated upon rising ground at the base of the South West Mountain, contains about six thousand inhabitants, a woolen mill, a fertilizing and flouring mill, a large cigar factory, a tobacco factory, a manufactory of agricultural implements, and various other minor branches of industry, besides the usual number of banks, stores, hotels, and other places found in such a city. The soil here is also very rich, tobacco being the staple crop, though fine crops of all kinds of cereals are produced. About

a mile east of the depot we passed in plain view of the University of Virginia, which is now attended by about five hundred students, and is a large, handsome building, with magnificent grounds. It contains a library of 35,000 volumes—the largest in the South. The whole valley of the Shenandoah, through which we passed in broad daylight, is undoubtedly the finest country in the South. It was from this section that the Confederate army drew most of their stores, and though the people were not disturbed and overrun with battles, yet they are very poor from the large drain made upon them by their own army, and business of all kinds is stagnant in consequence. Here, also, is a good chance for Northern capital and industry. The best improved land can be had for from twenty dollars to thirty dollars per acre, and there is none better, nor better climate, under the heavens.

Leaving Charlottesville, a few miles further on, we pass through the Blue Ridge Tunnel, at an elevation of sixteen hundred and fifty feet above tide-water, and emerge from thence into the most beautiful and picturesque portion of the Shenandoah Valley—meaning “the beautiful valley of the stars.” At the eastern end of the Tunnel the train halted, and we were all allowed to quench our thirst from the finest spring we have seen.

The train was stopped at every point of interest along the route and Maj. Jed. Hotchkiss, a brother of the Colonel, a gentleman who is well acquainted with the whole country, pointed out the scenes of battles and various other points of interest. The editor of the *Daisyville Sledge Hammer*, who publishes a newspaper about the size of a pocket handkerchief and large enough to wrap up two pounds of cheese in, was one of the first ones who reached the blue marle bed which adjoined the railroad track, and, for an examination of which the train was stopped. The *Sledge Hammer* man commenced poking over the shells with his blue umbrella in search of what he called “some of them bones.” Upon inquiry we ascertained that he was seeking the remains of an ichthyosaurus, but his efforts were not successful.

### ARRIVAL AT STAUNTON.

From thence we passed on to the beautiful city of Staunton, with nothing but the beautiful country through which we rapidly passed to attract special attention. Arriving at the latter place (the home of our worthy leader, Mr. N. H. Hotchkiss) we found carriages in waiting at the depot, and were at once conveyed to the Virginia Hotel, kept by two whole-souled gentlemen, Messrs. Frazier & Sale, who did the honors with becoming grace and true Southern hospitality.

Mr. N. H. Hotchkiss introduced the President of the excursionists, Mr. C. B. Thompson, of New York, to the Mayor, after which his honor read the resolutions of the Council, tendering the hospitalities of the city. He then introduced Hon. J. B. Baldwin, who, in a very felicitous manner, addressed the party and a number of citizens of the city, who had assembled in the Hall of the Virginia on the occasion. He opened his remarks by stating that the world had not inaptly been compared to a looking-glass. If we approached it with a frown, a frown would be returned; and if with a smile, by a smile we would be met. He applied the metaphor to the occasion, and hoped the visitors had come among the people of Virginia with a kindly disposition to see things as they are, and to learn the true feelings of our people, by personal contact. His remarks throughout were appropriate and to the point, and were heartily received by the visitors and the audience.

Hon. J. H. Selkreg, of Ithaca, N. Y., was introduced by Mr. Thompson. That gentleman entertained the audience for about twenty minutes, in a very happily conceived speech, abounding in beautiful metaphor and genuine good sentiment.

Hon. A. H. H. Stuart was called upon and made a few appropriate and befitting remarks, and was followed by Mr. Hopkins, of New York.

Mr N. H. Hotchkiss, after repeated calls, said he had previously addressed the audience.

After supper, the excursionists, in company with the Mayor, Judge Sheffey, Major Jed. Hotchkiss, and a number of other citizens, visited the Wesleyan and Virginia Female Institutes, and the Augusta Female Seminary. At each place they were entertained with delightful music. At the Virginia Female Institute, Prof. Scharf read one of his favorite pieces with great effect; and Miss Santeni, a little girl of about fourteen summers, daughter of Col. Santeni, of New Orleans, declaimed the "Ode to the Passions," with such charming expressiveness and artistic skill as to excite the wonder and admiration of the entire audience. She literally met Shakespeare's idea of oratory, of "suited the word to the action, and the action to the word."

Here Col. Hotchkiss, with a father's natural pride, publicly introduced his editorial guests to his charming daughter—a young lady with graces of heart, form and features that may well excite a fond parent's pride. The exercises in music, vocal and instrumental, which followed, were very creditable indeed to the young lady performers, and much too short, to our general regret.

Mr. Dony, of the Mauch Chunk (Pa.) *Democrat*, and Mr. Selkreg of the Ithaca *Journal*, happily expressed the gratification our party felt in the entertainment afforded us. But the *varied* display of beauty and accomplishments of the Virginia ladies rather unsettled the theological views of the "honorable member for Chemung," for

He was "heard to remark  
And his speech was quite plain,"

that he had changed his religion *three times* that evening!

About half-past eleven the excursionists returned to the hotel, highly pleased with the evening's entertainment.

Saturday morning, at an early hour, carriages were ready to convey them first to the Western Lunatic Asylum, and then to the Deaf and Dumb and Blind Institution. At the former, they were cordially and politely received by Dr. Stribling, and his assistants, Drs. Hamilton and Berkely, and by the Steward of the Asylum, Samuel A. Houshour, Esq. They were conducted through several wards of the building, and were highly gratified at the neatness, system and good order which distinguished every department visited. The party were then conducted to the reception room, where a bounteous supply of refreshments were spread before them, to which they every one did ample justice. Thanks were returned by the President for the courtesy and attention shown the excursionists, to which a neat response was made by Dr. Stribling.

To the carriages again, which were driven to the Federal cemetery, in the vicinity of the city. After spending an half hour there, the party were conveyed to the Deaf and Dumb and Blind Institution. Here they were entertained by exercises in writing, mathematics, geometry, drawing, music, &c., under the direction of Maj. Covell, the principal, Capt. McCoy, Messrs. Job Turner and Bear, and Prof. A. J. Turner. The fire company gave an exhibition of their expertness with the engine and hose, very much to the gratification of the visitors. They were then invited to the reception room, where a refreshing repast awaited them. After partaking freely of this, compliments were passed between the visited and visiting, adieus given, and the party again returned to the hotel, where Messrs. Frazier & Sale, proprietors, and D. C. McGuffin, manager, had prepared one of the most superb "Editorial Dinners" ever given in this or any other city in Virginia.

When this part of the entertainment was over, the party scattered, some to their rooms, to rest from the fatigues of the day—others to see what was to be seen on the *boulevards*. Some of them met with persons from their own States, and were much gratified to find them pleased with the Southern country, and prospering in business. We were somewhat amused at Major Horton Tidd, of the Elmira (N. Y.) *Gazette*, as he dropped into the store of our neighbor Gladke. Seeing the sign and recognizing the name, (Mr. Gladke's father and brother reside in Elmira,) he bolted in and asked if he was of the same family. He received an affirmative reply, which was followed by question after question, as to his business, etc. Receiving a satisfactory reply to all, he came to the conclusion that Staunton was not such a terrible place to emigrate to after all.

It is these interminglings, and personal observations, which are destined to have greater effect than anything else, in bringing about a proper understanding between the peoples of the two sections.

The young ladies of the South are, with very few exceptions, beautiful, and we see not sickly, ugly or consumptive-looking females, such as are to be found in all similar gatherings in the North. They dress in the most excellent taste and with remarkable neatness, and we encounter none of the brassy-faced and over-dressed girls that confront one on many such occasions at home. The young gentlemen, however, are generally rather ordinary looking in comparison, and dress remarkably plain. The only dandy we encountered in Richmond was a negro, and his costume was one eminently calculated to strike terror among his African rivals, and to inspire love in the susceptible female heart.

At 5 P. M. we leave Staunton for the White Sulphur Springs, meanwhile

### CROSSING THE ALLEGHANIES.

The distance is ninety miles, and the ride is one ever to be remembered for beauty of scenery. Alongside pleasant little valleys, through and over mountains we go, until at Buffalo Gap we are 2,240 feet above sea-level—higher than the summit of the Blue Ridge. We are on the North Mountain Range, having gone directly across the Shenandoah Valley. Elliott's Knob, here at Buffalo Gap—a very narrow pass, is 4,448 feet high—the highest ascertained peak in Virginia. It impresses us less because of our own great elevation; as we descend it seems to grow more and more lofty. This is the divide between the Atlantic and the Mississippi. Iron ore is abundant here, and is worked by a Baltimore company.

Panther Gap marks the end of North Mountain, and the beginning of Mill Mountain range. There are renewed appearances of thrift. This is the great grazing region of the State. For a width of seventy-five miles the land is one natural pasturage, covered with a rich growth of blue grass which never needs reseeded. Thousands of cattle are driven in here every summer, by farmers of other localities, and are cared for through the entire season for fifty cents ahead. The grazing is good, and the climate so favorable—cool enough to keep away flies—the stock does capitally, often coming out in the fall fit for the shambles.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad has had gigantic difficulties to overcome. We appreciate this fact more fully as we go on. In the course of its two hundred and twenty-seven miles\* the amount of filling, cutting and tunneling accomplished is astounding. Yet the work is well done, and the road is as smooth as any of our level Northern roads, and is admirably managed. In time—when it is completed to the Ohio River—it will

\*The Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad is now completed to the Ohio River, a distance of four hundred and twenty-one miles, with twenty-six tunnels, and no trestle work throughout its entire length.—ED.

form a through line, connecting much of the West with tide-water by a nearer route than any other. That it will then prove a handsomely paying investment there is no doubt.

It is 9 P. M. when we sup at Covington, and as we leave there two of us romantically minded, and wishing to take in the full effect of such magnificent surroundings as are all about us, mount the locomotive with the obliging engineer, Mr. C. C. Taylor, for

### A NIGHT RIDE ON THE ENGINE.

We have gone over two grades—one down and one up—of three hundred and eight feet to the mile, and must duplicate the same, presently. For a brief while, however, we have only the ordinary running to do. Ordinary? Stop! We have never known even this, before.

It is a beautiful moonlight night, the air pleasantly bracing, just vagueness enough in the atmosphere to render landscape views shadow-like and strange. On the meagre, cushioned seat of the cab we sit, opposite the engineer, looking out the narrow window in front, and seeing continually before us a narrow winding way which we are to keep or dash to utter ruin. There's a sharp curve ahead—what waits beyond? Pull the rein, good driver, or your steed will bolt the track—and then? Off at the left—on our side—there is a dark drop-down a hundred feet or more, and if we go off,—

But we look at the engineer—he sits as calmly as ever, gazing out upon the white light the engine's lantern throws far forward, holding the throttle-lever in one hand with a sure grasp. There is no slacking of speed—even before we know it the unpleasantly suggestive point is passed, our steady task-horse never flinching, and we are gliding down the grade beyond, saying earnestly to ourselves, “True, noble courser? bear us bravely on!”

And now we are in the very midst of the Alleghany Mountains, and peaks rise grandly heavenward on every hand. As we wind in and out among them, the moonlight shadows shifting here and there add peculiar weirdness to the scene. Deep ravines, which we look down into with a half-shudder, lie in pitch darkness beneath; the moon's rays tip the great peaks to silver, and they stand out in striking contrast, thrilling with a grandeur they could scarcely boast in the glare of day, grand as they are. And new vistas of beauty break upon us every instant, as we career onward,—valleys in miniature, reaching away into dimness, mountain-groups of varied feature, with a harmony of grouping unusual, or an individuality hitherto unmarked.

So mile after mile, till we come to the real up and down of it—or down and up. There is a ravine, a regular divide, between two mountains, and we must first go down, then up, the mountain side. An engine built on purpose for such heavy work, called a “Climber,” will help haul our train. It stands on a side track as we stop, and we see that it has its tender on top, and appears a very nondescript of the locomotive order.

We slip our couplings, and our engine is free. Then hurrah for a down-hill slide, with the “Climber” and its load right in our rear! The throttle is closed, but we shoot away more and more lively, as we gather headway, and are leaving the bright head-light behind. Down we go into the shadows, and our train is lost sight of round a curve. Will it overtake us? Hardly. The descent is accomplished and our momentum carries us on a good bit towards the up grade. Looking back we see the red glare of the “Climber,” only not yet much more than a star, coming slowly downward. It grows brighter and brighter,—a few seconds more and we hear the dull thunder of the train. Louder and louder it resounds in the stillness; the star has grown to a streaming beacon rushing madly upon us. They must run over us, of a certainty!

“He's bound to run us down!” says the engineer, speaking of his *confrere* behind. “What has the fellow done with his brakes?” and throwing the throttle open our driving

wheels play round for a moment, then "bite," then carry us forward,—and the train stops a few feet in the rear.

Then we climb slowly up the steep ascent, both engines pulling with a will, their sharp, labored puffs ringing out clearly on the night air.

Reaching the summit level again our "Climber" switches off, and we steam on, through tunnels, (one over a mile long, and seven years in completing,) across gullies, and round many sharp turnings, and about 11 o'clock we alight at

### THE WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.

In ante-war days this place was the Saratoga of the South. Then it was accessible only by stages, yet it was gay with the flower of Southern aristocracy. Now that the railroad opens it up to easy access it must again become highly popular, for its climate is very salubrious. It is almost a-top of the Alleghanies, just over the line in West Virginia, and enjoys rare purity of atmosphere.

Of the place itself there is next to nothing—we mean as a town. It is just a watering place; claims to be no more; was ordained to be only that. One immense hotel, four hundred feet in length by eighty feet in breadth,—a brick structure not remarkable for beauty of architecture,—surrounded at an agreeable distance by rows of white cottages, each having its pleasant piazza, and overshadowed by the luxuriant foliage here so abundant; a sulphur spring of ample flow, with a white spring-house crowning it; a good bathing establishment; a store and a millinery; and pretty reaches of lawn between whiles, with little plateaus and terraces for variety—these make up the Springs.

Imagine these in the very center of an amphitheater among the mountains—a natural basin possibly one mile wide, with narrow openings on two sides—and you have a pretty correct idea of the location. The entire valley comprises some eight thousand acres of land, including the mountain sides adjoining, and is owned by a stock company. Messrs. Peyton & Co. lease the Springs, and are prepared to accommodate two thousand guests. The water is pleasant, and is highly recommended for various diseases. They have very warm weather here in midsummer, at times, but no matter how warm the days, the nights are always cool, and sleeping under blankets a luxury. We don't take this from any outside testimony: we prove it ourselves, in one of the snug cottages placed at our disposal.

The morning has dawned, the forest songster, in saluting the opening day, has softly wakened the sleeper; the full round face of the sun soon appears above the neighboring mountain peak; the silvery vapor glides upward from the vale beneath, the fleecy clouds are gone, and the dewy fragrance of the morning air invites to active exercise. The visitors now gather around the health-giving fountain, and after quaffing its waters, wend their way to the morning meal. This over, the business of active enjoyment for the day begins.

The pleasant walks that penetrate the lawn and environ the grounds invite many to healthful exercise. The billiard saloon, with its numerous tables, entices many votaries; the bowling alleys soon resound with the merry laugh of youth and beauty, and thus the hours glide swiftly away; while from another portion of the grounds is heard the clear, keen report from the pistol gallery, telling how promptly Young America is preparing to avenge his insulted honor.

The beautiful rides and *drives*, with their glorious mountain and intervale scenery attract some, while the quiet game, the alluring book, or the pleasant companion solace many others. Thus they take no note of time, save from its loss, until the warning sound of the dinner-bell rings forth the noontide hour, calling to prepare for the midday meal.

Again the fountain is thronged, and then to the sound of rich-toned music, discoursed by a well-trained band, the crowd, after the hour of preparation has elapsed, assemble in the immense and well-furnished drawing-room for a brief social reunion, before partaking of the great meal of the day. Dinner over, the drawing-room again becomes the centre of attraction. In this room, during the crowded season, are each day brought pleasantly together a gay and richly dressed assembly, excelled in beauty, manliness and dignity by no other crowd ever assembled within the broad limits of our common country. Here congregate the fairest of the fair from every State, and one can gaze, and gaze on beauty until the heart reels in its very fulness.

The company, wearied with converse or the promenade, retire to their cottage homes, or to the inviting shade of the wide-spread oaks, underneath which, in by-gone years, the savage danced or the antlered monarch of the forest tossed his crest, now given up to the happy crowd, who in genial converse while the hours away until the lengthened shadows and the fragrant air again invite to the *walk*, the *ride*, the *drive*, or other active exercise. Then is heard the summons to a social reunion at tea table, after which the spirit-stirring music calls the young and the gay to the giddy whirl of the ball room. Here pleasure reigns supreme, the heart-toned laugh, the witty word, the amiable repartee, all tell that those assembled here are just sipping the bubbles from the overflowing cup of joy.

A good one was played on some of our party by that genial and whole-souled companion, Luck. He conceived the idea that the *Republican* Editors should have tangible evidence of the existence of the "Ku-Klux." He routed out about a dozen of them at the unseasonable hour of four o'clock Monday morning, and conducting them to a secluded spot in an adjacent grove, solemnly apprized them that beneath the tufted grass at an indicated point was deposited a bowl of *blood from the last slaughtered abolitionist!* "Drink ye all of it!" was the command; and each being supplied with a straw went down on all fours to imbibe from the bloody fountain. 'Twas quickly evident that the potion was not unpalatable, for these inordinately *blood thirsty rads* had to be pulled away by the heels. They pronounced the mixture a first-rate article of "Bumgarden" punch, and showered blessings instead of curses upon the Southern Ku-Klux!

### RETURN TO RICHMOND.

We have spent a Sabbath at the White Sulphur—have bathed in its waters—worshiped in its little church—drank in the purity of its atmosphere—enjoyed true Southern hospitality at the hands of the Messrs. Peyton and Luck—witnessed a thunder-storm among the mountains—rambled about in the shady walks, as yet unfrequented, for "the season" has scarcely begun—and now we begin our return trip to Richmond at 8 A. M., in our special train, which stops obligingly by the way wherever we wish it, and we have an opportunity to wonder by daylight over the rare engineering skill, the indomitable pluck, the unconquerable patience which combined to build the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, the Chief-Engineer of which was Colonel H. D. Whitcomb.

Those steep grades we saw by moonlight—the steepest in the country—are only temporary tracks. They are cutting, tunnelling and filling for permanent road-beds, and when completed the road will have no heavier grading than is experienced on almost any line.

In the short distance of a little over twenty miles, there are seven tunnels of an aggregate length of eleven thousand feet. One of these tunnels is now being constructed, and when completed will be three thousand nine hundred feet in length. The train was stopped a few minutes, and we were given an opportunity to witness the magnitude of the work and the *modus operandi* of blasting the hard rock. Shafts were sunk at three

different points, and the drilling machines were worked by steam power. A large body of men, mostly convicts from the State penitentiary, were at work in the various shafts and at both ends of the tunnel, in blasting the rock and removing the *debris* to neighboring ravines. On this division of the road are several embankments of nearly one hundred feet in height, one of one hundred and forty feet, and one still unfinished of one hundred and eighty-five feet. There are also five bridges of an aggregate length of eight hundred feet, and several large arched culverts.

The work is a marvel of engineering skill, and is being completed with a thoroughness not exceeded on any road in the country. In fact we have never traveled over a better constructed railroad than the Chesapeake and Ohio, and can recommend it as one of the safest and most pleasant lines of travel in the United States.

Near Covington, while Gen. Averill, in the winter of 1863-'64, was making a raid through that section of Virginia, for the purpose of cutting the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, he was suddenly attacked by a superior force on his flanks under Generals Fitz Hugh Lee and Early, and barely escaped capture, losing his saddle bags containing all his papers and maps. Major Jed. Hotchkiss, (a brother of the Leader of our excursion party,) and at the time a topographical engineer on Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson's staff, was on the train with us, and assured us that he had all the captured maps at his home in Staunton, and prized them highly. Lee and Early had matured their plans for the capture of Gen. Averill, and thought they were sure of their man, when he played them the slip and escaped, much to their chagrin. By the way, we found Major Jed. Hotchkiss a man of much intelligence, a most genial companion, and every inch a gentleman. We are indebted to him for much valuable information in regard to the topography, soil, minerals and industrial resources of Virginia. He is at present with a corps of engineers, surveying the whole State by counties, and publishing maps thereof by authority of the State.\*

After a short stop at Staunton, and a good dinner at the American Hotel, we again pushed on, and without any incident of material interest, arrived at Richmond at nine o'clock, P. M. Gen. Williams C. Wickham, Vice-President of the road, and Maj. Randolph, assistant engineer, were on the train, and showed us many courtesies on the trip.

#### OFF FOR GREENSBORO, N. C.

At four o'clock this morning we took the cars for Greensboro', N. C., via the Richmond and Danville Railroad, special cars being furnished by that Company. The cars were new and elegant, and were made at the Company's Shops in Richmond. Ninety miles from Richmond is Roanoke plantation, where that eccentric and remarkable man, John Randolph, lived and died. In his time this section of Virginia was much more sparsely settled than now, and it took fifteen or twenty counties to form a Congressional district. It was his boast that not a single newspaper was published in his district, and he looked upon them as the great disturbers of the peace of the country. He was a bachelor, the absolute lord of a vast plantation, the owner of hundreds of slaves, and the autocrat of his district. Highly educated, a man of rare ability and a polished orator, he attracted much attention when in Congress, and though generally with the minority, exerted great influence in the councils of the nation, friend as well as foe at times suffering from his caustic satire.

\* Since the above was written Major Jed. Hotchkiss has made a visit to Europe, under the auspices of Virginia, and has returned, effecting great good for the State he represented. While there, he was requested to deliver a lecture before the Society of Arts, of which the Prince of Wales is President, on "Virginia and her Resources," and has received the rare compliment from that illustrious body of having his discourse published in their accredited journal.—Ed.

Here we entered upon the great tobacco region of the State, where the finest tobacco in the world is raised. Several plantations were pointed out to us that could be bought for ten dollars an acre, including the improvements, their owners being too poor to cultivate them. Col. Decker, of the Hagerstown *Mail*, joined us here. He owns a fine plantation within six miles of Halifax Court House, and is devoting much attention to agricultural pursuits. He assured us that there was no trouble in securing good negro help, if they are only sure of their pay. Of this fact we were assured everywhere we went. There are plenty of lazy negroes just as there are plenty of lazy whites, who will not work if they can avoid it; but as a class, the negroes are willing to work, and just like white men will not toil unless they are paid for their services. The colored women work in the fields side by side with the men.

As we approached Danville, we entered upon a beautiful but poorly cultivated valley. Danville is situated on the Dan river, (the principal of the three rivers which form the James,) and has a population of about four thousand. At Reidsville we were met by a committee of reception from Greensboro, consisting of his honor Mayor Sloan, and Messrs. Albright, Balsley, Bogart and Collins, of the City Council, together with a large number of private citizens.

### ARRIVAL AT GREENSBORO.

The train arrived at the depot at 1.45 P. M., and on alighting we found a large crowd of people to receive and welcome us. After an introduction by the Mayor, P. F. Duffy, Esq., editor of the Greensboro *Patriot*, addressed his Northern brethren in a neat welcome speech, to which our vice-president, S. H. Parker, and Hon. J. H. Selkreg responded in the happiest manner. A general shaking of hands took place, when a procession was formed, and headed by a band from Richmond, we marched arm and arm with the citizens of Greensboro to the Benbow House, a new and commodious hotel, not yet quite completed. Ex-Governor Zebulon B. Vance was among the guests at the hotel, and we were all duly presented to him in turn. He is a splendid looking man, and is without exception the most popular and influential politician in the State.

The Benbow House is a manifestation of new life for the old town. When fully completed it will compare favorably with the best hotel edifices in any of our minor cities, in point of size, beauty of architecture, convenience and finish. Its cost will be in the neighborhood of \$40,000. Evidently Mr. Benbow believes his town has a wider future before it, else he would not invest so much in a way that, at present, can scarcely pay. But he is one of the most enterprising men the town has, and deserves great credit for his pluck and push. So fine a house as he has erected must do much toward general improvement. Mr. Benbow has a vineyard not far distant, and his tables show Catawba and Scuppernon wines that are pronounced excellent by those who do not practice total abstinence.

Speaking of tables, brings us naturally to dinner, at which goodly things abound. The citizens propose to make the most of our presence, and to that end have invited guests from other portions of the State, so that we make up a respectable number. Most prominent among the guests is ex-Governor Vance, who makes a speech when the time for toasting arrives. His name has long been familiar to all. Those not familiar with his face are surprised by his youthful appearance. His full, well-rounded face, his keen black eyes, his thick, jetty locks, unmixed with the silver, tell no stories of long-continued public service, of years spent in fiery agitation. And yet he was in Congress before the war broke out. He served in the field and in the executive chamber thereafter, and has been in the furnace heat of reconstruction since.

In speech Governor Vance is ready and eloquent. We can fancy that he might be vindictive, under provocation,—that he could utter terribly scathing words if fired by sharp

thrusts,—that he might resent ill-treatment with a resentment fierce and lasting. But this afternoon he has only pleasant sentences. He welcomes us heartily on behalf of his whole State, and tells us to have no fear of the Ku-Klux. He claims that North Carolina has been misrepresented; that disorder is no more marked there than in any other State; that public opinion concerning the matter has been built up on exaggeration. His speech breathes a kindly spirit, and is followed by several others, from our hosts and our party, and good feeling waxes warm.

Of the place historically we will not take time to speak. It has had a history in two wars—look up your Revolutionary and Civil war records and you'll know all about it. It is an old town, and, as we have remarked of something else since we started out, very small of its age. Think of a Northern village of three thousand inhabitants, built nearly a century since, its buildings old, its trees of an ancient look, its streets without a sidewalk, its general character, so far as appearances are concerned, of a very Rip-Van-Winkleish sort indeed, and you have Greensboro. Yet it claims the dignity of a city, and has its Mayor, and we learn presently that though the town looks out of sleepy eyes, the people in it are positively enterprising, thoroughly alive to the possibilities such an editorial visitation may have for them, and determined we shall carry away with us the pleasantest recollections.

Our reception is hearty, and has the popular element in it. In proof of this see the crowd, of all sizes and all colors, that has gathered about us here at the depot, and that scatter handclaps around before the formal welcoming speech is made. There are hundreds of them, and they present an amusing study. After the formalities are over they follow us through the sandy streets to the Benbow House, and a curious-looking procession we form. The music of the band (which has accompanied us from Richmond, engaged by the Greensboro people,) attracts universal attention, and every little darkey within hearing distance has come out "for to see." Droll urchins they are, too, some of them. If Beard could only group a dozen of them upon his canvas, catching the peculiar expression of each, the effort would equal his happiest.

### GRAND BANQUET TO THE EXCURSIONISTS.

At 3.30 P. M. we sat down to the "municipal dinner" at the Benbow, Mayor Sloan presiding. After due attention to the bounteous repast, toasts and speeches were the order. To the sentiment—"Our Guests: We greet you, we welcome you"—Mr. Hopkins of the *Rural Home* responded, his remarks, as well as those of ex-Governor Vance in reply, faithfully reported by Mr. J. B. Walters of the *Richmond Whig*, we copy from that paper, as indicating the general sentiments of guests and hosts wherever public demonstrations were had.

### SPEECH OF A. A. HOPKINS.

*Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen of Greensboro:*

I feel highly honored by being called upon to respond in behalf of my brethren of the press, although I could wish that some one of the many older than myself were accorded the task—some one who could do fuller justice to the occasion.

We have come among you, gentlemen, on an errand of peace. Speaking in the language of our craft, we have left our "shooting-sticks" behind us; and had we brought them they could shoot nothing worse than "coin," which I think your people would hardly object to. But, dropping phrases of the types, we have come among you as friends.

At the outset our purpose in this excursion was largely one of recreation. This, however, has taken on a different character as we have journeyed southward—has deepened and intensified into a profound responsibility. We come from the rich rural districts of New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and we shall go home to tell the thousands whom we daily and weekly preach to, of what we have seen and heard. We have everywhere received most hearty hospitality. Virginia's brave sons have met us with warm handclasps, in which we have felt the heart throbbing to the very finger tips; their fair sisters have entertained us as only the most accomplished could do. Leaving the cold North to look for the summer, as I told some of my friends, we seem to have chanced upon a summer of the heart, wherein all kindly affections do bud and blossom, and we shall expect these will bear beautiful fruit.

The region of country we represent is one vast swarming place. Men are continually going out from the great States of New York and Pennsylvania, in search of homes. They go where their general interests may be best served, where they may build up social life with all that is purest, best and worthiest.

Will they come to North Carolina? It is possible, because of what we may tell them. Rest assured, gentlemen, that we shall speak of our observations in all honesty, with the intent to deal justly by all. You want our money, our industry, our energy. It is possible you may have somewhat of each, as the result of our visit to this place. We realize, then, that the responsibility devolving upon us is not a light one, and I would impress this truth even more deeply upon my brethren of the press. An impression has somehow gone abroad that while the press is a mighty power, it is not always careful of the truth. Now, I would have it ground into the common belief that *editors have consciences*. There is growing up in the world a mammoth tree of knowledge, the leaves of which go rustling down wherever civilization reaches—white winged leaves, speckled with little dots of black, which tell wonderful stories. These leaves are the newspapers. They are found in every home; their stories have an auditory all over the land. And for this reason they should be *true* stories, told not alone for the telling, but to make mankind the better and the nobler, humanity more grandly human, individual interests more closely in sympathy with the common weal. Such will be the character, I am certain, of whatever we may publish concerning the South. We shall tell the truth as we see it, anxious only for the general good, and hoping for the happiest realization.

In behalf of our delegation, gentlemen, I tender our heartfelt thanks for the welcome you have given us. We come as friends; you meet us as friends. And if it be our pleasure to meet again on some future day, may we then strike hands as brethren of one common country, happy in one common interest, grateful to one common God.

### EX-GOVERNOR VANCE'S SPEECH.

Ex-Governor Vance of North Carolina being then called upon, said:

*Gentlemen of the Northern Press:*

When I say to you, that I am happy to welcome you all here to-day, I do not use the mere *forms* of courtesy, but speak the words of sincerity and truth. It is a happy idea that has suggested this trip. It is said in Scripture, when the question was asked, can anything good come out of Nazareth? Philip said, "come and see."

It is a happy thing for us that this corps of conductors of the public press, the fourth estate of the realm, acknowledged in times of civilization and liberty to possess greater powers for good or evil than any other institution in the land, shall see for themselves and report accurately to their thousands of readers what they saw and heard in North Carolina. This occasion is also one of greater importance, for the reason that it is the

first time since the war that we have received a visit of courtesy and friendship from the people of the North. It is what the newspapers say of Vallandigham's platform, "a new departure." Heretofore, we have been visited only by armed soldiers. This kind and courteous appeal to our better feelings will not be without its fruits. We appreciate it highly, and it will have far greater influence in reconciling the country than all the armies and all the pains and penalties which can be imposed upon us. If we were not more susceptible to kindness and conciliation than to force, we would not be worthy of the name of freemen.

North Carolina has been singled out for criticism, for what reason heaven only knows, in an especial manner, within the last twelve months. She has always heretofore been considered one of the most orderly and law-abiding of all the Southern States. The misfortune is that the exigencies of party politics have rendered it necessary that we should wash our dirty linen in public.

From the pulpit, the press, the bench—from the stump and the Executive have gone forth exaggerated accounts of every offence committed against the law in this State, and each of them has been attributed to partisan purposes. From these sources the impression has gone forth that we are a band of lawless barbarians.

Where are the communities where there are no violations of law? It is certainly not in New York, nor Pennsylvania, nor New Jersey. It is not in America. There may be communities where the civil and political rights of all citizens are undisturbed; there doubtless will be a time when halcyon peace will brood over the whole land, and there will be none to molest or make afraid; but it will not be before the millennial trumpet sounds. Now, sirs, a man cannot go out and rob his neighbor's henroost in peace, or maul his enemy in old-fashioned style, without being accused of a design to violate the integrity of the Republic. It is referred to at once as a desire to raise another rebellion. Why, gentlemen the very idea of another rebellion by a people who have been so completely subjugated is absurd. It is true we have some disorders among us—no reasonable man will pretend to deny it; nor would any reasonable man expect anything else. I challenge the history of the world to show where a people who have endured the horrors of such a terrible civil war four long years, whose political, social and moral condition had been so completely upturned, whose wealth had been so destroyed, whose sons had been so slaughtered, whose every feeling, sentiment and prejudice had been so trampled on, have submitted to it all with so much quiet and so little of disorder. If you expect us to exhibit more obedience and patience than we have, I am sure you pay us a compliment, which perhaps you do not intend, for it attributes to us the possession of virtues which I know you would not look for in your own people.

Again I repeat we are most happy to see you here to learn of these things for yourselves "and not another." I am only sorry that you cannot go farther and stay longer, in order that your information may be more complete and accurate. Of course, when we are preparing to entertain visitors, we put our best foot foremost, and our households are swept and garnished; but there is nothing among us that we would not desire you to see.

A gentleman who preceded me assured you that the best wine had been kept for the last of the feast, in alluding to his reception here. I beg to assure him that you are only entering into the edge of the wine district, and that the further you go in North Carolina the better.

Greensboro is an ambitious little city, and does very well considering all things; but if you will go with me ninety-five miles southwest of this to the city of Charlotte, to which place my colleagues and myself are authorized to invite you, in the county of Mecklenburg, we will show you the natal spot of American liberty and independence. If you desire it we will have the Ku-Klux-Klan ordered out in full force for your entertainment, headed by the Grand Cyclops himself. (Laughter.) I can say for myself, and I believe

for all the people of North Carolina, with sincerity and truth, that we desire, pray for, agonize for, not reconstruction only, but reconciliation with the people of the North.

You must remember that we claim as great a part in the past glories of the Republic as belong to you. Remember that the people of North Carolina stood side by side with the people of Massachusetts and New York in the "times which tried men's souls." Remember that our soil is covered with battle-fields of that great Revolution, and its bosom is filled with the dust of as many heroes and as noble who perished in that struggle as ever gave their blood to the cause of Liberty.

There is no reason why, if you would give us a chance, we should not strive for the honor and glory of the country as well as you. It only needs that we be truly reconciled. It is not well for a people to continue strife after the contest is ended. It is not well for one side to cherish exclusively traditions that would fill the other with rage or sorrow. You have your heroes of the great civil war in whose praises we cannot cordially join; we have our heroes whose glories we sing, but there are common traditions and common heroes who belong to the whole American people, in whose praises we can all unite. Let us cherish these and meet on this common ground.

I propose to you this day in the name of the people of North Carolina to assist in inaugurating a state of affairs that shall lead to the complete reconciliation and reunion of our lately disunited and unhappy country. I propose to you that we should imitate what is said to happen to the old, old man approaching almost to the grave, who, forgetting the things of yesterday, sees again in all their vividness and sunshine the sweet scenes of his boyhood, when, as a boy, his own and his little brother's feet pattered side by side through all the paths of youth up to mature manhood, when their noblest and most substantial victories were won. As to the bitter memories that divide us, let us bury them in the grave forever, aye, forever.

Equally eloquent and effective speeches were also made by Hons. D. B. Hill and J. H. Selkreg of the Excursionists, and Hon. R. B. Dick, member of Congress for the Greensboro district.

After dinner we took a stroll through the city. It boasts a large and well conducted Female Seminary, with spacious buildings and large and beautiful grounds. Within six miles is the scene of Greene's defeat in the Revolutionary battle of Guilford Court House. Within twelve miles is that of Joe Johnson's surrender to Gen. Sherman, which virtually closed the great civil war.

In the evening the young folks of Greensboro honored us with a complimentary ball on the open balcony of the Benbow House. The beauty and fashion of the city were in attendance. We made many pleasing acquaintances during the festivities—among them we mention Mr. and Mrs. Adams, the latter a daughter of Hon. John A. Gilmer; Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Ball, both Northerners, and the latter a daughter of Dr. George P. Eddy, of Lewiston, N. Y.—niece of Dr. Eddy, of Geneva; Miss S——, a charming and beautiful young lady, sister of the landlord's wife; Mr. T. B. Keogh, U. S. Register in Bankruptcy; Alderman C. P. Mendenhall, Messrs. Owen, Staples, Shober and others. At midnight a most elegant repast was served in the dining-room, consisting of every delicacy in early fruits, dessert and viands. The dance continued till nearly five A. M., but "tired nature" compelled us to withdraw at a much earlier hour. The music was particularly excellent, and drew a large party of listeners. The *sable* community were especially enchanted by it. The neighboring fences and trees were crowded with recently legalized "men and brethren" of African 'scent, watching with intense interest the movements of brave men and fair women in the mazes of the waltz and polka and intricate figures of the quadrille and lancers.

In the morning we look about the town for a few hours. We see that it is really growing, somewhat; that its situation is pleasant, and that it will naturally grow more. In

the outskirts there are some beautiful residences, and we visit the grounds of several. One owned by Mr. Eckel occupies our attention longest. A rose-hedge is perhaps its most striking feature—the bushes as high as our head, and crowned with a mass of blossoms redolent of a flavor like that of the tea-rose. Several fig-trees are scattered about, with fruit in all stages of growth, from the flower to full size, and but a week short of ripening. Magnolias show their magnificent white bloom; and here and there the blood-red of the pomegranate flames out, in strong contrast.

There are a few Northern farmers within two or three miles of Greensboro. They give us highly favorable reports of the soil's productiveness, and seem quite content with their location. That they have done well is proof that others may succeed here. The people invite in-comers, claiming healthfulness as not the least recommendation the locality offers. Some Northerners settled in the town endorse this claim, and present good collateral evidence in their own persons. Northern ladies who come here flesh up rapidly, and therefore the place may prove a Mecca to lean humanity of feminine gender.

### RECEPTION AT DANVILLE.

At 11 A. M. on Wednesday, the 31st ult., we leave Greensboro and its hospitable citizens, and about 2 o'clock P. M. reach Danville, Va., and take carriages for the Paxton House. After renovating, and the storm providentially abating, we proceed in a body to the City Hall, where a formal reception takes place in presence of a large crowd of citizens. Mayor Cole presides. Major W. T. Sutherlin, after kindly welcoming us to the city, proceeds to enlighten us about matters upon which we are most anxious to be informed. He stated that Danville was situated in the heart of the finest tobacco-growing region in the whole South, for which this city was the chief mart. He gave as the receipts direct from planters during the last eight months 7,570,391 pounds; value \$898,993.80; or an average per 100 pounds of \$11.87. He believed the receipts for the ensuing four months would aggregate 6,000,000 pounds. Seven warehouses are in use for storing and packing this staple. Major Sutherlin is President of the State Agricultural Society of Virginia, and gave it as his candid opinion that the soil of this region was as well adapted to the growth of grain and fruits as any in the North. His own fields have yielded over thirty bushels of wheat to the acre, one hundred of corn, and he could show as heavy fields of clover and timothy as ever waved under a summer breeze. The winters were so mild that cattle need to be sheltered but two months in the whole year. Then the Dan river, with a fall of twenty-five to thirty feet within one and half miles of the city, afforded ample and valuable water-power for manufacturing purposes. His people invited immigration—lands were cheap—from three dollars to twenty dollars per acre—Northerners would be cordially received, their opinions respected, their safety from violence guaranteed. "We want your experience, your energy, your capital, and then Virginia may become the wealthiest, most productive State in the Union."

Brief speeches in response were made by Secretary Bunnell, Mr. Selkreg, and, (being especially provoked thereto by the *egg*-otistical allusions of the gentleman from Ithaca,) by the member from Geneva.

We then visited Page's Tobacco Exchange, and witnessed a public sale of the weed. Each lot brought in by the farmer was piled by itself, and the auctioneer, with a tongue going like greased lightning, put up and knocked off the staple to the highest bidder. The lowest figures at which sales were made were \$3.50 per 100 lbs.; the highest, a very choice light, velvety leaf, desirable for wrappers, brought \$105 per 100. We were favored with a few sample leaves of this last lot, which we brought home and left with Nat. Lee for inspec-

tion. While a pile is undergoing sale, the bidding manufacturers and speculators "go through it" scattering it in promiscuous confusion about the floor.

The municipal dinner in our honor was served at the Paxton House at 4.30, and as we were obliged to leave at six, the speeches were short and pithy. The speakers from Danville were Mayor Cole, Messrs. Atkinson, Grasty, and Staples; for the Excursionists, Revs. Messrs. Robie and Ward, Messrs. McCall, Biddis and Gardiner.

At this point our train, through the kindness of the railroad officials, took the character of a "special," and we were rattled over the road on our return to Richmond at a lively pace, arriving at 1 A. M. Thursday morning.

At 9 o'clock Thursday morning, carriages and omnibusses called for our party at Ford's Hotel to enable us to visit various points of interest about the city, a committee of the Richmond press and citizens accompanying us. We again passed the late mansion of Jeff. Davis—The Medical College of Virginia, in Egyptian architecture—African Church, where in old times political meetings of all parties were wont to be held—Wesleyan Church, St. John's (Episcopal) Church, the first built in the city, and by contributions of tobacco; it is surrounded by a high brick wall; 'twas in this edifice that Patrick Henry delivered his famous speech inciting resistance to British tyranny and oppression, concluding with the peroration so familiar to every school boy, "Give me liberty or give me death."

"Chimborazo" was pointed out to us, comprising a large group of low frame buildings, whitewashed, which were constructed for and used as Confederate hospitals during the war—now occupied by negroes. We halted upon Libby Hill, which commands a fine view of the James river, which here forms an elbow. In the foreground is the navy yard; and in the stream opposite a number of vessels were blown up and sunk at the time of the evacuation. Some of the hulks still remain as obstructions to navigation. At a point about half a mile from us, on the opposite side of the river, is visible the frame of a gunboat, the construction of which was commenced not long before the Confederacy collapsed, the means therefor being furnished by contributions of diamonds, jewelry, &c., by the Richmond ladies. We resume our trip, stopping a moment to visit the old Libby Prison, now used as a manufactory of sumac used in tanning morocco; passing Henrico County Court House, the ruins of the extensive conflagration of '65; Washington's headquarters, (a stone building on Main street, which has undergone but little change since it echoed to the voice of its distinguished occupant;) visiting for a few moments the Tobacco Exchange; passing a mammoth flouring mill which has the capacity of turning out fifteen hundred barrels per day; thence up Franklin street, the most beautiful and aristocratic street in the city; the residence of General Lee was pointed out, a three-story brick between 7th and 8th streets; passed Monroe Park, a new but in time will be a beautiful promenade ground; opposite one corner of this park stands the residence of Col. Ordway of a Massachusetts regiment, and first provost-marshal of the city under General Grant's occupancy.

It seems the gallant Union soldier *surrendered* at last—to the charms of a Virginia lady. A few rods further ride brought us to Hollywood Cemetery. We had time only for a hurried walk through the grounds, which are beautifully laid out and adorned with fine forest trees and native shrubbery. We noted most particularly the monument to the Confederate dead—a plain Egyptian shaft, constructed of a lightish gray stone laid in irregular courses, fifty feet square at the base and ninety-three feet high. We lingered a moment at the tomb of President Monroe; not far from which is a little grave with small plain headstone with this inscription:

"JOSEPH, son of our beloved President, Jefferson Davis—erected by the little boys and girls of the Southern Capital."

We observed the last resting places of Generals A. P. Hill and J. E. B. Stuart—both distinguished officers of the Confederates during the war until they met their death. Neither grave is marked by any monument. A large tract in the cemetery, lying nearest the city, is the "Potter's Field" for Confederate dead, with its thousands of untimely graves made in a "Lost Cause."

Beyond the cemetery appear the old barracks occupied by the Union forces while Richmond was in military possession of Gen. Grant.

Returning, we pass the State Penitentiary with its whitewashed walls—nineteen of its every twenty inmates being negroes.

At precisely 12 o'clock we arrive at Zetelle's—the Delmonico's of Richmond—the place and hour appointed for the complimentary banquet. On stepping from the carriage we are tapped on the shoulder, and turning behold "in the flesh" our old townsman, Doctor Beattie. A cordial shake of the hands, a few hurried inquiries by him of old Geneva acquaintances, as hurriedly answered—regrets by the Doctor that he had not met us sooner, and been thus enabled to extend the hospitalities of his home—was all the interview afforded, for the feast was spread, hosts were waiting and time pressing. The Doctor holds age remarkably well.

### GRAND BANQUET AT RICHMOND.

After half an hour spent in introductions and an interchange of civilities with the gentlemen of this city there assembled, they were ushered into the dining-saloon. Here was spread a most bountiful collation, the table fairly bending beneath the weight of seasonable delicacies served in Zetelle's inimitable style. It is unnecessary to give the bill of fare. Suffice it to say that New York and Norfolk had contributed their choicest edibles, while Richmond and the country south of us had been stripped of their best viands to make the repast worthy of the occasion.

At the head of the table were seated Mayor Keiley, and Mr. Thompson, editor of the *Le Roy* (N. Y.) *Gazette* and chairman of the Editorial Excursion Party. On their right was seated Gov. Walker and Col. McDonald, Secretary of the Commonwealth; on their left were ex-Governor Wells and Mr. S. H. Parker, of the *Geneva* (N. Y.) *Gazette*. Col. Wm. S. Gilman presided at the foot of the board and called the assemblage to order.

### ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Mayor Keiley then delivered the following remarks by way of welcome to the gentlemen of the Northern press. They were received with much applause:

I have the pleasure, gentlemen, of cordially welcoming you to our fair city, and of inviting you, on behalf of the people of Richmond, to do justice to the hasty entertainment to which the shortness of your stay confines us. We hope that your hurried trip to our State may have favorably impressed you with its many advantages of climate, soil and production, and may have proved a source of pleasure to each of you; but far more earnestly do we hope that it may be of service in breaching that wall of unfounded prejudice which has unfortunately divided this people for so long a period—a prejudice under which the hates and animosities of war have survived for more than six years the advent of peace—and that from this and similar intercourse between the sections, as they unhappily are called, the people of both may learn to know each other better, and in that better knowledge may rebuild the temple of their common liberties on the solid and impregnable foundations of justice and fraternity, making it a shrine worthy of the immortal memories and the sure and brilliant destiny of our common country.

God grant that the subtle—I might almost say sacred—influence, which inspires even the desert Arab with a feeling of brotherliness toward the stranger who breaks bread beneath his tent, may avail to raise kindred emotions among us who should not be strangers, and that these and like comminglings may hasten the advent of that bright day when, as in the glorious past, the cause of one commonwealth was the cause of all; when, save in generous devotion to the rights and liberties of every citizen, there was no rivalry between your mother and ours—between New York, the State of the First Constitutional Congress, and Virginia, the State of the First Constitutional President.

An hour having been spent in the discussion of the collation, and glasses having been filled, Mayor Keiley again rose and proposed the following sentiment: "The health, prosperity, and safe return of our honored guests."

Mr. Donay, of Pennsylvania, responded most eloquently. He spoke enthusiastically of the reception that he and his friends had received on this trip. They had come expecting to pass through the country as quiet travelers; they had been treated as honored guests. They had come, some of them, actually armed, for fear of the Ku-Klux, and they were, every man of them, going back heavier than they were when they left home. They would return full of love for their Southern brethren, regarding them as friends, and with a sincere desire for their prosperity. The men of the North and the men of the South are no longer in conflict, and if they commingle oftener a war cloud will never arise again. [Applause.] In conclusion, he said: "Gentlemen of Virginia, we have only to say, grand as your hospitality is, we can equal it. If you don't believe it, come and see." [Applause.]

#### THE GOVERNOR CALLED OUT—HIS SPEECH.

The band then played "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," after which a gentleman from New York (whose name we were unable to catch) proposed the health of the Governor of Virginia. Governor Walker promptly responded, and was greeted with loud cheers, while the band played "Hail to the Chief." After this demonstration ceased, the Governor spoke: He said he had not come to this entertainment with an idea of making a speech, but simply to say to our honored guests that he was glad to meet them on the soil of Virginia. He was glad to see them for more reasons than one. He would name two: First, because they were the representatives of the noble State on whose soil he first saw the light of day; and second, because it was his privilege to welcome them on this soil, where first beamed the light of liberty on the American continent. He wished to take them by the hand and congratulate them that they had escaped the clutches of the Ku-Klux, of which they had heard so much. [Laughter and applause.] "And now," said he, "I hope you will, every one of you, go home and tell your fellow-citizens how Congress has humbugged you about the Ku-Klux." ["We will!"] "Have you seen any in Virginia?" ["No!"] "No, I am sure you have not. Virginia is a law-abiding State, and challenges comparison with any of her sisters, even great and noble New York."

The Governor agreed with the last speaker that all the people of this country need is to know one another better. We are sprung from the same glorious Anglo-Saxon stock: we speak a common language; we have a thousand common ties. Had we known each other better in the past the fields of Virginia would not to-day be drenched with blood, or her hills be covered with the bleaching bones of a patriotic soldiery. There would have been no war; there would have been no disunion. Our great object now should be to see more of each other, and labor together for the building up of a great nationality on the western continent—a nationality more noble, more powerful, than ever before existed, so that every man following the example of the old Roman, and with equal pride, might say, "I am an American citizen." [Great applause.]

In conclusion, Governor Walker again expressed his pleasure at seeing before him so many of the framers of public opinion in three of the great Northern States, and hoped that they would carry with them to their homes the most pleasant recollections of the Old Dominion. He then proposed: "New Jersey—Once out of the Union, but now supporting the Keystone of the arch in making the Federal Union what it ought to be."

### REMARKS OF GOVERNOR WELLS.

The Chairman called upon ex-Governor H. H. Wells, of Virginia, to respond to the sentiment just uttered. That gentleman, taking the floor, said he was at a loss to know why he was called upon.

Gov. Walker—I thought the gentleman was a native of New Jersey.

Gov. Wells—No, sir; I am a native of New York, like yourself. But it is a pleasure and an honor. Mr. Chairman, to be required to represent any State so true as little New Jersey—the smallest State save one in the Union. She can always be depended upon. The speaker then followed the line of argument marked out by his predecessors, urging a more thorough commingling of the people, North, East, South and West. We must have this, or give up our present form of government. He then related an incident coming under his observation within the last few days, showing how animosities were being forgotten and a better feeling springing up between the friends of the blue and the friends of the gray. A few weeks ago the people of this city had turned out almost to a man to spread their floral tributes on the graves of those who, clad in the gray, fell in defence of the cause they believed to be just. One day this week a portion of the same people had repaired to the National Cemetery and decorated the mounds beneath which sleep those who wore the Union blue. On this occasion a lady of the South—and proud should be the place of her nativity—having had charge of the distribution of flowers on Confederate memorial day, sent a message to the officers of the Grand Army of the Republic, asking whether a few flowers would be acceptable for this second decoration. The offer was accepted, of course, and this kind lady of the South sent—not a few—but eight bushels of flowers to be strewn on the graves of the Federal dead. [Great applause.] He thanked Gov. Walker for such examples as that. They were worth more than a hundred speeches. They come from the heart and go to the heart. Before taking my seat, gentlemen, I propose: "New York—the greatest State in the world."

Mr. Keiley—Except Virginia.

Gov. Wells—No, sir, not except Virginia; for hasn't New York given two Governors to Virginia—Gov. Walker and your humble servant?

Col. Gilman—Three; Gov. Johnson.

Gov. Wells—Oh, I forgot Gov. Johnson. Thank God for Johnson. Mr. Chairman, I propose "The great and noble State of New York."

Hon. J. H. Selkreg, of Ithaca, N. Y., was called by President Thompson to respond to this sentiment, who discharged his duty handsomely. He and his associates could hardly find words to express their appreciation of the cordial reception they had met wherever they had been on this tour. The hospitality extended them had been of the most enlarged sphere, increasing from point to point, until it knew no bounds. His friend, Gov. Walker—for he could call him friend, as he had only a few years ago been admitted to the practice of law in his village—his friend, the Governor, had spoken of the Ku-Klux. They *had* met the Ku-Klux. It was Virginia hospitality against New York and Pennsylvania stomachs; and the stomachs had conquered, as his friends Robey and Thompson could testify.

Mr. Selkreg is a fluent speaker, and was frequently applauded.

## OTHER SENTIMENTS AND SPEECHES.

Toasts were then given to the "Press of Richmond," and Col. William S. Gilman responded in his usual happy style.

Col. Thomas H. Wynne briefly and pleasantly responded to a sentiment to "Virginia Hospitality," and proposed by way of rejoinder: "Our Guests—Never had hosts more agreeable company."

Mr. Hopkins, of the Rochester *Rural Home*, made a sensible and effective speech in answer to the last-named toast.

Mr. Robey, of the Buffalo *Courier*, proposed the health of Col. N. H. Hotchkiss, the great presiding genius of the excursion, and that gentleman answered the loud calls upon him in a few remarks. He asked them if he had fulfilled his promises, and by way of answer there was a unanimous aye.

Mr. Biddis, of the Milford (Pa.) *Herald*, proposed the ladies of Virginia and North Carolina, and called upon Mr. Parker, of the Geneva (N. Y.) *Gazette*, the "ladies' man of the party," to speak for them. Mr. Parker did so in a humorous vein, but soon digressed to speak in praise of his entertainers. He said he had seen the Ku Klux. Their heavy arms were juleps, and their light arms were champagne cocktails. They had been shot in the neck. They were alive though wounded, and would go home and tell the story to their friends. Their party embraced representatives of all parties and denominations. Some were Republican in politics, some were Democratic in politics, and a few didn't have a darned politic. But they were all agreed in the opinion that Virginia hospitality cannot be surpassed.

To the sentiment "Virginia, the Mother of States and Statesmen," Mayor Keiley requested Judge Beverly R. Wellford to respond. The Judge proved himself equal to the task of placing the Old Dominion in a proper light before our guests. He spoke with real eloquence, and was loudly applauded. When he concluded, the band played "The Bonnie Blue Flag."

Mr. G. W. James was called out by the Pike County Delegation, and made an appropriate response.

The chairman then proposed a fitting sentiment to conclude the entertainment, "Christian charity as exemplified here to-day, and as it should be exemplified throughout the land."

Rev. Dr. Edwards responded most happily, making what many considered *the* speech of the evening.

The festivities were closed by singing "Auld Lang Syne."

## DEPARTURE.

The collation over, Garber's omnibusses were again called into requisition, and conveyed the whole party to the York River depot, Kessnich's band, which furnished such excellent music at Zetelle's, playing an appropriate parting air. We arrived at the depot in time for the three o'clock P. M. train, and as the cars moved we took our final leave of the city of hills, and of its people, and with cheer after cheer, got under way for West Point, Va., at the terminus of this road, and the head of navigation on York river. We had now finished our wanderings in Virginia, and were headed for home.

We cannot too cordially commend the Richmond and York River Railroad Line. Its charges are moderate—its accommodations superb. Of the two boats—the "State of Virginia," Capt. Freeman, the "Admiral," Capt. Reybold,—both are new, both well officered, and on both the passenger is as comfortable as if he were beneath the roof of the Eutaw

House or the Fountain Hotel. The attaches are polite and accommodating, and last but not least, the charges are extremely moderate. The railroad with which these boats connect is under the superintendency of Capt. Wm. N. Bragg, than whom a better railroad man it would be difficult to find. It is as smooth as glass, and as firm as a rock. The passenger glides over its rails without a jar or jostle, and feels a consciousness of safety which such efficient management cannot fail to inspire. The traveling agent, as already intimated, is Major N. H. Hotchkiss, a man now as familiar to the American public as Governor Bowie or John W. Garrett, and one who is emphatically "the right man in the right place."

On our way up the Chesapeake Bay in the steamer Admiral, two boxes were brought upon deck and opened, one of which proved to be from the White Sulphur Springs, containing bottles of delicately flavored wine, and the other from the firm of A. M. Lyon & Co., of Richmond, filled with most excellent smoking tobacco, a half pound of which was presented to each of the Excursionists.

### BALTIMORE.

The approach to Baltimore up the Patapsco is by a somewhat tortuous channel, which however is well defined by buoys. The river is fairly alive with vessels going into and coming out from this great commercial mart—a city enjoying direct trade communication with every country of the habitable globe.

On returning to Baltimore we took quarters at the St. Clair Hotel by special invitation of its generous proprietors. This hotel is situated in Monument Square, immediately facing the beautiful monument erected to commemorate the bombardment of Fort McHenry by the British in 1814. The Hotel is kept by Gilmour & Sons, who are also lessees and managers of the Eutaw House, another first class hostelry of the city. The St. Clair is fitted up and furnished in magnificent style, and its tables will compare favorably with any in the land. The Messrs. Gilmour have an excellent, polite and affable manager in the person of Mr. H. H. Fogle,\* to whom the Excursionists are under deep obligations for courtesies extended.

The bill of fare for dinner was headed "Complimentary to the Editorial Excursionists," and embraced most palatable selections from the productions of the North and South. At this feast we were favored with the presence of Mayor R. T. Banks. He is a highly intelligent, dignified gentleman, strongly attached to his native city, and entertains a natural, justifiable pride in her growing greatness and prosperity—which being the subject of the first toast, brought him to his feet in a speech, brief but eloquent in praise of the Monumental City. He expressed sincere gratification over the visit of so many Editors of the North, and trusted it would lead to better and more cordial relations between North and South. Mayor Banks is emphatically conservative or democratic in his views, as indeed are nine-tenths of the *white* people of Baltimore.

The press was fully and ably represented, and several complimentary toasts and speeches were exchanged. Of our party, Messrs McCall of Bath, Biddis of Pa., Richardson of Lockport, acquitted themselves very creditably; while those who represented Baltimore were exceedingly happy in their responses.

A shadow crept over our company by the indisposition and absence of our generous, faithful and devoted guide, Col. N. H. Hotchkiss. The two weeks incessant strain upon his physical and mental faculties in attending upon and providing for us, had broken down even his robust constitution. He was placed under the care of a physician, who prescribed rest and undisturbed quiet, as his nervous system was chiefly affected.

\*It pains us to be compelled to add, that Mr. Fogle has since passed away regretted of all who knew him.—Ed.

After dinner, by previous arrangement, some twenty-five of our party were taken in charge by Edward Potts, Esq., (Secretary of President John W. Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company,) and at the latter's invitation, conveyed in carriages, by a long drive through the city, to the extensive machine and workshops of the company at Mount Clare. From thence we were taken to Locust Point, where were located the warehouses and wharves of this corporation. From one of the warehouses we were conducted up the gangway and on board the steamer "Liepzig," an iron-sheathed vessel of 2,500 tons burthen, built at Greenock on the Clyde, by the North German Lloyd Company, and constituting one of the line from Baltimore to Bremen direct. The Liepzig has accommodations for seventy-five cabin and eight hundred steerage passengers. We were received in a very cordial manner by First-Officer Charles Pohle, a genuine Teuton, who afforded us opportunity for a thorough inspection of the vessel. In the cabin we were hospitably entertained, and over the sparkling goblet toasted everybody and everything connected with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and the Baltimore and Bremen Steamship Line.

We returned to our hotel at six o'clock, feeling under lasting obligations to Mr. Potts for the agreeable and entertaining manner in which we had passed the afternoon.

As we are about to bid adieu to the gentleman to whom we are all indebted for this magnificent excursion, a brief sketch of his life will not be out of place:

Major Hotchkiss was born in Windsor, Broome County, N. Y., on the third day of December, 1819. He worked on a farm until twenty-one years of age, when he started on foot to the head waters of the west branch of the Susquehanna river, at the corner of Cambray, Clearfield and Indiana counties, Pennsylvania, settling at a place called Cherry Tree, then a wilderness. He there tended sawmill for Mr. Bradley Waller. In the spring of 1842 he went down the river to Marietta, and returned into Tioga county, Pa., where he tended sawmill for Major Seth Daggett, who by the way is still living, hale and hearty, at the age of ninety-three years. He thence went to the Delaware river, five miles below Deposit, where he built a double sawmill in the howling wilderness.

In 1849, he bought a farm directly in front of his sawmill, from which he gave to the New York and Erie Railway Company the first acre of land it ever received as a gift. Colonel Asher Tyler, of Elmira, N. Y., now living, was at that time the company's general land agent. At the point mentioned, Major Hotchkiss built a flourishing village named Hale's Eddy, on the Delaware Division, and was from that time until 1859 an agent of the Erie Railroad Company, putting up all that company's buildings there. He was at the same time engaged in farming, lumbering and merchandizing. In 1859, Major Hotchkiss sold his property in New York and removed to the State of Virginia, having previously made a visit to a brother there in 1856, during the exciting campaign of Fremont and Dayton, whom he enthusiastically supported in Virginia as in New York. At the time of this visit he spent six weeks in Virginia, and was so warmly welcomed by all, and hospitably entertained at every point of his visit, and also so thoroughly charmed by the magnificent scenery of the beautiful Shenandoah, the fertility of its soil, and the geniality of its climate, that he at once came to the conclusion that if he ever left his native State, it would be to find his future home in Virginia. The time came sooner than anticipated, and he has never regretted the change. As a citizen of Virginia he has always met with the same cordial treatment as when a visitor, and his love for Virginia and her people has grown stronger with his growing knowledge of them. He has never heard of a settler's regretting that he cast his lot among the people of his adopted State, providing he came to identify himself with them and was a true-hearted man.

Major Hotchkiss was a thorough anti-secessionist, fighting it with all his native energy until Virginia seceded, when like many another honest man he cast his lot with her, determined that her future should be his. The war came on. It may not be generally known that as late as 1862 President Jeff. Davis issued circulars offering safe conduct

through the lines to all Northerners who could not identify themselves with Virginia, but such is the fact, and Major Hotchkiss received three of them. But he never was a man to shrink from any course which he thought it his duty to pursue and he nobly met his fate. During the long struggle which followed he did not enter the service on account of broken health, but he did aid Virginia in every way possible, and at the close of the war found himself stripped of everything. Recovering somewhat of his health in September, 1868, he accepted the position of traveling agent of the Chesapeake and Ohio, and Richmond and York River Railroads, which position he has since held. During all this time, actuated by the purest and most patriotic of motives, he has labored night and day to bring together the people of the North and South, and the recent Editorial Excursion was the fruition of his hopes and labors for two long years. His idea (and it is a good one) is that the people of these different sections have only to know each other better to love each other well, that the people of the North have only to know the noble old State of Virginia, *as it is*, with all its wonderful attractions of climate, soil and mineral wealth, to turn the tide of emigration within its borders. He is proud and happy to say that the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad which completed will be to Virginia what the old Erie and New York Central Railroads were to New York twenty years ago, has been furnished its capital by his native State, New York, and New Yorkers are therefore deeply interested in its welfare.

Mr. Hotchkiss hereby extends a cordial invitation to farmers, mechanics, capitalists, every body to come to Virginia, buy and till her lands, build schoolhouses and develop her infinite resources, assured that they will thereby not only make Virginia the foremost state in the Union, but that they will make for themselves homes as beautiful as earth can boast, and acquire a competence for their declining years.

We cannot more appropriately close this notice, which is all too brief to do anything like justice to our noble guest, than by copying the graphic personal description written by Chaplain Robie of Buffalo, as follows:

"Our Colonel and conductor is a singularly made-up genius. In physique he is the pattern of a man, symmetrical and well proportioned; while in manners he is rough and sometimes a little uncouth, yet possessed of so many popular and winning ways that the exceptions are overwhelmed and lost to view. But it is his soul which makes him noble. He has a spirit as sweet as a mother's love, and a heart as kind and gentle, and we believe as honest as ever beat in a human bosom. Such an one is the life of our company, never tiring in attentions, and ever laughing, and, like our President, ever smoking. The last weakness is blown away by the generous impulses of his noble nature."

Early in the evening we were permitted a parting interview with our noble leader. All assembled in the spacious parlor of the St. Clair. Mr. Hotchkiss was brought in and seated, showing marked signs of physical exhaustion. In behalf of his deeply indebted editorial brethren, Mr. Hopkins of the *Rural Home* addressed him in a few fitting words of thanks for his conception of this grand Editorial Excursion, for the pleasure all had experienced in the trip under his leadership—and in concluding, and saying the "farewell," presented him a magnificent GOLD WATCH AND CHAIN, the joint contribution of his indebted friends, as a slight token of their gratitude and esteem. The establishment was valued at \$200—was purchased of Geo. W. Webb & Co., 185 Baltimore Street, (a firm recommended by the proprietors of the *Baltimore Sun*,) the case bore the following inscription:

"Presented to  
N. H. HOTCHKISS,  
By his Friends of the Editorial Excursion,  
June 2, 1871."

With this was also presented an album containing the autograph of each and every one of his guests, the donors.

Colonel Hotchkiss received the beautiful testimonials with deep emotional feeling and words of kindness, promising a lasting remembrance of the givers.

After tea another meeting was held in the parlor, at which resolutions were adopted thanking the Mayor and Press of Baltimore and others who had shown us civilities, and the Messrs. Gilmour & Sons and Mr. Fogle of the St. Clair for their generous hospitality. All then joined hands, Mr. Hopkins presiding at the piano, and sang "Home, Sweet Home," the Doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow;" after which Rev. Mr. Robie pronounced the benediction, and the Editorial Excursionists to Virginia and North Carolina as an organized body adjourned *sine die*.

In leaving Baltimore none of the party could part with the sunny clime without at least a little feeling of regret. We are leaving the boarders of a delightful habitation, where the sweetest flowers are in full blossom, the roses already casting their petals, the orchards revealing their almost perfect fruit, and where the sunset lingers far into the evening. This blooming paradise, these ripened fields and glowing harvests we leave behind and seek our Northern homes, where the tender blossoms are just opening, where the sunlight waits to kiss away the fragrance of the half-budded rose and to warm into strength and maturity the slender, growing, stalk and tender fruit. The change is wonderful and inspires the observer with an idea of the transition a few days travel can bring.

We all bid adieu to the South with kinder feelings towards its inhabitants, a better and far more exalted idea of Southern hospitality, and a new confidence in their desire for a peaceable and never ending American Union.

The following are the resolutions adopted by the excursion party during their trip through the South:

RESOLVED, That the thanks of this excursion party are eminently due, and are hereby tendered Reuben Foster, the agent, and the York River Steamboat Line of Baltimore, running in connection with the York River Railroad, for their most generous consideration, and that we recognize in Capt. L. W. Freeman, of their well-equipped boat, (the State of Virginia,) and his assistants, able, efficient, and courteous officers, whose treatment has added greatly to our enjoyment, and will long be pleasantly remembered.

RESOLVED, That, as our visit to Petersburg has been one of the pleasantest features of our trip, we do hereby tender our sincere thanks to the President of the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad, Mr. Thomas H. Wynn, for his courtesy in placing special cars at our disposal, whereby we have been enabled to travel from Richmond to Petersburg and return comfortably and agreeably, and that our enjoyment has been much enhanced by the careful attention of the conductor of these cars, Mr. W. C. Laughton.

RESOLVED, That the hospitality extended to us by Messrs. Bishop and Seay, proprietors of Jarrett's Hotel, Petersburg, Va., and the Editorial Fraternity of that city, deserves a double-leaded paragraph of thanks, which we hereby give, and that we regard our dinner at their commodious and admirably kept house as a fat take, which will measure well in memory.

RESOLVED, That the reception extended to us by the municipal authorities and the Editorial Fraternity of the City of Staunton will ever be remembered as most cordial and kind, and every way worthy of the proud reputation for hospitality which Virginians so long have borne, and that we return our hearty thanks therefor.

RESOLVED, That the entertainments offered us by the Wesleyan Female Institute, the Virginia Female Institute, and the Augusta Female Seminary, were in the highest degree creditable to those institutions of learning, and while affording rare pleasure to all, have given us a broader idea of Southern educational advantages, and a fuller sense of what our whole country may be with such aids to the broadest culture and the finest accomplishments.

RESOLVED, That our visits to the State Lunatic Asylum, and the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institutions of Virginia, have shown us two admirably conducted public charities, of whose appointments any Commonwealth might well be proud, and that our most sincere thanks can but inadequately make return for the hospitalities there received.

RESOLVED, That the liberality of Messrs. Frazier & Sales, proprietors of the Virginia Hotel, Staunton, Va., in throwing open the doors of their house to our entire party, free of charge, deserves especial

recognition, and that their excellent accommodations, their careful courtesy, and their right hearty spirit will always be associated with recollections of a visit to one of the most delightful localities in the world.

RESOLVED, That for rare natural beauty, desirability of climate, excellence of accommodations, and pleasantness of access, the White Sulphur Springs are, to our knowledge, unsurpassed as a summer resort; and that in the Messrs. Peyton & Co. we have found gentlemen "on hospitable thought intent" to the fullest degree—gentlemen of the truest courtesy and most liberal of heart, whose reception and treatment have but intensified the pleasure of a visit where every surrounding conspired to enjoyment, and where they who can tarry long are truly fortunate.

RESOLVED, That no part of our journey since we left Elmira has given us greater pleasure, or is likely to be of more profit to us than that over the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, through the magnificent valley and mountain scenery of Virginia, from Richmond to White Sulphur Springs and back, and that in placing a special train of two elegant coaches at our disposal for fourteen days, the officers of said company here give an unexampled exhibition of corporate liberality, which will ever be among the brightest memories of our trip; the enjoyment of which has been greatly enhanced by the continued courtesy and attention of Conductor Joseph Mallory, Engineer C. C. Taylor, and the Brakemen of said special train.

RESOLVED, That the presence, during portions of the trip, of Gen. W. C. Wickham, Vice-President; H. D. Whitcomb, Chief Engineer; A. H. Perry, General Superintendent, and Maj. Peyton Randolph, Division Engineer, of this road, has afforded us much gratification, and proved them to be chief among the many true Virginia gentlemen we have met since leaving our homes.

RESOLVED, That we gratefully appreciate the thoughtfulness of C. F. Robertson, Postmaster at White Sulphur Springs, in opening his office for our party on Sunday, and for his telegraphing the Richmond Post-office to have our mail matter sent to Ford's Hotel, so that we may receive it on our arrival there to-night.

RESOLVED, That, as our journey has reached its objective point here at Greensboro, so our enjoyment has here attained its climax, in a reception moved by the heart of the people, overflowing with the most generous hospitality; and that we extend our thanks to the Mayor, the committee of arrangements, the proprietor of the Benbow House, and the citizens generally, for the magnificent entertainment received at their hands, and that we shall return to our homes with pleasantest recollections of the old North State, and with hearts throbbing in closer sympathy with its inhabitants, only regretting that our tarry among them could not have been longer, and our happy acquaintance with them more extended.

RESOLVED, That we do sincerely appreciate, though we cannot do justice to, the hospitality tendered us by the municipal authorities of Danville, and the citizens of said city, and that in our visit here we have gathered much valuable information, and have been so handsomely treated by all that our duty as journalists to impart this to our readers will be rather a pleasure, as friends, and as such will be gladly performed.

RESOLVED, That the Richmond, Danville and Piedmont Railways deserve our highest commendation for courtesies extended, and that it will be a pleasure to us all to bespeak public patronage therefor, inasmuch as their appointments are excellent, their officials obliging and gentlemanly, and the country through which they run worthy the attention of tourists in the South and the consideration of all seeking new homes.

RESOLVED, That among the most gratifying incidents and experiences of our journeyings in Virginia was the banquet at Richmond, tendered us by brethren of the press and citizens of that city—the pleasures of the feast being greatly enhanced by Virginia's most honored Executive, Gov. Walker, and others high in civil authority; that the sentiments uttered in toasts and speeches afford the strongest guaranty of Union restored and cemented between North and South on the basis of fraternity and good will.

RESOLVED, That our ardent thanks are due, and are hereby tendered, to Messrs. Gilmour & Sons, proprietors of the St. Clair Hotel, and to Mr. Fogle, manager thereof, for their very generous hospitality, their many courtesies and their unremitting attention to us, and that, recognizing the remarkable excellence of said hotel in all its features, we shall take pleasure in recommending it to such of our friends as may visit Baltimore, confident that they will be as well satisfied with their entertainment as we have been.

RESOLVED, That our visit to the extensive works of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, at Baltimore, was one of great interest, and that we return our thanks to the President of said company, Mr. Garrett, and his secretary Mr. Potts, for courtesies rendered.

RESOLVED, That we are under great obligations to the Northern Central Railway Company, and its officers, for courtesies received at their hands, and that we return our sincere thanks for the same.

RESOLVED, That heartily appreciating the indefatigableness of Mr. N. H. Hotchkiss, agent of the Richmond and York River and Chesapeake and Ohio Railroads, to whom we are indebted for the pleasure of this trip; his largeness of heart, his liberality of views, and his earnest desire to excite a more lively sympathy between the North and the South, we do heartily tender him our warmest thanks, with the assurance of our life-long recollections of southward journeying will always be more pleasant because of their central figure—a live New Yorker, inspired by true Virginia sentiment and hospitality, whose impulse to good deeds is only secondary to his zeal in working them to full perfection.

Shortly after the excursion of the Northern Editors to the South, Major Hotchkiss received an invitation to be present at the meeting of the New York State Editorial Convention, and his presence on that occasion is thus chronicled:

Major N. H. Hotchkiss, of Staunton, Va., the popular leader of the Southern Editorial Excursion, was the lion of the occasion. We had extended to him a special invitation to be present at the convention, and when the telegram announcing his purpose to be with us Thursday evening was read before the convention, loud and prolonged cheers went up from the "gentlemen of the editorial excursion." At night a large delegation went to the depot to receive him. At a meeting at Lake George on Friday, the Major was elected a perpetual member of the association with "extra privileges." These "extra privileges" were liberally interpreted by him to mean in part the indisputable right to Hotchkiss the wives and the daughters of the editors, and on the return from Saratoga on Saturday, a score of fair faces were buried in his huge whiskers, from out of whose hirsute depths came many a hearty smack and silvery scream. We had not at first intended to have said anything about this matter but the Major went so far we consider it would be but justice to his family to have him *Dispatched* in Richmond before he could reach his home in Staunton.

The beneficial effects of the expedition planned by Major Hotchkiss were soon made manifest. Elaborate descriptions of the country through which they had passed, the people they encountered, their manners and customs, and especially the hospitable receptions extended to the Excursionists at all points along the line of travel filled the Northern papers and were liberally copied into Southern journals. The bitterness and rancor which had heretofore been the stock in trade of partisan papers, in a measure faded away and a kindlier tone was observable in their editorial strictures upon the action of each other.

The *Le Roy Gazette*, speaking shortly afterwards, said: "Considerable inquiry was awakened hereabouts by the reports of that excursion, which may culminate in a concerted move for a Southern home \* \* \*."

The *Record*, published at Owego, New York, speaking of the excursion, quotes from a Southern exchange: "The sole honor must be awarded to Maj. Hotchkiss 'the steam engine in pantaloons,' 'the jolly agent,' 'the indomitable and ubiquitous,' 'the champion of the world,' 'the constant puffer,' 'the printers' true and substantial friend,' 'the most popular and successful railroad agent in the world' whose latch-string hangs on the outside, and in whose hearts are a thousand welcomes for every fellow-Virginian."

The *Baltimore Sun* said: Mr. N. H. Hotchkiss, travelling Agent of the Richmond and York River Railroad, connecting with the line of steamers running from Baltimore has been presented with a Malacca cane with a curved silver head and handsome Roman

armor devices, battle axes, shield, helmet &c., by his friend P. H. Albright, editor of the *Patriot*, Greensboro, N. C. The cane is a very beautiful affair. \* \* \* Mr. Hotchkiss is well known to the traveling public, having pioneered the great Editorial Excursion to the South some time since."

The *Canandaigua Messenger* says facetiously: "'Tis well,' he deserves to be *canned* in that manner repeatedly, and *watched*, too, as he was in Baltimore last spring." To which the *Geneva Gazette* adds: "Yes he ought to be solidly *chained* and securely *guarded*."

The *Valley Virginian* said: "By such means he has induced many persons already to visit our State, who otherwise would never have attempted it, and we doubt not, that by this same influence, many other good and substantial citizens will not only visit, but become residents of our beautiful Valley, and other portions of the State."

*The News* of Nunda: "We had the pleasure of meeting at Danville on the Fourth (July) Major Hotchkiss, the originator and leader of the Editorial Excursion South. He is the guest of neighbor Bunnell of the *Advertiser*, and is drumming up recruits for "Old Virginia." The large circle of acquaintances he has made in the North and the wide spread reputation he has acquired through the newspapers of the State enables him to be of very great service in turning the tide of emigration to the Old Dominion State. \* \* \* "

The *Monroe County Register* speaks of him as, "The friend of the Press."

The *Repository and Messenger*, Canandaigua, New York, said: "We learn from reliable authority that this gentleman, the well-known and popular traveling agent of the Richmond and York River and Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, is about to make a tour of this State in the interests of these roads and of the people North and South generally. His familiarity with all sections of Virginia and of many of the Southern States, as well as his position in reference to their leading railroads, will be of invaluable service to those contemplating a trip southward. The Major led the grand editorial excursion last Spring, and by his whole-souled generous courtesy greatly endeared himself to the craft, and he will be cordially welcomed among them during his coming tour. \* \* \* "

From Binghampton, New York, we have the following: "Mr. Hotchkiss, as the leader of the recent excursion of editors of Northern newspapers to the South, has done a work whose importance is scarcely yet appreciated, much as it was esteemed in the Southern States which were on the route of the excursion. We observe that the Southern journals are publishing very extended extracts from the Northern papers about the trip—in some cases whole pages. The Southern mind is directed toward communication with the people of the Northern States as it never was before; and the people have very lively hope that through personal acquaintance a great deal of the prejudice which has existed against them may be removed. Mr. Hotchkiss' excursion has opened the way for others of the same sort; but the next should be an excursion of Southern Editors to the North. With this kind of association, every man representing perhaps five or ten thousand, and in some cases tens of thousands, an acquaintance almost as valuable as personal association might be brought about between the people of the sections. We are perfectly sure that there is no considerable town in this or in any other Northern State in which a party of Southern Editors would not be very warmly received; they would have such an earnest of good-will as would convince them that there is every wish for Southern prosperity and happiness and every desire to assist in bringing about a real reconciliation."

The Binghampton *Democratic Leader* subsequently said: "The excursion he planned last year of Northern Editors to the South did much to educate them as to the tastes, habits, feelings and sentiments of each section, and did good in bringing about a better understanding between those who have much to do in moulding public opinion. We understand the Major is planning a similar excursion for next June, when he proposes to bring the Southern Editors North, that they can get a better idea of the habits of our people. The proposition is an excellent one, and the editorial fraternity of the Southern

tier of Counties in New York will doubtless unite upon some plan of entertaining their Southern guests if the plan is carried out. But there are no *ifs* about it if the Major has got his mind upon the excursion. We guarantee that our Southern brethren will receive a warm reception on the trip."

Major Hotchkiss, in response to numerous requests from the Northern Press, (which our limited space prevents us from copying,) undertook to organize the expedition for 1872. His success in 1871 had been more than flattering, and he determined if possible to complete the great work of pacification then so pleasantly inaugurated. To show how he was encouraged and what rapid progress he made we will continue our quotations.

The *Elmira Daily Gazette*, Thursday, April 11th, 1872, said: "The object of the visit of Major N. H. Hotchkiss to our city is to make arrangements for an excursion North of a party of Southern Editors. The company will number about forty-five editors, from Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina and Maryland. They will probably leave Richmond, Va., on Thursday, June 6th, arriving in Baltimore on the 7th, and Elmira on the 8th. After remaining here one day, they will visit Watkins Glen, and go thence to Rochester, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls, and get to Watertown in time to meet with the New York Editorial Convention in that city. They will proceed from there to Syracuse, and will take Owego, Binghamton and Susquehanna Depot in their route home.

"Under such a captain as Major Hotchkiss, so well known and thoroughly appreciated by the Editors of New York State, who can doubt but that the contemplated excursion will be a splendid success and the means of much good. Such a reciprocal reunion by Northern Editors of their Southern members of the strong-linked fraternity cannot but prove productive of inestimable benefits to both grand portions of our land.

"The arrangements are not fully consummated, but 'Father Abraham' Hotchkiss will not have any difficulty in getting everything in satisfactory shape for the contemplated excursion. He is as much of an organizer as Napoleon the First, and has the vim and dash essential to the successful prosecution of any plan, as witness the late Northern Editorial Excursion South. We shall have occasion to speak further of the visit of the Southern Editors, also of the Chesapeake and Ohio Road, of which A. H. Perry is the well-qualified superintendent, and of the Richmond and York River Line, of which Major (General) Hotchkiss is the indefatigable and popular traveling agent."

The *Elmira Advertiser* said: "Major N. H. Hotchkiss, of Staunton, Va., arrived in town yesterday, and gave us a call as in duty bound. He will be recollected as the leader of the Editorial Excursion party which left this city last spring and met with such a cordial reception in various parts of Virginia and North Carolina. He is a whole-souled, genial and true-hearted gentleman of the old school, and a leader who 'fears no danger.' His constant attention and courtesies to the sixty-one Northern Editors who made up his party of excursionists to the South last spring will never be forgotten by any one of them as long as memory holds her sway. We learn from him that he is now making his arrangements for an excursion of Southern Editors to the North. Our Southern brethren will be heartily welcomed among us, and during their stay we hope to be able to repay in part the unselfish hospitality they so lavishly bestowed upon their Northern friends. They will be fortunate in having so experienced and reliable a leader as Major Hotchkiss. There's 'no such word as fail' with him."

From the *Mobile Register* we have the following: "This excursion can be made productive of much good in the way of correcting small errors, and doing away with small prejudices, about our section. There is nothing like personal contact for the

removal of false impressions; and fifty well posted Editors from the South can tell the Editors of New York State many facts that will result in extended notice and consequent increase of immigration among us of sturdy farmers and of skilled labor. Hence we commend the idea to our brethren of the press in this section; and with it we commend Major Hotchkiss as the most straightforward talker and the busiest man who ever wore the gray—in a beard, a cubit and a span."

The *Charlotte Observer* spoke as follows: "It was our pleasure, yesterday, to meet with that prince of good fellows and railroad men—Major N. H. Hotchkiss—the popular and energetic agent of the Richmond and York River and Chesapeake and Ohio Railroads; and from the representation as shown, we have no doubt the route for which he is traveling is one in every way advantageous to shippers, while the man of business, or pleasure seeker, cannot fail to be interested as he traverses those now historic points, made famous by the deeds of men brave and true. Major Hotchkiss is well known as the party at whose suggestion and under whose control the great Railroad Excursion of Northern Editors, through portions of the South, was so successfully consummated last year, and as the Press of the North, through his instrumentality, were enabled to see things then 'face to face,' it is his purpose early in June to start with a number of Southern 'Quill drivers' on a Northern tour, and having no need to tarry at Jericho for his beard to grow, we guarantee he will do his whole duty and 'give them the best in the shop.' Such a trip as the one proposed by the Major, like its predecessors, cannot but be of good, for through the Press such truth can thus be disseminated that would tend to harmonize and bring about results so much to be desired."

The *New Orleans Times*, said: "We acknowledge with pleasure a call from Major N. H. Hotchkiss, Transportation Agent of the Chesapeake and Ohio, and of the Richmond and York River Railroads. Though a great railway traveler, this is the first visit of the Major to the Gulf States. Last year he conducted a large Editorial Party from the North into Virginia, and now, at the suggestion of the New York Press Association, he proposes to take a similar party from the South and Southwest into Western New York, and thence, via Niagara and the thousand islands to Montreal. From what we see and hear of Major H. we are certain that nothing will be lacking on his part to make the excursion a success. For the rest, it cannot fail to serve a good purpose by correcting erroneous impressions, giving opportunities of exchanging views, and rounding off the rough edges of sectional prejudice. Our thanks are due for an invitation to join the party."

The *New Orleans Daily Picayune*, speaking of the excursion said: "The Picayune office has been enlivened by the presence of the renowned Major N. H. Hotchkiss, the indefatigable and popular agent of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway and the Richmond and York River Railway, the route by which the famous White Sulphur, Healing, Warm and other Virginia Springs are reached, who visits our city, from Staunton, Va., in the interest of a benevolent and enlightened plan by which he hopes, through personal and familiar intercourse, to abate the social and political rancor that now separates the two sections of our common country. 'Blessed are the peace-makers,' and the Major is, in thought and act, one of them. He it was who devised and superintended the excursion of Northern Editors, last year, through a portion of the South, that they, as the writers of current history, might see for themselves and expose the baseless fabrications of Northern bigots. Great good resulted from this renewed acquaintance with the stricken people of our desolate frontier; and still happier results are anticipated by the ever hopeful Major from an excursion which he has now planned for a Southern Editorial Party into Northern territory. He proposes to lead the legion himself, and under their banner of peace to conquer the prejudices of an invaded people, and make their walls, like those of a second Jericho, to crumble under the bugle notes he knows so well to sound. We commend the Major and his praiseworthy enterprise to the consideration of our entire editorial fraternity; and from his

official connection with both Northern and Southern railroads, as well as his genial good humor and winning ways, we can but predict for him and his party a most delightful and edifying excursion.

The Staunton *Vindicator* said: "Mr. Hotchkiss deserves the thanks of the people of Virginia, and especially of the Valley, for the marked interest he has manifested in influencing very many of his Northern friends to visit this locality, and also the various watering places in our own State and West Virginia.

"Having been born and raised in the North, and been engaged in public business, after he attained his majority, in that region of country, until his removal to this State, some twelve years ago, he has, consequently, a very extended acquaintance throughout the North, and has never failed, at each visit to his native place, to portray in truthful colors to his friends and acquaintances the character of our people and the beauties and advantages of the land of his adoption. By such means he has influenced many persons already to visit our State, who otherwise would never have attempted it, and we doubt not, that by this same influence, many other good and substantial citizens will not only visit, but become residents of our beautiful Valley, and other portions of the State.

"Success attend you, friend Hotchkiss, in your legitimate business, say we, and may you be further instrumental in disseminating correct information throughout the North in regard to our people and section."

From the *Pelops Citizen*, of New York, we take the following:

"N. H. HOTCHKISS' EXCURSION.—Inasmuch as our edition fell far short, last week, of affording an ample residue with which to acknowledge the compliment of exchange from the many new papers that have been received, we again refer to the trip. It was a noble conception of Mr. Hotchkiss', and by him grandly carried out. No one event will tell more for the bright future of our Union of States than the recent Editorial Excursion. It has engraven the letters 'N. H. Hotchkiss' in gold, upon the historical tablet of 1871, and his children's children will read with delight in after years thereof.

"But great as it was for good in uniting the Virginians and Carolinians with the Empire and Keystone States in heart and sentiment, it did not extend far enough South—it should have reached the heart of every State that sought to be a gem in the 'Southern Confederacy'—it should have overspread the entire South—this is what should be done yet, it is not too late. N. H. Hotchkiss has grandly inaugurated the idea, let there be another as great and magnanimous to complete it. We have felt, betimes, saddened and gloom-stricken, as we have reviewed the status of our Republic, and longed for a melting down of the barrier that served to estrange the South from the North. The cloud is breaking, and the two hundred pens touched with fired zeal and enthusiasm incident to the Hotchkiss excursion, must wield a powerful influence over the masses that throng our proud domain, and make glad the heart of every human being that loves protection under the American flag. Let the Southern Editors make a tour through the North, too. Great good can be done, and an immense impetus given to our national prosperity. Let us become more united."

The *Memphis Appeal* spoke as follows: "Major Hotchkiss has just now on his hands the organization of an excursion for the Editors of the leading papers of the South, with a view to their meeting their brethren of the press, who last year, under his auspices, visited Virginia and the Carolinas. This excursion of Southern Editors to the most beautiful points in the North and Canada is to be the counterpart of that so thoroughly enjoyed at the South by our Northern brethren last year, and from what we know of the patriarchal-looking Hotchkiss, will be quite as enjoyable."

The *Advertiser and Mail*, published at Montgomery, Ala., said: "Major N. H. Hotchkiss, the best known and most popular man in America, is visiting Montgomery in the interests of the Chesapeake and Ohio and Richmond and York River Railroads, for which

he is the agent and the tutelar divinity, if divinity ever wore a long gray beard or condescended to be propelled by steam. Maj. H. also represents the several Virginia watering places, several of which are advertised in our columns.

"But it is in neither of these characters or capacities that Maj. Hotchkiss is best known to the Press. He is the great Pacificator, whose chosen mission it has been, and is, to bring together in social intercourse the exponents of public sentiment, North and South, that each may know the other better and be the better prepared to duly weigh and wisely consider the circumstances under which the opinions of the other have been formed and the motives that have shaped and directed the actions of all in their respective walks and conditions in life. These 'circumstances' and 'motives' constitute the lines of defence, the bulwarks, in which Prejudice and Prepossession have retired from the vigorous assaults of Reason, and now it appears that Major Hotchkiss is determined that these shall be stormed and carried along with the rest, not at the point of the bayonet nor with the logic of shot and shell, but at the mouth of the social bottle and by the persuasive eloquence that appeals to man from that 'tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell.' With this patriotic purpose in view he has successfully planned and carried out one or more Editorial Excursions, by which 'the reflectors of the public mind' North have been brought in contact and intercourse with those of the South, much to the edification and benefit of both. He is now engaged in getting up an excursion of Southern Editors, which will meet at Ford's Hotel in Richmond on the 14th of June and going thence North by the Richmond and York River Road, make the whole Northern tour via Baltimore, Philadelphia, Elmira, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Rochester, Canandaigua, Seneca Lake, (that 'Silver Lake' of which Percival sung,) Syracuse, Watertown, the Thousand Islands, 'fair Wyoming,' etc., etc.—returning to Richmond on or about the fourth day of July. We acknowledge our indebtedness to the Major for a card of invitation for this excursion, and assure him that if we fail to avail ourselves of the permission it conveys it shall be the fault of circumstances."

We quote from the Elmira (N. Y.) *Gazette* of April 12th, 1872: "At the meeting, yesterday, in this city on the part of Major N. H. Hotchkiss with the Editors of Elmira and with A. O. Bunnell, of the *Dansville Advertiser*, (the Secretary of the New York State Association,) it was arranged that the Southern Editorial Excursion party should leave Richmond, June 15th, and arrive in Elmira, Monday morning, the 17th; leave Elmira on the morning of Tuesday, the 18th, for Buffalo, where they will arrive about noon; leave Buffalo Tuesday evening, the 18th, for Niagara Falls; leave Niagara Falls Wednesday afternoon, the 19th, for Rochester; leave Rochester Thursday morning, the 20th, for Canandaigua; leave Canandaigua Friday morning, the 21st, for Watkins Glen; leave Watkins Glen Saturday, the 22d, by boat on Seneca Lake for Geneva; spend Sunday, the 23d, in Geneva, leaving there for Syracuse on Monday, the 24th. At Syracuse they will join the New York Editorial Association party *en route* for Watertown, and will participate in the entertainments to be given there to the New York Editorial Association, and also in the excursion to Montreal by way of the Thousand Islands, returning to Watertown on Friday afternoon, 28th. The Southern party will leave next morning for Binghampton, but by what route has not yet been determined. From Binghampton the party will go down the celebrated Wyoming Valley in Pennsylvania, stopping at Scranton, Wilkesbarre and Northumberland, and from the latter place go direct to Baltimore, and from there 'on to Richmond.' The party will consist of about forty-five editors from various parts of Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina and Maryland, and will be under the leadership of the indefatigable Major Hotchkiss.

It is suggested that arrangements be made at the several places in this State, above mentioned, for the suitable entertainment of our Southern brethren, and any arrangements agreed upon should be communicated to A. O. Bunnell, Secretary of the New

York Editorial Association, Dansville, Livingston County, to whom the matter has been referred by the leader of the party. Arrangements for entertainments at localities in Pennsylvania should be communicated to Major N. H. Hotchkiss, traveling agent of the Chesapeake and Ohio and Richmond and York River Railroads, No. 90 Light street, Baltimore."

The Dansville *Advertiser*, of New York, May 9th, said: "*The Southern Editorial Excursion*.—There is nothing new to offer in regard to this excursion, excepting the statement that the interest of the Northern people is daily becoming more awakened to the importance thereof, and that many are earnestly considering the effect this visit will have in the promotion of that fraternal feeling which should exist between the two sections of country, lately so earnestly and so bitterly at war with each other. Personally acquainted with many of the Editors of Virginia who will probably accompany this party, we know there is to-day no nobler, no more patriotic class of men in this country, and none more worthy of distinguished consideration at the hands of the citizens of the North. Hospitable and generous-hearted to a fault are these men, and our most earnest hope in this connection is that we may be able to convince them, by their reception and entertainment here, of our cordial feeling toward the South, and our high esteem for them personally, as fully as they, by their entertainment and reception of the party of Northern Editors last spring, convinced us that it was thereafter our own fault did we not grow toward each other as members of one happy family.

"We are almost daily receiving letters from different points to be visited by this party, indicating that we shall not be disappointed in our estimate of the hospitality of the citizens of the Empire State or their friendly feeling toward the residents of the Old Dominion. That the indefatigable Major N. H. Hotchkiss has charge of the Southern end of the line is, without another word, sufficient assurance that no one need have any concern for his party before it reaches the State line. 'And not a wave of trouble rolls across our peaceful breast.'"

Under such auspices, the Southern Editors assembled in Richmond, June 14th, 1872, and we will now take up the narrative as given by themselves.

# Excursion of the Southern Editors to the North.

---

## DEPARTURE FROM RICHMOND.

From Richmond to Baltimore we took the York River Line of which our chief, Major N. H. Hotchkiss, is traveling agent, and I have no hesitation in saying that no traveling can be more delightful than that was. The York River Road runs from Richmond to West Point, at which place the Pamunkey and Mattaponi unite, forming the celebrated York, famous the continent over for its delightful fish and oysters. The road is ably managed, well conducted and excellently located with reference to historic incident although devoid of striking scenery. Seven or eight miles from Richmond it passes through the very heart of the battle field of Seven Pines, and a few miles further on skirts the scene of the bloody contest at Savage Station. Crossing the Chickahominy about fifteen miles from the city it runs through what was once McClellan's camps, the celebrated White House at the crossing of the Pamunkey and the base of the Northern army at West Point. Here at this latter point we reach the York river, spread out, like a vast sheet of molten silver, to the width of a mile or more and affording sufficient depth of water for vessels drawing not more than fourteen feet.

At West Point our party took the staunch old bay steamer State of Virginia, Captain Freeman, master, and within five minutes from the time of leaving the train were steaming rapidly out towards the crystal waves of the grand old Chesapeake. The wind which had been refreshing from the time we left Richmond now gave promise of rough weather on the bay, and full many a land lubber began to estimate the probable duration of a spell of sea-sickness after reaching the land. But after passing Yorktown itself, no insignificant spot in American history, the breeze abated, leaving just enough roughness on the green waves to relieve them of their general monotone and to dimple the face of the bay with refreshing gladness. This, however, we were not long able to enjoy, because having embarked at five P. M. the descending night soon threw her mantle over the scene and shut out all but the veiled moon and a few faint stars from our gaze. At eight the next morning we were almost within hail of Baltimore, passing close under the walls of the half completed Fort Carroll and running beneath the very muzzles of the guns of McHenry. This latter fortification was the great stumbling block in the way of the British General, Lord Ross, in the war of 1812, and his unsuccessful attempt to reduce it gave rise to the American national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner." On this part of the bay and for about twenty miles before reaching this port, we met hundreds of steam and sailing vessels of all tonnages and descriptions, from the lithe dancing pony and sturdy tug to the regular merchant ship "which bringeth in goods from afar." At the wharves there grew a regular forest of masts, shooting up like phantom monarchs of the forests from the hundreds of vessels at rest in port.

We found the York River Line a decidedly pleasant mode of traveling, the State of Virginia an admirably managed and provided craft, (especially in the matter of cuisine,) and would recommend all who travel in search of either health or pleasure to adopt it in preference to any other line between Richmond and Baltimore.

An organization was effected on the Steamer, and the following gentlemen selected as officers: Judge George W. Wilson, Upper Marlboro *Gazette*, President; W. H. H. Lynn, Staunton *Vindicator*, Vice-President; S. H. Letcher, Lexington *Gazette*, Secretary; John

# CHESAPEAKE &

THE NEW R

## RICHMOND A

**OPENED TO**

On the Ohio River, connecting with the  
Cir

---

First-Class Road and Equip

Superb New Pullman

The Westinghou

Miller's P

AND

**ALL THE MODER**

---

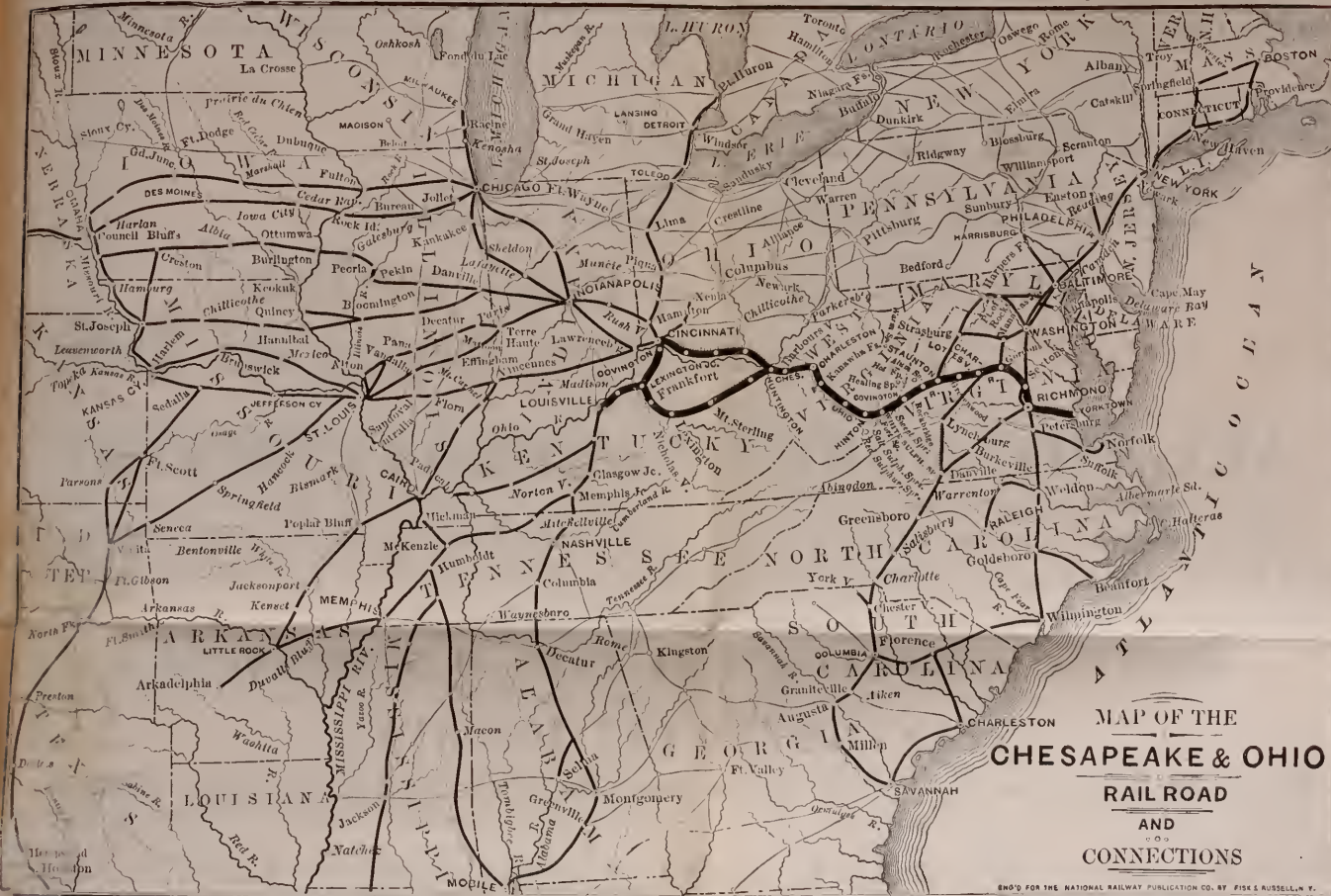
 This Route passes through a succ  
Blue Ridge and Alleghany Mountains, Gro  
varied attractions, convince the traveler th

# THE GREAT CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILROAD!

OPENED BETWEEN RICHMOND AND HUNTINGTON.

The Only Direct Line from RICHMOND to CINCINNATI and the WEST!

Magnificent Equipment, First-Class Eating Houses and the Finest Scenery in the World.



MAP OF THE  
CHESAPEAKE & OHIO  
RAILROAD  
AND  
CONNECTIONS

ENG'D FOR THE NATIONAL RAILWAY PUBLICATION CO. BY FISK & RUSSELL, N. Y.

**Direct Connection with CINCINNATI and the WEST by the Company's STEAMERS BOSTONA AND FLEETWOOD.**

## CONNECTIONS.

At RICHMOND with Richmond & Weldon route from Petersburg, Norfolk, Weldon, Wilmington, Raleigh, Florence, Charleston, Savannah, and all points in Florida.

At RICHMOND with Richmond and Danville line from Danville, Greensboro', Charlotte, Columbia, Augusta, and Savannah.

At RICHMOND with James River Packet Company from Norfolk and Hampton, Va.

At RICHMOND with the Richmond, York River and Chesapeake R. R. for Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York.

At GORDONSVILLE with Washington City, Virginia, Midland and Great Southern R. R. from Culpeper, Orange, C. H., Warrenton, Manassas, Alexandria, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York.

At CHARLOTTESVILLE with W. C. V. M. and G. S. R. R. from Lynchburg, Bristol and Knoxville.

At STAUNTON with stages for Augusta or Stribling's Springs, Rawley Springs, Weyer's Cave and Harrisonburg.

At GOSHEN with stages for Rockbridge Alum, Jordan Alum and Cold Sulphur Springs, Rockbridge Baths, LEXINGTON and Natural Bridge.

At MILLBORO' with stages for Bath Alum, Hot, Healing and Warm Springs.

At COVINGTON with stages for Healing and Hot Springs.

At ALLEGHANY with stages for Sweet Chalybeate and Sweet Springs.

At TALCOTT with stages for Red Sulphur Springs.

At KANA WHA FALLS with stages for Raleigh C. H.

At HUNTINGTON with the elegant and fast going steamers Bostona and Fleetwood for Cincinnati.

# CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RAILROAD

THE NEW ROUTE BETWEEN

**RICHMOND AND CINCINNATI,**

**OPENED TO HUNTINGTON,**

On the Ohio River, connecting with the Company's new and commodious Packets to Cincinnati.

**First-Class Road and Equipment!**

**Superb New Pullman Palace Coaches!**

**The Westinghouse Patent Air-Brake!**

**Miller's Platforms, Couplers and Buffers!**

AND IN FACT

**ALL THE MODERN IMPROVEMENTS!**

 This Route passes through a succession of the most varied scenery in the world. Blue Ridge and Alleghany Mountains, Greenbrier, New and Kanawha Rivers, and their varied attractions, convince the traveler that this is indeed the

**SWITZERLAND OF AMERICA!**

**NOTE THE FACT:**

**That the Rates by this Line are Lower than by any other.**

**TICKETS ON SALE AND BAGGAGE CHECKED  
FROM ALL PRINCIPAL TICKET OFFICES.**

**ASK FOR TICKETS BY THE CHESAPEAKE & OHIO R. R.  
AND LOOK AT THEM BEFORE YOU TAKE THEM.**

**A. H. PERRY,**  
Gen. Superintendent.

**N. H. HOTCHKISS,**  
Traveling Agent.

**EDGAR VLIET,**  
Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt.

# OHIO RAILROAD

ROUTE BETWEEN

AND CINCINNATI,

HUNTINGTON,

Company's new and commodious Packets to Cincinnati.

ment!

Palace Coaches!

use Patent Air-Brake!

platforms, Couplers and Buffers!

IN FACT

AN IMPROVEMENTS!

possession of the most varied scenery in the world.  
penbrier, New and Kanawha Rivers, and their  
that this is indeed the

preference to any other line between Richmond and Ba

An organization was effected on the Steamer, and the  
officers: Judge George W. Wilson, Upper Marlboro G.  
Staunton *Vindicator*, Vice-President; S. H. Letcher, I

H. Foster, Charlottesville, *Chronicle*, Treasurer. After reaching the Monumental City, Judge Wilson was compelled because of domestic affliction to abandon the excursion party, and W. H. H. Lynn was unanimously chosen to succeed him as President of the organization.

## BALTIMORE.

At 8.30 we quitted the decks of the Virginia and repaired to the St. Clair Hotel, (formerly Gilmor's,) opposite Battle Monument on Monument Square, and presided over by Messrs. Gilmour & Sons, who seem to "know how to keep a hotel" as well as the best with whom we have yet met. The freedom of the city was not formally tendered us because we arrived on Sunday and such a proceeding would have been decidedly out of taste. But we *took* it, nevertheless, and like the wind mentioned in the Scriptures *blowed* whithsoever we listed. The freedom and hospitalities of the St. Clair were freely tendered us by the proprietors, and we enjoyed both to the last degree. Here Mr. Ed. S. Young, General Ticket Agent for the Northern Central Railway, waited upon us and tendered the free use of his admirable road to our party, going and returning. At five P. M., Mr. Samuel T. DeFord, Southeastern Agent for the Pennsylvania Railroad, had ten hacks in readiness for a drive to Druid Hill Park, which it is unnecessary to say that we enjoyed to the top of our bent. We found the Park to be a natural elevation, on the outskirts of the city, tastefully arranged and laid off into walks, drives, lounging places, places of refreshments, &c. Here also we had the pleasure of seeing for the first time an artificial lake sixty feet in depth covering fifty square acres of earth and fringed with evergreens that set it off like an apple of gold in a picture of silver. This lake forms one of the reservoirs from which the city water supply is derived while the lake itself is fed by water from Jones' Falls, a little mountain stream one or two miles further out. I have no time to recount all the beautiful scenes that this Park unfolded. Suffice it to say, that there is no part of the whole seven hundred acres that is not a lovely summer day's resort or that would not repay a drive of two miles from the dust and hurly-burly of the city to enjoy its cool, secluded, delicious quietude. Returning to the St. Clair we found that several of the press-gang who had failed to come to time at Richmond were on hand ready to report. Their names were duly entered upon the rolls, completing the list and making it stand as follows:

H. N. GALLAHER, *Free Press*, Charlestown, Va.  
 JOSEPH S. PEGAUD, *Times*, New Orleans.  
 ABRAHAM B. VENABLE, *The New Commonwealth*, Farmville, Va.  
 ROBERT B. BERKELEY, *Whig*, Richmond.  
 JOHN H. WARTMAN, *Register*, Rockingham, Va.  
 G. W. HARDWICKE, *Republican*, Lynchburg, Va.  
 M. M. COOKE, *Advertiser and Mail*, Montgomery, Alabama.  
 S. H. LETCHER, *Gazette*, Lexington, Va.  
 J. J. STEWART, *Watchman*, Salisbury, N. C.  
 GEORGE R. CALVERT, "*Shenandoah Valley*," New Market, Shenandoah County, Va.  
 JAMES D. MORRISON, *Rockbridge Citizen*, Lexington, Va.  
 J. W. BELL, JACOB BAYLOR, and WILLIAM A. BELL, *Staunton*, Va.  
 THOMAS MATTHEWS, *Lewisburg*, W. Va.  
 WM. S. GILMAN, *Whig*, Richmond, Va.  
 A. S. MAUZY, *Spectator*, Staunton, Va.  
 H. E. T. MANNING, M. D., *Roanoke News*, Weldon, N. C.  
 JOHN H. FOSTER, *Chronicle*, Charlottesville, Va.  
 GEO. W. WILSON, *Gazette*, Upper Marlboro, Md.

WM. P. HANDY, *Dispatch*, Richmond, Va.  
 ROBERT D. WARD, *Enquirer*, Richmond, Va.  
 JORDON STONE, *News*, Raleigh, N. C.  
 JOSEPH S. BUDD, *Index*, Petersburg, Va.  
 J. WESLEY FRIEND, *Progress*, Petersburg, Va.  
 B. J. ROGERS and GEORGE A. CUNNINGHAM, *Rural Messenger*, Petersburg, Va.  
 HENRY V. STRAYERS, *Enterprise*, Harrisonburg, Va.  
 CHARLES COLE, *Maryland Union*, Frederick, Md.  
 W. H. H. LYNN, *Indicator*, Staunton, Va.  
 H. HOFFMAN, representing *Bulletin*, Baltimore.  
 R. W. HUNTER, *Times*, Winchester, Va.  
 J. M. KEATING, *Appeal*, Memphis, Tenn.  
 DR. JOHN B. WILLIAMS, *Sunday Telegram*, Baltimore.  
 T. F. SHUEY, *Congressional Globe*, Washington.  
 EDGAR SNOWDEN, JR., *Gazette*, Alexandria, Va.  
 JOHN B. MACKALL, *Gazette*, Baltimore.  
 C. E. CHICHESTER, *Courier*, Charleston, S. C.  
 J. T. ELLYSON, *Dispatch*, Richmond, Va.  
 The party was accompanied by WM. FERGUSON, (colored,) as waiter and general baggage-master.

Mr. DeFord still considered us his guests and invited us to partake of refreshments in the way of champagne, in the parlor of the hotel, to refresh the inner man of the Editorial squad after our dusty ride. As a matter of course it did not stand long; and amid the popping of corks and the effervescence of wine, wit and good humor the remainder of the evening wore away.

Messrs. W. T. Walters & Co., of Baltimore, dealers in wines, liquors, &c., very kindly furnished a supply of Baker whiskey, which was duly appreciated and eminently serviceable during the trip.

### ALONG THE LINE OF THE NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

With a hearty "good-bye" to the liberal proprietor of the St. Clair Hotel, of Baltimore, our party made its way, on the morning of the 17th of June, to the depot of the Northern Central Railway, where we found a special car in waiting for us, provided by Mr. Ed. S. Young. Just out of Baltimore, the first objects of interest that meet our eyes, are the large manufacturing establishments on the banks of Jones' Falls—a narrow, lazy and good humored stream, in its present low condition, but which, when aroused to wrath by the invasion of numberless little streams, which swell and dash down from the hills into its channel after heavy rains, carries death and destruction in all directions; but the Baltimore papers for the past two years have had so much to say, both of the destructive power of this apparently insignificant stream and of the thousand and one schemes for its subjection and utilization for manufacturing purposes, that we can pass on, feeling satisfied that our readers, who are also readers of Baltimore papers, would be perfectly willing never to hear "Jones' Falls" mentioned again during their lives. The scenery along the route to the Pennsylvania line is not remarkable for beauty—the land being of rather inferior quality. When we reach York the country becomes more level and presents on both sides of the road evidences of that thrift and careful husbandry which has made Pennsylvania farming a synonyme of large crops and capacious, well-filled barns. We could see the secret of their success and prosperity from the car-windows, in the white laborers in the fields—men, women and boys, all hard at work and so intent upon it as seemingly to begrudge the loss of the few moments requisite to glance at the train as it dashed by them. As we approached the Susquehanna and thence along its course until we crossed it at Harrisburg, the view became more beautiful and commanding, calling forth expressions of admiration from the most unpoetic of our party. At Harrisburg, a number of the party having on their linen traveling caps and red-ribbon badges, alighted to refresh themselves and were mistaken by sundry sports hanging about the platform, for a base-ball club, and were challenged for a match with the picked nine of that city. The challenge was accepted and preliminaries arranged, but before all of their champions could be notified, (for which purpose the aforesaid sports hurried away) the cars whistled and we were gone.

From Harrisburg we followed the banks of the Susquehanna one hundred and three miles to Williamsport, and as this beautiful stream runs almost its entire length above the former city, through the Alleghany mountains, the character of the scenery that lines its banks and skirts the road can be better imagined than described. The Cove and Blue mountains at Dauphin, Peter's mountain, through the very centre of which the river cuts its resistless way, Duncannon Iron Works, the "blue Juniata" spanned by a ruined bridge and Othensio sadly changed since the days of "bright Alfaratta," Haldemann's Island, the Mahantongo mountains, the junction of the two branches of the river at Northumberland, the Montour range, Bald Eagle mountain, the Cliffs of Montgomery (that sounds like *home*), the Muncy Hills and the inclined railway at Ralston make up a panorama that Art can never equal nor pen wholly describe. Along the valley of the Lycoming we see nothing else but mountain scenery except now and then a neat little hamlet "shut

out by Alpine Hills from the rude world, near the clear stream margined by fringed willows and clad with lilies," or a set of ruined iron works erected by capitalists at a time when it was thought that the ores of this valley were as rich as the deposits of Ophir. The inclined railway at Ralston is a curiosity, but I have no time to describe it now. At Minnequa Springs we stopped just long enough to taste the waters, which are kept close to the track for the convenience of travelers. Here also we had the pleasure of seeing one of the lords of the mountains with a substantial collar about his neck and a chain depending thence that fastened him to a stake. He was a restless fellow, as all bears are, and kept pacing his short round, totally uncaring whether we liked his appearance or not. This side of Minnequa the country subsides into rolling hills and the evidences of agricultural wealth and prosperity once more come flying by us as we hurry along at the rate of forty-eight miles per hour. From Troy to Elmira there is nothing worthy of note if we except a general air of Indian summer quietude which seems to invite even the good dame Nature herself to enjoy the luxury of a snooze.

At Minnequa Springs, about twenty miles south of Elmira, we were met by a committee from that city, composed of Mayor Flood and Alderman Caldwell on behalf of the city authorities, and Messrs. Tidd and Fairman, of the city press, who welcomed us as the guests of the city and tendered its hospitalities.

### ELMIRA.

At the depot we found the City Council and a large number of prominent citizens awaiting our arrival. After a few minutes consumed in formal welcome, response and introduction, we formed in procession and headed by a platoon of police and La France's band, were escorted to the Rathbun House, where Colonel Wadsworth, the proprietor, had everything in readiness for our comfort and entertainment.

After a warm supper elegantly served by Major Coonie's polite and attentive *corps* of young ladies, the Excursionists took carriages for sight seeing about the city. The carriages were private ones, placed at the disposal of the committee of entertainment, the most prominent citizens themselves appearing with their fine equipages, and driving out with the Southern gentlemen. Among those who thus kindly united in this agreeable part of the entertainment were Ex-Governor Randall, Captain Reid, General Gregg, Charles Hazard, of the *Elmira Gazette*; H. H. H. Dumars, of the *Elmira Advertiser*; Dr. Edwin Eldridge, Daniel F. Pickering, Esq., Mr. James Gibson, Colonel Samuel Wadsworth, Mr. S. T. Reynolds, Colonel Samuel Richardson, Hon. Judge Dunn, Mr. William T. Post, Hon. David Decker, Mr. Josiah C. Goodhue, Mr. Charles W. Skinner, Mr. Silas Haight, David H. Tuthill, Esq., Dr. T. S. UpDeGraff, Alderman Spaulding, and many other gentlemen whose names we do not readily call to mind.

### AT LAKE ELDRIDGE.

The Excursionists were first taken to beautiful Lake Eldridge, and all expressed themselves surprised and charmed with the wonderful beauty of Elmira's favorite resort, and the taste, liberality and public spirit displayed by the gentleman after whom the Park is named, and to whom this section is indebted for its existence. Our Southern guests were free to say they had no adequate idea of the beauty of Elmira, or that within its lovely borders was so enchanting a spot as Lake Eldridge.

There occurred a very agreeable exhibition of wet goods, which somehow or other that genial gentleman and able editor, Mr. Lynn, of the *Vindicator*, (Staunton,) and President of the Society, appears to have had a happy faculty of spying out before, for at the very

first start out he took to the carriage of Mr. Gilson, who with that generosity so notably characteristic of the gentleman, had laid in a store of commissary supplies. These consisted of very fine wines and cigars, added to which were brought out by "Tope" Goodhue, of the firm of Messrs. Skinner & Goodhue, some of the genuine North Carolina Scuppernong and Gettysburg Spring Water. After a short time spent in sampling the nature of these acceptable liquids, the party bowled merrily about the winding roads of the Lake, and from thence were driven by the Elmira College, the Rolling Mill, taken to the Reformatory Grounds, and other points of interest about the city, viewing the many elegant residences and places of note.

### RECEPTION AND SERENADE.

On returning to the Rathbun after their carriage ride the guests were serenaded by LaFrance's Band, and there was a fine display of fire works in honor of the visitors. The band played in front of the hotel and large crowds of people gathered to hear the delightful music and see the doings. In the inside of the hotel a busy spectacle was also presented, the elegant parlors and halls of the hotel being thronged with leading citizens, who called to pay their respects to the visitors, and an hour or so was spent in introductions and glad-some greetings.

At ten o'clock the order went forth to haste to the Banquet Hall, and the doors of the dining room being thrown open a noble table extending the full length of the large hall was discovered adorned with beautiful flowers, elegantly arrayed, and set out with good things. The table was arrayed by Mr. Bradley, steward, whose excellent taste was well demonstrated.

The Mayor of the city occupied a seat at the head of the table, flanked by Dr. Knox, Rev. Mr. Crane, Rev. Dr. Cowles, Rev. Mr. Keyes, while members of the Common Council, members of the press of the city, and prominent citizens as invited guests occupied seats in the vicinity, and before them were the honored guests of the evening. When all were seated, Dr. Cowles, President of the Elmira Female College, asked a blessing, and after a due discussion of the tempting viands, Alderman Caldwell arose and in behalf of the Mayor and Common Council of Elmira welcomed the gentlemen of the Southern Press as the guests of the city, not only of the city as a body corporate, but as guests of the whole people, who with pleasure welcomed them to its hospitalities, and called upon the Hon. David B. Hill for more extended remarks. Mr. Hill's speech was a happy and pleasant one, timely and effective, and was followed by remarks from Rev. Dr. Knox, Rev. E. F. Crane, Rev. Mr. Keyes, and Dr. Pratt, of the *Corning Journal*, all the speeches breathing a spirit of good will and cordiality, and were happily expressive of the delight felt in welcoming the gentlemen from the South as brothers and countrymen. On the part of the Southern guests speeches were made by Mr. Lynn, President of the excursion party, and the Hon. William S. Gilman, of the *Whig*, Richmond.

Seldom, if ever, have we listened to more appropriate after dinner speeches. The remarks of Mr. Gilman were especially fine, and were rapturously applauded. He is a natural orator, of the eloquent Southern type, and his noble words of fellowship and good will touched a responsive chord in every heart.

Mr. Lynn happily dwelt on the objects of the excursion, to learn something of the North and her people—to know of those which had made her and them so great and prosperous, and asked that there might go from this section to the South men to help build up and develop her magnificent resources, assuring them all of a brotherly welcome.

Mr. Keyes' remarks were also very happy, as well as the "fighting parson's," Elder Crane, and also the speeches of the other gentlemen.

The banquet was one of the most delightful affairs of the kind, and broke up with three rousing cheers for "Our Guests from the South," and "Three cheers for the City of Elmira," given with a will by the Editors from the South.

We desire here to acknowledge, in behalf of the committee of arrangements, thanks to Mrs. J. M. Tillman, the florist, for a bountiful and beautiful collection of rarest flowers, which were arranged in handsome button-hole bouquets, and which were a delightful adornment of the banquet table, and afterwards adorned the coat lappels of the guests of the South, each carrying with him from the hall floral evidences of the kindness of an Elmira lady whose generous forethought did not fail of proper appreciation.

The wines served at the banquet were presented with the compliments of Messrs. Skinner & Goodhue.

After the banquet the guests were taken in charge by the friends made by the intercourse and incidents of the evening, and were shown still further proofs of Elmira's hospitality.

It was a late hour when the Southern gentlemen retired, evidently delighted with the attentions shown.

Previous to the banquet the Southern Editors, in charge of city officials, visited the quarters of the Fire Department, and were shown through the various rooms by the gentlemanly officers of the several companies. Visits were made to the headquarters of the department, the Board of Trustee Rooms, the beautiful rooms of Independent Three, the Hose Tower, witnessing the speedy manner in which the horses are attached to the steam fire engines, and other interesting features connected with this efficient branch of our city government.

Dr. Pratt, of the *Corning Journal*; Mr. Keeler, of the *Owego Record*; Mr. Scudder, of the *Waverly Enterprise*; Mr. Kingman, of the *Owego Gazette*; Mr. Brown, of the *Corning Democrat*; Mr. McCall of the *Bath Advocate*, and Mr. Ferenbaugh, of the *Painted Post Times*, joined in the entertainment here, and were gladly made welcome.

By kind invitation of the President and Trustees of the Elmira Female College the Southerners visited the institution at eleven o'clock this morning, and were received by President Cowles in a neat speech of welcome, who tendered them the freedom of the College. After examining the building they repaired to the Chancel where the young ladies were assembled.

Mr. Lynn, editor of the Staunton *Vindicator*, and President of the Excursionists, made a few remarks, and introduced Mr. Berkeley, of the *Richmond Whig*, who made one of the handsomest little speeches we ever listened to.

The young ladies of the College then favored the guests with a song, finely sung, and after a short social visit with the Faculty and scholars, they returned to the hotel for dinner.

### AN IMPORTANT FEATURE

Of the reception here was the splendid appearance and delightful playing of La France's Band, with which the guests expressed themselves greatly pleased, as being as fine musicians as they had ever heard.

At the dinner-table at the Rathbun this afternoon, just before leaving for the train, Mr. Venable, of Virginia, offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

RESOLVED, That we, the members of the Southern Editorial Excursion party, tender our heartfelt thanks to the corporate authorities and people of Elmira, and the proprietor of the Rathbun House, for hearty courtesies and attentions; also to the press of the city of Elmira for their attentive kindnesses, to Mr. Gilson, of Gilson's Rooms, for his liberality.

RESOLVED, That we carry with us a grateful sense of their unnumbered kindnesses, and that we fully and loyally respond to the sentiments of union and fraternal good will which have been expressed for and towards our beloved South, and in parting we earnestly unite with our friends of Elmira in their prayers for the perpetuity of the Union and the prosperity of our common country.

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be published in the Elmira papers and the journals of the South.

## COMMUNICATION FROM ONE OF THE EXCURSIONISTS.

VENI! VIDI! VICI!!!

Such was the laconic dispatch of the great Roman General, on his winning victory, after a sanguinary battle.

Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war.

We have just passed through the pleasant ceremonies of one of those peaceful contests,—

Though sundered long,  
Once more we meet  
And friend in friend each other greet.

In the haste and hurry of our lightning-like excursive progress, we too most truly and sincerely say in reference to Elmira, her gentlemen and ladies too, (of whom we regret to have seen so little,) we have come! we have seen!! but instead of the *vici*, we acknowledge a drawn battle, and the conquest and surrender equal and mutual.

It is with regret that in obedience to the orders of our leader Hotchkiss, we are compelled to withdraw so soon from pleasant scenes and associations, large-hearted hospitality, and mutual introductions and greetings. For if continued, we fear desertions might ensue in the ranks of our Junior Brigade, of whom we have none to spare. All! All!! from the entrance into until our departure from your magnificent inland city of railroads and rejoicing, has been such that we would not if we could, and could not if we would forever forget. *Esto Perpetua*,  
SOUTHERN EXCURSIONIST.

Another of the notable places in Elmira is its Insane Asylum, which was visited by a portion of our party.

I said in the beginning that Elmira was the loveliest city I had seen during the trip.— If I had gone farther and said it was the loveliest I ever saw in my life, I should have been guiltless of all manner of exaggeration. Its streets are firm, level as a floor, free from dust, and lined from one end to the other with beautiful shade trees. I have been all over it, and have yet to see the first building that seemed to need either paint or repair. The houses are generally built in the cottage style, but there are hundreds that would vie with the finest residences we have in Montgomery. Perry street from Gen. Clanton's late residence to Dr. Baldwin's, is a literally fair type of the whole city of Elmira. There is more uniformity of beauty here than there—more substantial comfort and convenience visible in every quarter. The stores are palatial in their outfits and general appearance. I passed a long row of them on Main street last night, and it really seemed that some modern Aladdin must have conjured them into existence with his wonderful lamp. The city has about twenty thousand inhabitants and is situated in a little nest of a valley that seems to have been scooped out of the "everlasting hills" by the "Great Architect of the Universe" for the very use to which it has been put. The surrounding mountains, clad to their very summits with the ripening grain or the waving corn, seem to have been placed on their granite foundations as clasps to enclose from the outer world this exceedingly lovely gem of the Empire State. At two P. M., of the 17th, we left the hospitable city of Elmira, with a lively appreciation of the attentions shown us.

## BUFFALO.

Our next halting place was Buffalo—the western metropolis of the State—which we reached by the Erie road at eight P. M. At the depot we found carriages in waiting which conveyed us to the Mansion House, whence, after arranging our disordered toilets,

we were driven to the superb city club rooms, where an excellent collation was provided for us, of which all partook most heartily. It was a matter of great regret that we could not tarry longer in this beautiful city—our programme contemplated a full day there, and a special visit to Ex-President Fillmore, who lives in the vicinity, but owing to a misunderstanding with the Erie Railroad Company, our visit was curtailed and we posted on to the world-renowned Niagara, reaching there at eleven P. M.

### NIAGARA.

We stepped upon the platform at Niagara station with a profound sense of relief—a feeling in which no one can sympathize who has never been thundered over a railroad at the rate of sixty miles an hour. The Erie and New York Central Roads, as they approach Niagara, run on parallel lines about a stone's throw apart, and it is a favorite amusement with the conductors to run races with their steam horses whenever opportunity offers. It so happened that the rival trains came along side of each other on this occasion, which was the signal to the engineers to let on the steam, and away they started at the top of their speed, reckless of life and limb, in their eagerness to make the fastest time. Not being of a sporting turn of mind, nor caring a copper which could beat, we were rather solemn than otherwise, feeling all the while that we were much nearer eternity than Niagara, and that the average life of the traveling public would be extended by the occasional hanging of a racing railroader.

For the first time in the history of Niagara a general dead-head was granted us by Mr. Fulton, the genial and kind-hearted proprietor of the International, which by the way bears the well-earned reputation of being by far the best hotel at the Falls. Mr. F. furnished hacks (for which he was charged just twenty dollars each) to take us to the different points of interest, paid all our tolls and taxes on the American side and was otherwise so kind and attentive that we all agreed in pronouncing him the "Prince of Bonifaces." Niagara has been so often described that it seems needless to repeat the task here, but the "highfalutin" has generally held so prominent a place in the picture that I have concluded to see how a little common sense would fit it. In the first place then, Niagara is no "wonder" or "miracle." It is, on the contrary, nothing more than an idiot would expect to see at any spot where the waters of a great river suddenly miss the support of their accustomed bed only to find it again one hundred and sixty-four feet lower down. If they were to meet an obstruction of that *height* and clear it at a single bound there would then be both a wonder and a miracle in the thing. But Niagara is a sublime sight and one that must be seen to be fully appreciated. About one mile above the fall the bed of the river begins to incline downward at the rate of about two feet in every hundred, and the waters, rushing over this inclined place, against the huge boulders of rock that line it, break into immense billows, cascades and torrents that are called in general terms "the rapids." At about one-half the distance that intervenes between the American and Canadian shores, and in the very midst of these billowy rapids, is Goat Island, a rock-ribbed tract of wooded land containing about fifty acres or perhaps a little more. This island divides the falls as well as the rapids, and therefore terminates at its lower extremity, in beetling precipice almost exactly corresponding with that over which the waters take their great plunge. On the side next the American shore, or rather upon Iris Island, which is nothing more than a part of Goat Island, is situated Mr. L. C. Woodruff's paper mills—the largest on the American continent. And just here I would remark, *en passant*, that Mr. Woodruff's kindness and hospitality to our party knew no bounds save his own ability to serve and accommodate us. He met us in Buffalo, where he resides, accompa-

nied us to Niagara and feasted and feted us during our entire stay at the Falls. Passing his mills we took the left to the celebrated Biddle's Stairs, (so-called because they wind up the bank) a cupola-like structure extending from the brow of the precipice to its base and provided with an interior winding-staircase by means of which we descend to the foot of both falls. From this staircase the right hand path leads to the foot of the American fall and the celebrated "Cave of the Winds." This latter curiosity is reached by means of a flight of wooden steps leading from the pathway at the foot of the cliff to the over-arching promontory of Iris Island, between which and Goat Island shoots a forty foot section of the current above. This section of the fall leaps twenty-five or thirty feet *beyond a perpendicular* before it reaches the rocks below, and between the arc described by its leap and the excavation in the precipice formed by the crumbling of its shale foundation is the cave of which I write. The great volume of water, shooting with such lightning speed through the air, combined with the reactionary tendency which succeeds its collision with the rocks wreaths the atmosphere into eddying whirlpools of wind which drive the spray in blinding clouds into your eyes and almost defeat the chief object of your visit and your danger. Passing out *beyond* this curtain of descending water you regain, by a slender foot-bridge extending from rock to rock beyond the reach of the torrents, the path you left at the head of the Cave Stairs. Retracing your steps and passing the foot of Biddle's Stairs you reach the foot of the centre fall, just beneath Terrapin Tower. From this point you have the finest view, attainable from the land, of the Horse-Shoe fall, which is, after all, *the* fall of the whole collection. The depth of the river at the Horse-Shoe imparts a beautiful green tinge to the cataract, which is perceptible, however, for a few feet only, because the waters, after a short descent, acquire such velocity as to lose their cohesion and stretch, rubber-like, into dense white flutings of silver drapery. It is from this point that, at full moon and midnight, the Lunar rainbow is visible. Here also we see the only completely circular Solar bow visible on the face of the globe. The spray rising between this spot and the Canadian shore resembles the Genius found by the fisherman in that bottle by the Arabian sea, for it rises heavenward in a dense cloud until it fades into the general accumulation of clouds and cloud-wreaths above. Returning via Biddle's Stairs to our hack, we drive next to Terrapin Tower. This is a turret of stone masonry, standing in the *very midst of the Centre fall*, and is reached by means of footbridges thrown from one to another of the boulders that jut out from the *bed* of the grand rapids near its fearful descent towards the maaltrom below. Crossing these I stepped from rock to rock of the formation between the tower and the fall and stood for one giddy moment gazing down, between my toes, into the dread gulf, while the waters hissing and whirling around, threatened to carry me, rock and all, into the vortex. The view from this tower takes in almost the whole of the Horse-Shoe fall, from where the reluctant waters leave the brow of the precipice to where they melt in mingled clouds and thunders at its base. But what was once the Horse-Shoe has been so long exposed to the erosion of the cataract that it has now become a figure 7, with the top of the figure lying over against the tower, and at right angles with the line of vision from its summit. The stem or base of the 7 stretches away towards the Canada shore and forms the fall known as the Canadian fall. Here we find the names of thousands of visitors rudely carved on the wood-work of the tower, and leave, lest we be tempted to try a similar foolish experiment.

It was just to the right of this tower, as we look towards the falls, that Sam Patch took his three frightful leaps into the river. He was not quite silly enough to enter the rapids and go over with the waters, but erecting a slender platform, so as to cause it to project as far as possible over the brow of the precipice, he walked out on that and stepped off—feet foremost. He was afterwards killed while attempting a similar fool-hardy feat at the falls of the Genessee, in the midst of the city of Rochester.

Proceeding from the tower up Goat Island, we reach the Three Sister Islands; but these possess no special interest, apart from the fact that they resemble a succession of huge rocks projecting from the bed of the rapids, and therefore serve to place the visitor as it were in a safely moored boat in the very centre and rush of the most rapid of all the rapids. Looking from the outermost of these islands we see the hurrying waters performing all sorts of queer antics—the chief among which is that of occasionally leaping fifteen or twenty feet perpendicularly into the air. In simple language, the waters from this point appear to be drunken with an insane desire to emulate, if not eclipse, the fame of Mr. Patch. From the Three Sisters, after a pleasant drive around the island, we return to the main land and visit Point View—the last residence of Francis Abbott, the young recluse and victim of the Falls. This is a point just below the American fall, but it discloses nothing that we have not seen equally as well before. From Point View we cross via the new suspension bridge—the largest and highest of its class in the world—to the domains of the good Queen Victoria. From this bridge we have a bird's-eye view of the whole series of falls, and stop to admire the grand and inspiring sight. The river at the foot of the fall turns abruptly to the right—so much so that one who knew no better would think it a different stream over the precipitous sides or banks of which the Niagara was pouring its floods as one has often seen a creek pouring into a river. The banks of the stream, which just above the falls are from three quarters of a mile to three miles apart, approach within three hundred yards of each other below them, and from having been almost level above rise to a height (or sink to a depth?) of one hundred and seventy-five feet below. The bridge is twelve hundred and sixty-eight feet long, hangs one hundred and seventy-five feet above the level of the water, and is suspended from towers of a hundred feet in height by means of twelve wire cables weighing forty tons each, and which, passing over the towers, are let into and *soldered* into the solid rock forty or fifty feet beneath the surface of the earth. The first thing that arrests our attention on touching the Canadian soil is a bazaar of Indian curiosities, trinkets, &c., which we enter, and where a very handsome female clerk swindles us out of a dollar or two with as much ease and nonchalance as she could have done had she been, like Mrs. Anne Page, “a great lubberly boy.” Next in order we visit, at Mr. Fulton's expense, Barnett's celebrated museum. Here we find a complete skeleton of a whale whose mouth alone will seat eighteen men and whose body resembles a ship stripped of her “weather-boarding.” We saw also the jaw-bone of a sperm whale, including gums and teeth complete, which was about fifteen feet in length.

Every kind of old coin, all sorts, sizes and varieties of animals, birds, beasts, fishes, fowls, serpents, insects, reptiles—everything and all things to be found in the heavens above or the earth below or the waters that are under the earth were there. There were skeletons of the human form, mummies from the catacombs of Egypt, Obelisks from the Nile, with the hieroglyphics in good order, besides thousands of other things too numerous to mention. At this point we took over-dress and guide and descended below the ruins of table rock to the Canadian “Cave of the Winds.” William Fergusson, our colored baggage-master, says that this was the “greatest fraud of the season,” and William was about right. They charge you \$1.10, and take you beneath a little ten foot rivulet, as it were, from which nothing can be seen but spray and slippery rocks. True you have the pleasure of creeping along the side of a precipice ninety feet from its top and seventy from its base on a foot-path not quite wide enough to allow the placing of both feet side by side, and where, as the guide informs you, “accidents *have* happened and may happen again if you are not careful,”—of course it did not need that cheerful little piece of information to make us keep a sharp look out, but we were perhaps a mite more careful afterwards than before. When we reach that point on the cliff where the sheer perpendicularly is

relieved by no sign of further foothold or pathway, we venture to suggest that it is time to return, which all agree to and the retrogression begins. Remounting the long flight of stone steps by which we reached the cave, we are told by the guide that "just here, near the top, a young lady once fell one hundred and five feet upon the ugly rocks below"—one young gentleman mildly inquired, "Did the fall hurt her?" "No!" answered the guide, "the fall did'n't hurt her so far as we knows on, *but stopping so suddenly everlastingly lifted her—you bet!*" We didn't "bet" but continued to ascend, with a view to paying out our \$1.10 stealage and getting rid of the suffocating oil cloths in which we were wrapped from head to heels like a set of Egyptian mummies.

Returning to the American side without having seen Chippewa or Lundy's Lane or Brock's Monument, we discover to our left the bridal veil—a little cataract formed by the waters of the channel leaping over the precipitous banks of the river. Two miles below we are shown the Devil's Punch Bowl, the whirlpool Bloody Run, &c., "and that is all I know about Niagara."

### ROCHESTER.

Leaving Niagara at 2.15 P. M. of the 19th June, we reached the beautiful city of Rochester, the same afternoon, at five o'clock. A committee of the City Council and press met us at the depot, with carriages, and drove us through the principal streets of the city, and afterwards to the magnificent nursery and grounds of Elwanger & Barry. Here we tarried some time, walking over the grounds, through the green houses, &c. We learned that some million of dollars is invested by this firm alone in this business. This is one of the leading industries of the city. Mr. James Vick, whose name is a household word with many of our people, has an establishment of a similar character at this place, but owing to the lateness of the hour we did not visit it. Messrs. Briggs & Bro. also have one which has been celebrated for many years. It is wonderful how much money is invested in these establishments, and what a number of hands they employ. This branch of industry has done more, perhaps, to build up Rochester than anything else, and it is one of the most thriving places we visited in New York.

After driving through the city cemetery—which is so beautiful in location and adornment that it would detract something from the terrors of the last enemy to know that one would be buried there, we were driven to the "Osburn House," the first hotel of the city. Having dusted, and some having doubtless *irrigated*, (for it was hot and dry, and hence there was great temptation,) we repaired to the parlor, where we met the Mayor with a number of the members of the press and other citizens. The Mayor here delivered a formal address of welcome. He spoke substantially as follows:

*Gentlemen of the Southern Press:*

On behalf and in the name of the city of Rochester, I bid you a hearty welcome, and extend to you the hospitalities of the city. Although many of you have won no individual title to figure in history, yet two recent events have marked emphatically the importance of your profession. A Convention has gone all the way to Cincinnati to nominate the white-coated editor for the White House. And but a day or two ago the flags of our great Metropolis were set at half-mast while the founder of the New York *Herald* was borne to his last resting place. It was twenty years since the press of this State had stepped forward to meet the wants of the people. Compare the little sheet which Franklin printed with the great dailies issuing from New York every morning—the *Herald*, *Tribune*, *Times* and *World*—and we should appreciate at once the progress attained during the last century, as far as news was concerned. The old philosopher had not achieved a greater wonder

when he caught the lightning than that exhibited in the advance of the press. It grappled with all subjects, it hesitated at no enterprise, it feared no outlay of capital. There were few great questions of the day that were not discussed by the Editors of the country six months before they came under the consideration of our grave Senators in Congress. Even while we were thus met in social union, the New York press was publishing news of what had transpired at the Geneva conference hours before the State Department could receive any knowledge of it, or at least would be willing to transmit it to the public. In conclusion His Honor repeated that he was glad to welcome the Southern guests to Rochester. He hoped the sojourn would prove as agreeable to them as their advent had been pleasant to us. In the course of the evening he trusted to have an opportunity of giving less formal but not less heartfelt utterance to his sentiments.

W. H. H. Lynn, the President of the excursion party responded as follows: On behalf of the Southern Editors I thank you for the reception you have so cordially given us, and for the tender of hospitalities of the city. We know what the influence of the press has been in the past, but we expect it will be greater in the future. We have come among you for the purpose of becoming better acquainted with you, and consulting in regard to the great interests which go to make a united and prosperous people. The union of Editors from all sections of the country could not fail of accomplishing much good. We hope, with your help, to make this country the greatest and proudest in the world. We trust that we shall have another occasion to meet you with more cordiality and freedom. Again thanking the Mayor for his kind words of welcome, the speaker concluded.

The interview was an exceedingly pleasant one, until the announcement of the banquet, when all adjourned to the dining-hall, and were seated at the tables, which were handsomely and tastefully decorated with numerous bouquets of choice flowers furnished by Messrs. Ellwanger & Barry and James Vick. The banquet was gotten up in that superior manner for which the Messrs. Bromley are noted, and it is entirely unnecessary to say that ample justice was done the palatable edibles set before the party.

Prof. Hopkins presided, and was supported on the right by Mayor Wilder and on the left by President Lynn. When the cloth had been removed Prof. Hopkins arose and said:

The Press of Rochester with a warm hand-clasp greets you, the representatives of the Press of the South. What mere words of greeting shall be offered devolves upon me to utter, and I need not say that the task is a peculiarly pleasant one. But a year ago, together with a goodly number of other Editors from New York and Pennsylvania, it was my rare privilege and great honor to enjoy the hospitality of certain Southern cities. What we there experienced is history in our hearts. Our chief desire is that you may receive a welcome here at the North not less hearty and generous, and it affords us deep satisfaction to do what we may in extending such welcome.

We are met to-night in the brotherhood of the press—a brotherhood which is just humanity specialized—a brotherhood only less broad and abiding than the great and universal brotherhood, which the press is surely working out. Such meetings quicken fraternal sympathy, beget fraternal impulses, and will do much toward establishing happy relations between two sections of country between which, not very long since, there existed no bonds of fraternal union. We are not quite like the orator who knew "No North, no South, no East, no West," and who was advised to study up his geography; we know the points of the compass pretty well—we know a North and a South—but we know these sectionalities are becoming less and less marked, that the press and its swift servant, the telegraph, are making the whole world akin.

The press is doing a proud work. Yonder in a dim basement, unsightly, dirt-begrimed is the machine which men with small thought of its real being called a printing press. In

its unsightliness and grime is hidden the best thought of the age. I have sometimes fancied the press talking quietly to itself in the darkness, and this is what it has seemed to say :

There are beautiful stories that I can tell,  
That fall on the ear like a magic spell,  
And I whisper them sweetly to one and all—  
So sweetly that even the tear-drops fall—

To the maiden who sits in the cottage low,  
To the lover who longeth her heart to know,  
To the poet who dreams, and the child who waits  
For the princess to open the fairy gates.

Though I'm silent to-night in my basement dim,  
I am singing a sweeter and grander hymn  
Than was ever breathed forth by an earthly choir,  
And it thrills like the thrill of a living fire.

Aye, it rings up the vales and along the plains,  
And it bears a glad hope on its sweet refrains,  
For the beautiful theme of my thrilling song  
Is that Right shall be victor at last o'er Wrong.

In conclusion Prof. Hopkins proposed, as the first regular toast of the evening, "Our Guests."

Mr. Lynn called upon Abraham B. Venable, of the *New Commonwealth*, Farmville, Va., to respond. That gentleman said he felt that he would not do justice to his own feelings should he not respond. He tendered the thanks of his brother Editors to the Rochester press, and to the citizens of the grand old city, for the noble reception which they knew would be given them. We felt when we assembled in Richmond that our reception in the old Empire State would be a warm one. It had been one grand ovation. It argued well for the future of the country to see the descendants of Washingtons, Jeffersons and Monroes seated thus side by side with the sons of the Clintons, Jays and Livingstons. As long as the waves of our great lake beat upon its shores he felt that Virginia and New York would thus stand side by side on the common platform, the Union and the Constitution.

Mr. Lynn then proposed "The Mayor and Municipality of the City of Rochester."

Mayor Wilder was called upon to respond, which he did briefly, saying that in his remarks he should confine himself to the press. He said we had abolished the isothermal lines that divided the country. The press had done a great deal toward moulding public sentiment more than any President or persons in high authority could do. Webster said that we lived under a government of law; but Phillips, who added a new meaning to the word Phillipic, declared that we lived under a government of newspapers, and the saying was a true one. We are entering upon a new era. Let nothing be done to keep up the dissensions of the past. He alluded to the fraternal feeling which actuated New York and Virginia when they stood shoulder to shoulder in the war of the Revolution. He was happy to see it renewed here. He believed the majority should rule, and that all should abide by the general result, and obey the laws of the land until they were repealed. He was glad to see so many young men present from the South.

President Hopkins then announced the next regular toast, "The South," which was drank standing, and responded to by Edgar Snowden Jr., of the *Gazette*, Alexandria, Va. He began by telling a humorous story to express his position. In the language of Cæsar, translated, I believe, by a man from your own State, "We have met the enemy and we are theirs." We shall never forget the kindness we have received at your hands. He had often heard of the beautiful State of New York, of its beautiful scenery, &c., but not half had been told. Everything is teeming with life. You appear to be getting along

finely and we begin to feel envious. When beholding your magnificent Niagara, and comparing the whirling cataract with our own rivers, it struck me then that there was the same difference between the people of the two sections. You are all bustle and activity. We hope you will come down with us and infuse the same spirit of progress and some of your enterprise into our people. The mighty strife has ceased and we should all, as great soldiers, meet and shake hands over the graves of our dead with

"Love and tears for the blue;  
Tears and love for the grey."

and secure the prosperity of the whole country.

His remarks were received with enthusiastic applause.

The next regular toast was then given by Mr. Lynn, "The People and the Press of the city of Rochester." Prof. Hopkins called upon R. D. Jones to respond.

Mr. Jones said that there must be some mistake in this matter. As senators in Congress say, he rose to a question of privilege. He was not a member of the press, but simply one of its worn-out dray horses turned out to pasture. However, he would not go on with that illustration lest he should tell too much of what he knew about farming. He had lately been interviewed by a dentist, moreover, who had drawn many valuable items from him, and no one had yet given him a pass for a new set of teeth, so that he doubted if his words were intelligible. But although he had come as a veteran of the service to look on, his welcome to his Southern brethren was not the less hearty. Had we known each other better years ago perhaps many of our trials might have been avoided. It was astonishing how a narrow frith sometimes made enemies. The welcome to the Northern Editors a year ago had been a warm one; in response he proffered them hearty Northern hospitality. The speaker then discussed the demands of the profession upon its members. It was not easy now to edit a newspaper. The people expect broader scholarship and bolder treatment of great questions. (Applause.)

Prof. Hopkins then called upon S. C. Hutchins, of the *Democrat and Chronicle*, who entered as Mr. Jones closed, for a further response. He said he was glad politics were ruled out on an occasion like this, when the members of the press of the two sections lately arrayed in hostility to each other gathered in friendly intercourse. If we should now discuss the questions which divided us for twelve years, it would be to seek for grounds of union, not of difference. We are approaching such a union when in this way ordinary courtesies are interchanged—such as the North and South recently shared in. When they visit us they find that we are not boors, not mudsills, as we were called. Such phrases were mere catchpenny devices. When we came together we learned to respect each other, to have regard for each other's consciences. We knew that each side was earnest in its convictions. We had advanced so far that we could at least unite on that celebrated platform of Horace Greeley, "All rights to all men." We would doubtless all grant, too, that those who were unwilling to concede these rights should be made to do so. He alluded to the fact, that the colored delegates from Louisiana to the recent Convention at Philadelphia had been received on equal terms and without prejudice at the various hotels in the course of their journey. It argued well to see grounds of division and sectional crotchets laid aside and all willing to acknowledge the rights of each to labor for himself under the law. On such a platform the country would prosper whether Grant or Greeley were President.

Mr. Hopkins then made reference to the fact that the city of Rochester had been known all the world over as the "Flour" City, but recently our citizens have followed the advice of the elder Weller and spelled it with a "*we*," thus making it the "Flower City." On behalf of the people of Rochester he called upon James Vick to respond. Mr. V. said:

Once our city was celebrated for its flour, from which comes the staff of life. What was thought an adverse Providence robbed us of this notoriety, and our people mourned. It was, however, a cloud with a silver lining: a blessing in disguise. Now our city is celebrated, not for the flour that feeds the body, but the *flowers* that feed and enlarge and refine the soul. The blessing of Him who paints the lily and tints the rose—who gives both beauty and fragrance to these children of the field, has been ours in the past, and on this we rely for the present and the future.

We welcome you, gentlemen, to our Flower City—to our wealth of foliage and acres of flowers—to our happy rural homes. That no briars may infest your ways, but that all your paths may be strewn with flowers, is the earnest desire of one who has done a little in a modest way to make Rochester a Flower City.

The next toast proposed was "The Whole Union—may it long be preserved."—Responded to by J. M. Keating, of the Memphis (Tenn.) *Appeal*. The speaker dwelt upon the achievements of the South in behalf of the old Union, and the hopes of a new one which should even be more glorious. He declared that the sentiment of the toast was as dear to their hearts as to any throughout the land.

Prof. Hopkins then announced as the next toast—"The North."

In response Rev. T. Edwin Brown, of this city, was called to speak. He said he was not properly a representative of either North or South, having been born in Washington, D. C., midway between the two sections. For some years his labors had been chiefly in the North. He referred with especial gratification to this recognition of the clergy in a gathering of the representatives of the press. It is popular in some quarters to say that the pulpit is being superceded by the newspaper. He did not believe this was or could be so with a pulpit true to its high mission of appealing directly to the moral impulses of men. He recognized in full the power of the press, reaching thousands of readers daily or weekly with its utterances, and he aimed to do his part in impressing representatives of this mighty power with a higher sense of their duties and obligations. He spoke earnestly of the future of the press, and closed with an aspiration for more perfect union which such gatherings as this would greatly aid in promoting.

The "Empire State" was the next regular toast, and Ex-Alderman Ezra R. Andrews was called upon to respond. He said:

A gentleman from Virginia has said that he was proud of that State for standing shoulder to shoulder with New York in the struggle for independence. We of New York are also proud of the action of the State in standing shoulder to shoulder with Virginia and the other thirteen colonies then; we are proud of her prominence among the States in population and material prosperity. We are also proud of her standing face to face with Virginia in the recent contest. We believed that we were right. We knew that the South believed themselves to be right. We had each fought for a principle, and were not controlled by animosity. Now that the issues of the contest had been settled, we of New York hold no trace of rancor in our hearts, but extended to them cordially the hand of fellowship. This entertainment, which symbolized our friendship, was no mere effervescence of champagne, no evanescent expression, but whenever our Southern friends will come among us, in bodies or individuals, they will receive a cordial welcome to our hearts and our homes.

The chair, in a few pithy remarks, announced the closing toast of the evening—"Woman," which was responded to in an appropriate manner by Robert J. Berkeley, of the Richmond *Whig*.

The party then broke up, but many of the editors repaired to the parlors, where conversation was resumed.

Meyering's String Band discoursed excellent music during the evening.

Charles D. Chamblin, Secretary of the Pleasant Valley Wine Company, who had intended to be present, sent his "regrets" in two cases of Pleasant Valley Wine, which was

pronounced superior by the Southerners. It needs no commendation by Rochester Editors, for they, as well as the public generally, know what it is. The generous donor has the thanks of the recipients.

By special invitation, the next morning, we visited the celebrated Seed House of Mr. James Vick. He conducted us through every part of the establishment, which to say employs one hundred and twenty-five persons, will give some idea of its proportions. As we left, pretty girls pinned beautiful bouquets on the lapels of our coats. Each bouquet was fixed in a nice little colored glass holder filled with water to keep it fresh. We prized ours very highly and determined to bring it home, but lost it, and could not replace it at any other point we visited. We also visited the establishment of Briggs & Bro., but being pressed for time, could not see a great deal of it. In point of business Rochester seemed to be the most stirring place we visited in New York. It is a handsome city containing many elegant buildings. Just outside its limits you get a view of the lower Genesee Falls, once an unsuccessful rival of Niagara, but which has been shorn of much of its natural grandeur by the utilization of its water power for manufacturing purposes. The sacrifice of the beautiful to the useful in this case has made Rochester one of the wealthiest and most prosperous interior cities of the country, and looking at the results with a business rather than a romantic eye, (as the Rochesterians evidently did.) we are not prepared to condemn their action.

### CANANDAIGUA.

At ten o'clock we took the cars for Canandaigua, which we reached after a few hours ride. A band of music and hundreds of citizens met us at the depot and escorted us to the court house, which was soon filled to overflowing with citizens.

Hon. E. G. Lapham called to order, and introduced the President of the Village, E. G. Tyler, Esq., who welcomed the gentlemen of the Southern Press as the guests of our village and of our people in the following felicitous and beautiful address:

*Gentlemen of the Southern Press:*

It becomes my official duty, here and now, to welcome you to our village, and, in behalf of its citizens, extend to you its hospitalities. We welcome this visit, first, because of its peculiar character, as an Editorial visit. In other days we have publicly received among us distinguished individuals of our nation,—Clay, Webster, Scott; and in the "swinging around that wonderful circle" by Andy Johnson, we found our village in its circumference! But never before has it been our privilege to welcome a company of Editors from distant States of this great nation. As representatives of the Press we pay you honor, we acknowledge your power—"the power behind the throne greater than the throne"—the power that makes and unmakes Presidents, that creates and expresses public opinion and determines human affairs.

The newspaper, more than any thing else, has become *the institution* of this age and nation; for it is the embodiment and expression of the mental and physical forces which have been developed so wonderfully in our times. For the mass of our people, it is their only text book in literature, science and art, in agriculture, manufactures and commerce, in politics, religion and law. Upon the newspaper largely devolves the settlement of the great questions which agitate the nation, the labor question, the education question and the question of party politics, who shall be rulers and what our laws. As representatives of this almost omnipotent power, we pay you honor and offer you our congratulations. May you be equal to the responsibilities of your high trust.

Gentlemen, we also welcome you, to-day, as *fellow-citizens* of the great republic of the world, and as joint tenants of a common patrimony. We want to take you by the hand, with "a warm grip," as brethren of one family, and together get around one table. If this

shaking of hands, and eating together, is "a means of grace" in the Christian Church, it certainly is not less salutary in the civil and political household. If the scattered members of "Uncle Samuel's" large family knew each other more intimately, they would like each other better. We will rejoice, then, in this family gathering, and will try to make the most of it. And as the wonderful facilities of inter-communication now existing render practicable the multiplication of these family meetings, we will hope for their frequent repetition in the future. All honor to the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, and its efficient traveling agent, for moving and promoting this fraternal, patriotic intercourse.

Nor should we fail to be reminded by the associations of this place\*—by the countenances beaming upon us from these surrounding walls, that we of the *present* generation are not here *alone* to-day, joining in these congratulations. Truly "we are encompassed about by a great cloud of witnesses," and the generation of the past, our early pioneers, seem hovering over us, participating in these scenes. Phelps and Gorham, and Wadsworth and Porter, and Granger and Greig, and Howell and Sibley, and Douglass and others, honored names in the State and nation, they, too, seem to bid you welcome. But I must not dwell on these themes. I will only add an expression of how little of entertainment and pleasure we can expect to afford you after what you have seen and enjoyed on preceding days, as you have visited the enterprising commercial town which sits at the foot of Lake Erie, and receives into its lap the *commerce* of vast and far reaching inland seas; and then on passing down the course of that mighty current, you have surveyed the grandeur and sublimity of Niagara; and then as you turned eastward to the once beautiful Falls of the Genessee, and found that "the beautiful" has been transformed into "the useful," and "by grinding at the wheel" has created a great city of *manufactures*, with its princely nurseries and conservatories, and its ever green Mt. Hope.

But *we* have no "*lions*." We are only a quiet village, built on a gentle slope, at whose base sleeps a small lake, whose principal street has indeed been described by poetic fancy, as bathing its foot in a lake of silver and its head in the heavens, and whose locality secured for it long ago its Indian name, *Canadarque*, "Chosen Spot,"—fancies these, wild enough to the view of a stranger, as I can conceive, but true and real to *us* by reason of cherished associations and local attachments.

While we can thus promise you for the gratification of the *eye* only this view of "beauty in repose," we promise, perhaps, still less for the gratification of the *palate*. Our summer fruits are hardly ripe; our chickens, I fear are too young or too *old*; our lamb may possibly be true to its name; our whiskey and brandy are bad, as they always and everywhere are, but our cold water is good! If, however, our fare should seem simple and scarce, may there come to your relief the philosophy of the wise man, "better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." And though the feast of the body be meagre may "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" be ample, and may we by our free and friendly interchange of feeling, realize the idea expressed by one, who, when asked to what denomination he belonged, said "to the denomination where they *talk back*." Yes, brethren, let us observe the Episcopal method!

Gentlemen Editors, from the banks of the Potomac, the James, the Roanoke, and the savannas of the South; from the valleys and slopes of the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge, and from the shores of the Chesapeake and the Southern Gulf, we welcome you, in this loveliest month of the year, in these times of human history the most favored ever allotted to our race, under a government the best ever given to man, we welcome you to the green fields of the Empire State, and to the shores of the Seneca and Canandaigua, of Ontario and Erie. And may yourselves here *receive* something of that pleasure which your presence imparts to us.

\*County Court Room, with portraits of early pioneers upon its walls.

Mr. Tyler's address was replied to by Mr. Lynn, President of the excursion party, in a most happy manner. He on behalf of the members of the party thanked their friends for the kindness of the reception on this occasion and for the tender of the hospitalities of the people of Canandaigua. The press had exercised great influence in the past and was destined to wield more powerful influence in the future. He said the objects of the Excursion were to learn something of the North and her people—to know of those things which had made her and them so great and prosperous, and to aid in opening the way of establishing social and business intercourse between the North and South. He believed our late "unpleasantness" might have been avoided had the North and the South been better acquainted—had they understood each other better. He spoke of the untold resources and hidden wealth of the "Old Dominion" and other Southern States, and asked that there might go from this section to the South, men of enterprise and means, of energy and skill to help build up and develop her magnificent resources, assuring them of a hearty and brotherly welcome.

Hon. E. G. Lapham being called upon, briefly addressed the audience as follows:

After the announcement that our guests are fatigued, and desire to retire, it would not be excusable if I should detain them and the audience with any extended remarks. I will only add, to what has been so well said by those who have preceded me, that I trust the representatives of the Southern Press, who are now here, will regard the welcome they have received as something more than a merely formal ceremony, as something more than mere lip service. It is the expression of a sentiment that has long existed in this community. There has always been among us a sincere yearning and desire for the prevalence of fraternal feeling from one end of this republic to the other. And now that the great cause of sectional strife has ceased to exist, this feeling is more intensified, and finds a more free expression. We can all, I trust, freely unite in the utterance of those memorable words, in all their tremendous significance, that as citizens of a common country we have "One Union, one Constitution and one destiny."

J. M. Keating, of Memphis, followed in a few pertinent and well-timed remarks. The Chairman then introduced Thomas M. Howell, Esq., who spoke substantially as follows:

*Gentlemen*—from Louisiana, Alabama, Tennessee, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland: We citizens, of Western New York—residents of Canandaigua, "the chosen place" of the Empire State, reiterate the eloquent, pertinent and heartfelt welcome of the President of our village, and extend to you, one and all, as representatives from the Southern States, our earnest and sincere congratulations. We welcome you as brethren, and congratulate you and ourselves that now "no pent-up Utica contracts" your movements, but that you come among us as equal partners in the noble heritage left us by the heroes of the revolution. We invite you to our homes. We will show you how we live, and will have you carry back with you to your warmer and more genial sky, the assurance and proof that "though o'er our heads the frozen pleiads shine," our hearts are warm, and beat fiercely in unison with "the music of our glorious Union."

As representatives of the press, we hail you all as coming among us as harbingers of the future perfect peace and stability of our Union; for we know that, like the delegates sent forth by the children of Israel, from the waste places in which they tarried to examine the promised land, you will carry back a good report of our continued love and zeal for the Union; that you met "the enemy" in their home, and "they are ours." Time fails me to speak of the increasing power, influence and prosperity of the press, but as a token of its growth in this village, I now take the liberty of exhibiting to you the third number of the first volume of the Repository, issued in June, 1803—sixty-nine years ago—in this quiet village. Those who first sustained the paper have all passed away, but their features have

been preserved on the canvass that adorns these walls, and their spirits hover over this assembly, and rejoice in this, our fraternal union. You are acquainted with the present active and efficient editor of the *Repository*, in whose hands the paper has increased in size, power and usefulness. And we now take this opportunity to thank you for the cordial welcome extended to him and his peers on their recent visit to the South.

Gentlemen, one and all, we extend to you the right hand of fellowship, and through you, we offer to Major N. H. Hotchkiss our thanks for his part of the work in bringing you among us, and "bid him God speed" in this noble effort to cement a brotherly feeling between the North and South. May your *march* through the North be peaceful, brotherly and triumphant.

The reception over, the party repaired to their quarters at the Canandaigua Hotel, (J. H. Sherman, Proprietor,) and the Webster House, (F. O. Chamberlain, Proprietor,) at which places at two P. M., in company with a number of our citizens they sat down to an ample dinner, such as these landlords are famous for providing.

### THE EXCURSION.

At three o'clock the party took carriages and repaired to the steamer Ontario, which Capt. Standish, her liberal and generous-hearted commander, had tendered for an excursion over our beautiful lake. The steamer was well loaded with guests who had been invited. "All aboard," and the little craft gracefully moved out into the lake as if proud of the burden she was bearing.

Notwithstanding the intense heat of the day, the excursion was a pleasant and agreeable affair. Everybody seemed happy themselves and desirous of contributing to the pleasure and happiness of others. The beautiful scenery and charming residences and resorts along the shores of the lake, were greatly admired and extolled. After "wooding up" at Woodville, the steamer was headed for Seneca Point. A brief stop was made at Granger's Point; a portion of the party landed and partook of the hospitalities of his house.

Soon after our arrival at Seneca Point, supper was announced, and the party sat down to an elegant and bountiful repast prepared by Messrs. Lee & Robinson of the Lake House. President Tyler occupied a seat at the head of the table, with Rev. Mr. Allen and Rev. Mr. Wilkin at his right, and Mr. Lynn, President of the Southern Excursionists at his left. When all were seated Rev. Mr. Allen invoked a blessing. A due and liberal discussion of the various viands then followed, and the party adjourned to the beautiful groves, where an hour was passed in recreation and rest. Much credit is accorded "mine hosts" of the Lake House for their courtesy and liberality on the occasion. Their efforts to please and gratify their guests proved a complete success.

At half-past eight P. M., the party again boarded the "Ontario," and were soon safely landed at the dock and were escorted to their several homes for the night, delighted with the day's enjoyment.

### DRIVE ABOUT TOWN.

At nine A. M. Friday, carriages were taken for a drive about town and a visit to Brigham Hall, where the Southerners had been by Dr. Cook kindly invited to call. A number of citizens accompanied them. Owing to the want of time the drive was necessarily short. Portions of Main, Gibson, Park, Howell, Pearl, Bristol and a few other streets were visited. A brief call was made at McKechnie's immense Brewery, through a part of which they were shown. It is a model institution of the kind. They were well pleased with the call, for on leaving they all—*smiled*.

### AT BRIGHAM HALL.

The party were cordially received by Dr. Cook and his estimable lady, and Colonel Cook, the superintendent. They were conducted through the several wards of the institution, and were afforded an opportunity of inspecting the same. One of the party is a Director in the Virginia State Asylum for Insane, and he, as did all, expressed surprise and admiration at the admirable arrangements for the comfort, safety and amusement of the unfortunate inmates, and at the perfect order and neatness that prevailed throughout, as well as the beauty and cheerfulness of the surroundings. After inspecting the building, the party were assembled in the parlors and a short time given to social intercourse, during which refreshments were served. The party were then conveyed to the depot, and left on the 11.30 train for Watkins, as happy a set of good fellows as we ever saw. Thus ended the Southern Editors' visit to Canandaigua.

The party were profuse in their expressions of gratification and delight over the cordial manner in which they had been welcomed and entertained here, and of admiration of the beauty of our village and of the generous hospitality of our people. They averred it was the nearest approach to old time Southern hospitality they had ever met with, and that their visit to Canandaigua, and the pleasant excursion over her beautiful lake, would ever remain bright in their memory.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We desire here to acknowledge in behalf of the committee of arrangements, and the Press of this village, grateful thanks to Mr. J. H. Shearman of the Canandaigua Hotel, and to Mr. F. O. Chamberlain of the Webster House, for their generous liberality in gratuitously providing for our Southern guests a bountiful and elegant dinner; and to Mr. A. J. Switzer, agent of the Urbana Wine Company, for a liberal supply of most excellent wine served at the dinner tables here; and to Mr. Caulkins of the Naples Wine Company, for a like supply intended for Seneca Point, but which for satisfactory reasons was not opened. Also, to Captain Standish for the use of the steamer Ontario for the excursion; and also to Captain Herendeen for a like tender of the steamer Canandaigua. To Messrs. Hildreth, Coy, Lucas, Finley, Drury, and many others, thanks are also due for valuable aid in making this visit of our Southern brethren one of unalloyed enjoyment.

*For the Repository and Messenger.*

### CANANDAIGUA'S HOSPITALITY.

MR. EDITOR:—Permit a Southern stranger to express his grateful appreciation and recognition of the open-hearted and elegant courtesies and hospitalities extended to him and to others of the Editorial Excursion party, in their recent visit to your attractive town. Canandaigua will long be remembered by us as a "chosen spot." Our reception by the President of your town was well calculated to impress us with the idea that we were in the midst of a refined, intelligent and cultivated people, nor did our subsequent interviews and intercourse with your citizens show that we were mistaken. To Professor Tyler and his family we are under especial obligations for home courtesies and kindnesses such as would do honor to the most generous and open-hearted of our Southern citizens. We have found, indeed, in the "chosen spot," that for which the human heart sighs most fondly—the enchanting charms of refined and cultivated and beautiful home life. In our far away Southern homes we shall long remember all we felt, and heard and saw in Canandaigua. Not even did our visit to your admirably arranged and most happily conducted Insane Asylum create within us those sad emotions which fill the mind when

gazing upon the unfortunates who are afflicted with minds diseased. The Asylum, in charge of Dr. Cook and his accomplished lady, is rendered as pleasant as it is possible for such a place to be. The rooms occupied by the unfortunates were all comfortable and wore an air of cheerfulness calculated to arrest the first signs of a return to reason. Surely your Insane Asylum, as at present arranged and conducted, is one of the most attractive features of the "chosen spot."

But I find myself wandering from the main object of this brief communication, which was to assure your good people of the fact, that our recent delightful visit and short sojourn with them has filled us with emotions and memories which will be long and sacredly cherished by us all.

A SOUTHERNER.

Canandaigua is memorable, in this country, as the spot from which William Morgan was abducted in 1826 or 1827 and carried to Canada. I was shown the jail from which he was taken at night and the line of flight pursued by his captors (or liberators) through the village. The event has not been forgotten by the older citizens of Canandaigua, some of whom are anti-masons in consequence of it even until the present day.

### PENN YAN.

After taking the cars for Watkins, our leader informed us that the good citizens of Penn Yan had resolved upon our capture, and that as they would hear to no denial he had resolved to stop off there until the arrival of the next train, at six P. M. Of course all hands agreed, because Hotchkiss is the autocrat of our breakfast, dinner and supper table, and whatever he says is law to the party. At Penn Yan, therefore, whither we were accompanied by several citizens of Canandaigua, including Mr. Mattison the excellent little "local" of the "Repository," we quitted the cars and were immediately in a long line of carriages and being whirled away toward the head of Keuga Lake to take the steamer Steuben for the wine cellars of Urbana. Out upon the waters of Keuga, another of these lovely little mountain mirrors of crystal; we had the escort of a large number of the leading citizens of Penn Yan and two or three baskets of champagne, beside a couple of dozens of still wines from the cellars of the Pleasant Valley Wine Company, which lie within sight of our little boat, but which the limited time at our command forbids us to visit. At the distance of eighteen miles from Penn Yan, and four from the head of the Lake, we round to and pour *en masse* into the first regular wine cellar that many of us have ever seen. The first noticeable feature of this underground magazine of "mirth and youthful jollity" is the chilly breath of the atmosphere, which certainly cannot exceed fifty-two degrees in temperature. The next is the immense pyramid of wine casks which extends from end to end of the cellar and the casks contain from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty gallons each. We then observed the vats, the stills, the bottling apparatus, the corking machine, &c., &c., partake of a bountiful collation in the rooms above, destroy within a fraction of fifty bottles of the sparkling vintage of the company and return to the boat, which has by this time notified us through the shrill medium of her steam whistle that if we would not miss the six o'clock train it is high time we were returning. Obedient to the summons, we leave Urbana and a few moments later are ploughing the waters of the Keuga (crooked) Lake on our return.

### WATKINS.

At sunset that evening we reach Watkins, at the head of Seneca Lake. Our party was waited upon without delay by the owners, Messrs. Curry & Murphy, of the beautiful little lake propeller Henrietta, who kindly invited us to join them in a moonlight excursion.

sion to Hector Falls, a beautiful little cascade about three miles down Seneca Lake, which we consented to do without much urging. Accordingly, at eight P. M., we left the wharf in company with the gentlemen already referred to, Mr. Gano of the Watkins Express and Capt. J. J. Lytle, proprietor of the Glen and its cosy little Mountain House. In the cabin of the *Henrietta* we found wines and other liquors in abundance together with a box of the celebrated Paul Morphy cigars, on which all hands regaled themselves during the trip. Thus accompanied, and thus provided for, any excursion would have proven to be a delightful affair. How much more delightful therefore was this, which conducted us in our little shallop across the pellucid waters of one of the loveliest lakes in America to one of the most romantic scenes in this land of romance and natural beauty? I said "our little shallop" because the *Henrietta*, although affording ample accommodations for all of us who joined in the excursion, was not more than eight or nine feet in width by forty in length, and rocked like a cradle whenever "our infant," Mr. Foster of the *Charlottesville* (Va.) *Chronicle*, a gentleman weighing two hundred and eighty pounds avoirdupois, crossed from one side of it to the other. Still, however, it was a steamer, and one of the most pleasant for a small excursion party that could well be imagined. Shortly after nine o'clock we returned to our quarters and retired to rest, with the understanding that at eight o'clock the next morning the exploration of Watkins Glen should be commenced. The village of Watkins is situated on a narrow strip of level land intervening between the head of Seneca Lake and the mountains which overlook its Southern terminus. Owing to the fact that the level strip of which I speak is not more than two hundred yards in width the number of streets leading through the village from north to south is confined to one or two of which Franklin is the chief and most extensive. Passing down this street until we reach the southern limit of the town we observe, fifty yards away to our right, a huge chasm opening from the summit to the base of the frowning precipice in which the mountains there terminate, from the centre of which a small stream of crystal water comes leaping down from an altitude of sixty or seventy feet into a basin hewn out of the solid rock below. This is the entrance to the glen—the gateway to an amphitheatre of natural scenery and majestic beauty equal in many respects and superior in others to the grandest of the views that strike the tourist at Niagara. From the point I have described to the farther limit of the glen the total ascent is eight hundred feet perpendicular, but in order to reach that altitude a journey of more than a mile is necessary. From the evidence furnished by the rocks and the strata of this glen it is clear that the little stream before referred to has been the instrument in the hands of God for the hewing out of the wondrous Temple through which it still pursues its ever varying journey to the waters of the lake.

Thus we observe that where the waters *now* fall, huge basins, varying in depth from three to thirty feet, have been cut from the solid rock. And as these basins occur at regular intervals all along through the wild, weird rock ribbed halls that intervene between the several falls, it is clear that time was when the fall, now farther away to the westward poured its corroding floods into their depths. The exact conformity of the strata of one side of the glen with the strata of the other side is another evidence that the theory I have advanced is correct. But however that may be, or from whatsoever cause produced the existence of the glen is a powerful, impressive *reality*, and seldom fails to arouse in the mind of the visitor all the veneration with which nature has endowed him. It appears to have been created by some mighty shock, which, severing the mountain from summit to base, opened up a scene of beauty and grandeur rarely or never equaled this side of the Alps or Appenines. At times, while threading its wondrous stone galleries, you look up and are startled to see the frowning walls rising two or three hundred feet perpendicularly above your head and approaching each other so closely at the top that the branches of the trees stretch across the chasm and clasp hands with those that reach out from the opposite

side. Every twenty or thirty yards you are confronted with a new elevation of the bed of the Glen, and here it is that the numerous cascades and cataracts that mark the course of the little glen-streamlet occur. Of these all are beautiful, and many, on account of the elevation from which they fall, are grand and imposing. The first scene which greets us after climbing the entrance staircase and entering upon the section known as Glen Alpha is the "Entrance Cascade." This is a narrow thread of water shooting out from an angle in the rocks into a deep ten-foot basin sixty feet below. Here a little bridge spans the stream over which we pass to the south bank. From this point, looking up the glen, dark, towering, irregular cliffs of rock rise, one above another, till they seem to meet in the distant clouds and shut out the sunshine of heaven. A little narrow thread of sky is all that remains to us of the world we have left, and even that is barred and spangled with the branches of trees and the tufts of foliage that hang like bannerets over the awful chasm.

A short distance above the bridge we have just crossed, we ascend a flight of steps to a pathway cut from the solid rock which seems to cling to the sides of the precipice as though it feared to fall. This pathway brings us within the "Entrance Gorge" and in full view of the lovely little cascade known as Minne-ha-ha or "the laughing water." The water, broken several times in its fall is dashed into foam and spray which form a bright and beautiful contrast to the dark, rocky, sullen surroundings. At the end of the pathway we encounter a small rustic seat from which a charming view may be had of both the upper and lower sections of Glen Alpha. Leaving this place of rest and refreshment we mount another staircase and a few steps further on still another of great height and almost perpendicular position, in the midst of what is known as the Labyrinth of the Glen. The channel is here very narrow and spanned by a plank bridge, crossing which we ascend the few stone steps that lead to the foot of the perpendicular staircase and climb almost wearily up to the north side once more. Just above the long, or perpendicular staircase is the "Cavern Cascade"—a wide, bright sheet of sparkling water which, bursting boldly forth from the overhanging cliff, whirls, leaps and thunders down into a pool, said to be thirty feet deep, at its base. Before mounting the stairs we pass up the glen a few steps on the table or shelf of rock that supports the staircase and enter "The Grotto" immediately in the rear of the descending floods. From this point, looking down the glen, our vision is veiled by the silvery sheet of falling water, but the light of the outer world gleaming through the translucent cataract produces an effect and yields it a beauty which it would be in vain to attempt to describe. On either side and behind you, the rocky grotto shuts you in and the pealing anthem that rises heavenward from the waterfall fills it with reverberating echoes that ring in your ears long after the scene has melted from the eye. Returning to the staircase, and climbing fifty feet higher, we have a view of the Profile Gorge in Glen Obscura—so called because of a striking Indian profile once visible among its outlines. This section of the glen is called Glen Obscura because of the fact that it has never yet been opened to explorers. We must therefore leave the chasm entirely and take Captain Lytle's Mountain House in our course if we would visit the upper and more striking sections of the glen. Just opposite this house Captain L. has erected a splendid bridge across Glen Obscura by means of which we pass to the south bank and take a hurried peep at the splendid new hotel now being erected under his supervision, for the better accommodation of the visiting public.

The upper portion of Glen Obscura is called the Mystic Gorge for reasons similar to those which gave name to the glen. The "Sylvan Rapids" leap from Glen Cathedral into the "Whirlpool Gorge," presenting a very beautiful appearance as they leap and whirl along through their narrow and tortuous channels, and this Whirlpool Gorge is the last of the sub-divisions of Glen Obscura.

A platform bridge spans the Sylvan Rapids, crossing which to the south bank we stand in the vestibule of Glen Cathedral—so called because of its regular cathedral-like outline

and because no other name would suit it better. The Cathedral is an immense oblong amphitheatre nearly four hundred yards long, enclosed within perpendicular walls of rock rising to the stupendous height of three hundred feet—about thrice the height of our loftiest church spires—and clad with mosses, ferns, lichens, clinging vines and other tapestry of nature's handicraft—the dome of which is the covering arch of blue and the floor the solid masonry carved and fashioned by the hand of God. In the upper end the "Central Cascade" forms the choir, and as its waters dash from rock to rock in their "perilous descent" a perpetual hymn of praise rises from its roar to the Infinite and Great Architect of this magnificent temple. The "pool of the Nymphs" is very inappropriately situated in this Cathedral, because although a very lovely little pool its name is not precisely suggestive of the devotional feeling which ought to be inspired by a cathedral of the magnitude and grandeur of this one.

We leave Glen Cathedral by the grand staircase which takes us up into the "Glen of Pools." From a rustic bridge in this glen we view the "Matchless Scene," one of the most beautiful of views that the eye of man ever rested on. A little farther on we visit the "Triple Cascade" and the "Rainbow Falls." The "Rainbow Fall" is caused by the entrance into the glen of a small streamlet which falling from an overhanging rock of semi-circular contour takes the semi-circular or rainbow shape of the rock, besides showing at all times, when the sun can reach it, a beautiful bow reaching from its base almost to its top. Our path leads us *between* Rainbow fall and the rock from which it descends, so that when once fairly within the miniature "Cave of the Winds" we are once more shut out by a veil of silver from the world beyond. Emerging from behind this veil we stand almost at the very foot of the "triple cascade," by many visitors deemed to be the finest in the glen. From this point we pass to Glen Difficulty, in which are many splendid views and scenes, including "the Shadow Gorge," "the Artist's Dream," "Pluto's Falls," and others of like celebrity and beauty which we have no time to mention more particularly. After threading all these mazes, climbing all these staircases, and viewing all these scenes, it strikes our kind entertainers that we must be both fatigued and hungry; so without waiting to consult our wishes they hurry back to the Mountain House and order refreshments to be served as we return. And served they were with a most liberal and generous hospitality. I am almost ashamed to confess it; but, confess or not, the fact is none the less indisputable, that here again we destroyed two or three dozens of champagne, besides any amount of ice creams, lemonades, cakes, confections, fruits, &c., &c. All this was furnished by the Seneca Grape and Wine Company and by Capt. Lytle of the Glen, whose kind and unremitting attention to our wants and comfort during our stay in Watkins will not soon be forgotten. Other gentlemen of Watkins were also equally kind and hospitable, but as I knew not the names of all, even while they were with us, it is by no means to be wondered at that I fail to record them here.

Returning from the glen a number of our party purchased stereoscopic views of its most striking scenes, over which in other times they propose no doubt to conjure up the pleasant thoughts and wild fancies that teemed through their brains while gazing on the wondrous originals they so well represent. We also saw one or two chromos of "Views in the Glen," which were very perfect and very beautiful. Messrs. Offutt of this city have a very fine chromo of the "Rainbow Fall," which is as true to nature as nature itself.

## GENEVA.

Leaving Watkins at 3 P. M., by steamer on Seneca lake, we reach Geneva, forty miles distant, at 5.30, where we are met on board by the Mayor, Mr. Southworth, and a deputation of citizens, who, in formal addresses, bid us welcome to their beautiful "village."

Seneca lake is one of the most remarkable bodies of water on this continent. It is forty miles in length and from three to five in width—so deep that in many places it is unfathomable by any ordinary means of sounding, and so clear that objects twenty feet beneath its surface are distinctly visible. It rarely or never freezes over even in the depths of the most rigorous northern winters, and never rises above the temperature of good spring or well water. It has never been known to become sufficiently warm for bathing purposes and is seldom or never at perfect repose. On each side it is margined by well tilled vineyards and beautiful farms which descend the mountain slopes to the water's edge and are mirrored in the blue waters of the lake with wonderful beauty and precision. Nearer the summits of the beleaguering hills, the cosy little farmhouses peep from their mantles of green foliage, and overlooking the landscape below, present a picture of perfect peace and index a contentment on the part of their owners that make one envious of their happy and *sans souci* lot.

When the greetings were over and our party had had time to make a few preliminary arrangements, carriages were furnished us in which we were driven through the magnificent nurseries that have rendered Geneva famous from one end of the Union to the other. None of these contain more than four or five hundred acres of land, but they are tilled just as we till our corn or cotton and are kept as clear of grass and weeds as a well cultivated garden. After passing through the various nurseries, Major Nicholas received and entertained the Excursionists at his splendid mansion near the city. Here we had the finest of wines and brandies, native and foreign; ice creams, lemonades, fruits, cakes, and other confections, in the first of which many a toast was drunk and under the inspiration of which many a speech was delivered by both parties to the entertainment.

Berkeley, of the *Richmond Whig*, was especially eloquent on the ladies; and the lovely recipients of his glowing, but well deserved compliments, would not rest content until they had prevailed on Judge Dusenberry, of Geneva, to respond, which he did in a short, but very appropriate address. From Major Nicholas' we returned to the Franklin House, where an invitation reached us from Mr. A. A. Guile tendering the free use of his cigar store, during our stay, and from another gentleman in an adjoining store, (whose name however we failed to catch,) making us welcome to his soda fount at all times, "without money and without price." Here too, at night, an elegant banquet was served, which extended, in point of time, from nine P. M., until far along towards the wee sma' hours and was characterized throughout by the utmost harmony and fraternal feeling. Mr. Parker, Editor of the *Gazette*, presided with great dignity, and, as the various toasts that followed the advent of the wines circled the board, called now on this friend and then on that to respond. At last, when the subject as well as the wine supply had been well nigh exhausted, the whole company rose, and after singing "Auld Lang Syne" in very sober style, all things considered, separated for the night. The Sabbath morning that followed was spent at church. A Quakeress, Miss Smiley, of Philadelphia, preached in one of the Presbyterian churches, and our good old friend Baylor, of Staunton, Va., was so enthused with her oratory that we looked for him to purchase a broadbrim before the excursion was over. He did subsequently lay the predicate and provide the excuse for such a purchase by throwing his hat from a moving train on the Switchback road, under the pretence of waving it at a bevy of passing ladies, but the conductor of the train, with an extra politeness for which we apprehend he received but few thanks, stopped the "machine" and recovered the lost tile. So the Major's benevolent designs were defeated and he returned to his lovely Valley no more of a Quaker than when he set out on his tour.

We add a more extended account of the Excursionists' visit to the city of Geneva:

Our friends of the Southern Editorial Excursion party have come and gone. The opportunity afforded us for personal intercourse has been brief, but sufficient, we trust, to awaken in them, as well as our community, a feeling of reciprocal and enduring regard, that entitles us hereafter to regard them as *friends*, in the most enlarged and grateful acceptance of the word. Coming among us on Saturday evening and leaving on Monday morning, their reception, though quite informal, was cordial in the highest degree. Our guests were manifestly glad to dispense with formal ceremony, in view of the warm welcome which greeted them in the glance of every eye and in the earnest utterance of every tongue. Recognizing the main purpose of their visit, and realizing the force of the sentiment that inspired it, our people vied with each other in endeavoring to make their stay among us pleasant and agreeable.

The Excursionists being expected to arrive in the Onondaga about five o'clock, P. M., the committee, as heretofore announced, had arranged to receive them on the boat, in order that the brief interval of daylight might be most fully availed of for the drive through and around the village and the various nurseries, as well as other points of interest in the environs. Accordingly, the Chairman of the Committee of Reception and President of the Village, Mr. Southworth, with the other members of the committee, attended by about twenty private carriages, were in waiting at the steamboat landing when the Onondaga arrived. Mr. Southworth with a portion of the committee met the party on the promenade deck, where Mr. Parker, who had joined the party at Dey's Landing, introduced him to our guests. Mr. Southworth briefly addressed them in a few unpremeditated remarks substantially as follows:

*Gentlemen of the Southern Press:*

It is with much pleasure that I, in the name and in behalf of the Trustees and Citizens, welcome you to Geneva, and tender you the hospitalities of our village. There are, I am well aware, many here present who could do this far more gracefully than I, but if this welcome be expressed in homely phrase, believe me that it is none the less heartfelt; and I trust that you will carry away with you some pleasant reminiscences of your brief sojourn amongst us.

You will, I trust, excuse the brevity of my remarks, as public speaking is not one of my accomplishments. I will therefore conclude by informing you that carriages are in waiting to carry you through some of our principal avenues, to enable you to judge for yourselves of the beauties of Geneva and its environs, which we think are neither few nor far between, and will, in some measure, repay you for your visit. I trust, gentlemen, that this arrangement will meet with your approbation.

W. H. H. Lynn, Esq., of the Staunton (Va.) *Vindicator*, President of the Excursionists, called upon R. W. Hunter, Esq., of the Winchester (Va.) *Times*, to respond to the welcome of Mr. Southworth. Mr. Hunter, in a most feeling and appropriate manner, expressed the grateful appreciation of himself and party for the warm and hearty welcome they had received so far on their journey from the people of New York. Coming himself from Old Virginia, the mother of States, with the party, in whose behalf he spoke, representing besides the States of Maryland, the Carolinas, Alabama, Louisiana, Tennessee, Kentucky, and in short, he might say, the whole of that great expanse of country lying between the Maryland border and the Rio Grande, into this great State, witnessing its wonderful achievements in industrial progress, and the great material prosperity so manifest on every side, was glad to make the acknowledgement that the title of "Empire State" was her rightful due. He felt that he was enjoying a great privilege in this delightful excursion, and in behalf of his associates in the party, he could only say that words were too feeble to express their sense of the unmeasured cordiality with which they had been received

here and elsewhere. They accepted with unfeigned pleasure the hospitality so handsomely tendered by the people of Geneva, through their President.

### THE DRIVE.

The party were then escorted to the carriages provided by the committee of reception, comprising many of our prominent citizens, who had furnished their private equipages for the occasion, and with two members of the committee in each carriage as the escort of two of the excursion party, took a drive in accordance with the programme as heretofore published. The line of carriages numbered about twenty, and as it swept out of the village into the open country on the north presented quite an imposing array. The fine points of view which presented themselves in quick succession were highly appreciated. The grounds of the different nursery establishments skirted by the party were of course objects of much interest and comment among the visitors.

The business quarters and grounds of the nursery establishments of Sears, Henry & Co., A. L. Torrey, Richardson & Vail, W. & T. Smith, Maxwell Brothers, Robert Simpson, Nicholas & Newson, Graves, Selover, Willard & Co., Richardson & Nicholas, Herendeen & Van Dusen, and Bronson & Herendeen, were passed in the order in which they are named, the whole party coming to a halt, but not alighting, in the elegantly adorned grounds of Messrs. Graves, Selover, Willard & Co., where every member of the party was presented by the proprietors with a tasteful bouquet, a delicate attention that was highly appreciated. Our visitors expressed themselves as greatly astonished at the apparent extent of the business, and the great expanse of ground occupied by the growing and thrifty stock, and that the sales of the different establishments in the Southern States had already reached so large a figure.

### AT WHITE SPRINGS.

Proceeding again, the party soon reached the elevated ridge of the pre-emption road and were charmed by the extensive and beautiful prospects that burst upon the view on crossing "Canandaigua turnpike." A lively pace soon brought them to the gateway of the White Springs Farm. Entering the grounds of this noble estate on the west, the view of the ample lawn sloping to the road and shaded by the lofty elms planted by Judge Nicholas when he located upon this princely domain, on coming from Virginia nearly seventy years ago, is always impressive to every visitor. Of course it was not lost upon the gentlemen who were now seeing it for the first time. The carriages were then driven to the west door of the mansion of the present proprietor, Hon. George W. Nicholas, where, in accordance with the arrangements and his invitation, they were to alight for a brief visit before they returned to town. The party was received here without formality by Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas, with a party of other ladies of the family, and then proceeded at their leisure to enjoy the grand views which are presented on the east side of the mansion, among the finest which our vicinity affords. A fine opportunity was here afforded while strolling through the beautiful gardens and over the velvet sward which stretches down to the springs, for the interchange of social converse, and the pleasant impressions, of which the occasion was so suggestive. The attention of the party was soon called by the host to a light repast which the ladies had spread, on a table, handsomely decorated, and set upon the lawn. The refreshment, garnished with an inspiring accompaniment of still and sparkling native wines, was very acceptable to the committee-men as well as the guests. The scene presented on the lawn was peculiarly striking and

picturesque. The informality of the entertainment gave it an especial charm and added to the pleasure and enjoyment of the occasion. As the sun was declining in the west and gilding the tree-tops and the fringes of the shrubbery with its departing glory, Mr. Lynn, in behalf of the guests, requested the attention of the company to a sentiment about to be proposed, and Mr. Ward, of the *Richmond Enquirer*, said:

*Gentlemen of Geneva, and Members of the Southern Press:*

What spot could be more fitting on which to meet than on these grounds—owned by a family whose name extends back to the colonial history of Virginia—I therefore offer as a toast the following sentiment: “New York and Virginia—May they in joining hands cement the union of the North and the South.”

This graceful compliment was enthusiastically applauded. Mr. Nicholas in response said: I have invited you here, gentlemen, to enjoy the beauties of our scenery and to refresh you after your drive, not to bore you with speeches, of which I apprehend you have had enough for the present, and I hope you will make yourselves entirely at home.

In response to a toast offered by Mr. S. H. Parker, of the committee, complimentary to the ladies who had prepared the entertainment for the party, Mr. Berkeley, representing the *Whig* of Richmond, Va., responded in a few touching and most felicitous remarks, which fairly captivated his auditors. The beauty of his graceful and earnest tribute to the ladies, and to all who had participated in the hospitable welcome to their homes his party had received, here and elsewhere, would only be dimmed by an attempted report by us, and so we forbear the effort. It needs not to be put on paper to secure a lasting recollection among those who heard it.

As the drive through the village had not been completed, and twilight was coming on, the time for returning to town was announced, and after exchanging a mutual good-bye with their host and the ladies, the carriages were again brought into requisition, and, leaving by the eastern gate, the party were driven to the head of Main street, and thence through it to the quarters provided for them at the Franklin House.

### COURTESIES.

Returning from the drive and alighting at the Franklin, two envelopes were handed to Major Hotchkiss, one from J. M. Page & Son, of the Bazaar, and the other from Geo. A. Guile, tendering to the Excursionists as much of their stock of goods as was required during their stay here. The generous offer was accepted, and the soda fountain of the Pages was kept running till midnight of Saturday without fear of exhausting the supply, while the fragrant cigars, both of home manufacture and foreign brand, readily took with our visitors at Guile's headquarters. Willard N. Smith and Zobrist & Partridge, too, opened their respective drug houses early Sunday morning, and by their carefully prepared prescriptions furnished relief for present ills as well as preventive from ills to come. No more needed want could have been devised.

### AT THE FRANKLIN.

At 9½ P. M. the guests were banqueted at the Franklin House. The affair was exceedingly pleasant. That part of the entertainment which consisted in assaulting and putting down the creature comforts, substantial and otherwise, with which the tables were furnished, was conducted with a spirit worthy of the occasion; and on a

new field of battle Northerner and Southerner crossed arms again. Peace hath her victories as well as war—and we now chronicle the fact that before the supper ended, each, the North and South as here represented, had quite won the other's heart. A large number of the most influential of our citizens sat at the tables. A couple of hours passed most pleasantly and profitably. The conversation between our citizens and their guests was quite animated and we doubt not was mutually agreeable and instructive. Two of the Southern Editors made speeches during the evening. Their brief addresses were received with very marked favor, and could they be heard throughout the land would do much to restore—to create anew feelings of fraternal love between the North and the South. The conspicuous elements in their remarks were sincerity, earnestness, and unequivocating and unaffected loyalty to the Union and the country. Mr. J. W. Friend, of the *Petersburg Progress*, and Mr. J. W. Keating, of the *Memphis Appeal*, will long be remembered here for their manly and stirring words on this occasion.

At the close of the entertainment, the entire party gathered around the two long tables, arose, clasped hands, forming a continuous ring about the room and joined in singing that grand tune, "Auld Lang Syne;" and as the first words of it were uttered—"Should old acquaintance be forgot"—the friendship seemed to grow stronger—and as the tones grew louder—more earnest and heartfelt—it seemed to aid in "spreading the cement of brotherly love and affection, which unites us into one common band or society of friends and brothers, among whom no contention should ever exist, but that noble contention or rather emulation of who can best work and best agree."

### A DAY OF REST.

After a quiet Sunday, during which our guests were the recipients of warmly tendered hospitalities of many of our citizens, they left us at an early hour on Monday morning, leaving behind them the fragrance of most pleasant recollections and carrying with them the highest respect and regard of our people, for their marked intelligence and the high-toned frankness and geniality of their personal bearing.

The Excursionists took the train on the New York Central and Hudson River Road—one of the best roads that man ever built—and within two hours were safely landed in Syracuse.

### SYRACUSE.

We stopped for a few hours at Syracuse, a finely built and beautiful city, where are the most extensive salt establishments in the country, which very properly entitles it to the appellation of "The Salt City." We were here most handsomely entertained by a sumptuous banquet, and a drive through the most beautiful portions of the city; and at no place in our travels has a more hospitable and warm-hearted reception been tendered us.

On our route to Syracuse we passed within a few feet of the massive walls of the State prison, at Auburn, which appeared strong enough to resist the most desperate and daring attempts at escape on the part of the inmates. By the way, an insurrection of the inmates occurred the day after our passage through the town, about a thousand of them arming themselves with such means of attack as they could find, and demanding that they should be released. The strong arm of the State was, however, brought to bear on the revolting prisoners, and they were soon subdued, the greater portion quietly resuming their several avocations—only a few of the leaders being made subjects for punishment. Auburn is very beautifully situated, and is well known as the home of Hon. William H. Seward.

## ROME.

From Syracuse we went on to Rome, only a few hours' ride, where we fell in with a large number of the Editorial fraternity of New York, who were en route for Watertown, to attend the annual meeting of the State Editorial Association, with all of whom we soon established a most pleasant acquaintance. And now comes the piling on of the agony. Mr. A. J. Sink, the proprietor of Sink's Opera House, had prepared a bountiful repast in the immense hall of his building, and notwithstanding Syracuse had, only a few hours previous, completely surfeited us, we were required again to try our hand at devouring the good things spread out before us. The Southern party were, of course, able to make but a small inroad, but, with the assistance of the New York press gang, and a large number of invited guests, the loaded tables were soon relieved of much of their burden.

## WATERTOWN.

Leaving Rome, we resumed the line of march, and about dusk reached the city of Watertown, at which place the New York State Editorial Convention was to assemble the next day. Here also bands of music were in waiting to escort us, and the New York Editors along with us, to the Woodruff House—one of the most magnificent hotels, the size of the place considered, in the State of New York.

I will not undertake to tell you anything about the proceedings of the New York State Convention, further than that they were prompt, to the point and harmonious. In direct allusion to our presence among them and as indicating the fraternal feeling with which we had been everywhere received, a pair of clasped hands had been neatly traced upon the walls of the hall in which the sessions of their Convention were held, and Mr. Parker, the orator of the occasion, made the following beautiful reference in the annual address:

But I am wearying you, and must draw this disjointed production to a close. I may not conclude, however, without expressing the sincere pleasure which I feel—which, my brethren of the Northern Press, I know you *all* feel—in the presence and companionship to-day of so many of our fraternity from the sunny South. A right glad and hearty welcome to you, fellow-knights of the quill and scissors—welcome to the hospitalities of our homes and municipalities—to full communion in all the doings and pleasures of our annual re-union. May we forget in the reciprocal joys of this occasion, that we were ever other than friends and brothers, sharing alike in one common heritage, God-appointed to one common destiny.

Thanks, a thousand thanks, to the glorious old leader whose generous heart conceived, whose influence and indomitable energy have enabled him to carry out, this grand scheme for your needed recreation and enjoyment. "Follow your leader, and fear no danger,"\* even with the same confiding faith the children of Israel followed the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, conducting them safely in their journeyings out of the

\*The above is an allusion to the declaration made by the Major at the outset of the first Excursion. A youngster, who had not the fear of his elders before his eyes, and was determined not to run his head into the lion's mouth without giving fair warning, questioned in very decided terms the ability of a mere agent of a railroad to carry out the programme which had been placed in his hands. He wanted to know what guarantee there was for his security. He was reassured by the testimony of his brother Editors, who had known Hotchkiss from infancy, and the Major then called out in a stentorian voice, "Follow your leader, and fear no danger, until I get you into some, then 'drop me as you would a hot-potato,' and all of you write; but I cannot afford to have sixty-one Editors after me with sharpened pens."—ED.

wilderness into the promised land. Noble Col. Hotchkiss—never so happy as when surrounded by and making happy his friends. A Northerner by birth—a Southerner by adoption—a Cosmopolitan by nature and impulse, whom Webster defines as no where a stranger, having a home in every place—and I may add in every generous heart that knows him—how much is our country indebted to him for measures and means of conciliating and healing sectional animosities growing out of the regretful past. For has he not grasped and united in action upon a common fulcrum of peace and good will, the great levers which move the world!

Finally, my brethren, let us be true to ourselves individually, to each other and to our noble calling. Let us more strongly realize the grave responsibilities resting upon us as moulders of public sentiment. Nor king nor potentate, nor priest nor counsellor of State, exercises a mightier power in shaping the destinies of a nation, than we who control the public Press. Let it be our steadfast aim to lead mankind into the way of peace, honor, intelligence, prosperity and happiness; so that, when night shall be closing in upon our earthly existence, with the consciousness of good accomplished far counterbalancing even the evil we may unwittingly have done, each of us can

“ Wrap the drapery of his couch about him,  
And lie down to pleasant dreams.”

At the conclusion of Mr. Parker's address, the Watertown Glee Club sang the following words composed for the occasion, all present joining in the chorus:

### The North to the South.

Song of greeting to the Editors of the South, at the Annual Meeting of the New York State Editorial Association, held in Watertown, June 25, 1872. By ARTHUR DYER, of New York:

[AIR:—*Auld Lang Syne.*]

With muffled roar the white waves fall  
On miles of yellow sand,  
And gently do the sweet winds blow  
Across the flowery land,  
Where, blessed by mild and mellow moons,  
'Neath softest azure skies,  
And wooed by fervid, sultry noons,  
The lovely South-land lies.

*Chorus*—The lovely South-land lies,  
The lovely South-land lies,  
And wooed by fervid, sultry noons,  
The lovely South-land lies.

If colder is our Northern clime,  
Our hearts are warm and true:  
Since we are Brethren of the Quill,  
What matters gray or blue?  
So, drifted past the storm of war  
To isles of peaceful calm,  
The lakes give greeting to the sea,  
The pine unto the palm.

*Chorus*—The pine unto the palm,  
The pine unto the palm,  
The lakes give greeting to the sea,  
The pine unto the palm.

Though States may sever, parties strive,  
And wide our difference be,  
Yet in the kingdom of the mind  
Opinions must be free;

And therefore, while the world goes round,  
 In every season's stress,  
 We'll cherish always, firm and strong,  
 The union of the Press.

*Chorus*—The union of the Press,  
 The union of the Press,  
 We'll cherish always, firm and strong,  
 The union of the Press.

The President of the Convention, Mr. Hall, (who is a citizen of Watertown,) gave a grand reception at his residence on the evening of the 27th, and the next day, taking the Utica and Black River Road, the whole Editorial confraternity proceeded to Cape St. Vincent at the foot of Lake Ontario, and from thence embarked in the steamer Watertown for an excursion down the St. Lawrence river to the Thousand Islands. About twenty-five miles below Lake Ontario the St. Lawrence widens until it separates the New York from the Canadian shore by six or eight miles; yet notwithstanding this, the river for the distance of the next ensuing twenty-five miles, is so filled with diminutive islands that the little steamer that bore us had now and then barely room to pass between them. They are generally rock-ribbed to the last degree—so that one wonders to see even the stunted trees that grow upon them and puzzles his brain to guess where they find sustenance on such sterile soil. Once, on the downward trip, while passing between two of these stony little dots on the surface of the river, our boat struck almost full upon a rock shooting up from the bed of the stream. For an instant alarm was the prevalent feeling, and screams from the ladies almost the only sound to be heard, but it so happened that, as we were progressing very slowly and circumspectly, no damage was done. One of these little islands is owned by Mr. Pullman, of Palace Car notoriety, and on that one we stopped long enough to enjoy a bountiful dinner, and listen to quite a number of very eloquent and *apropos* speeches. Hon. Norris Winslow, of Watertown, the "Senator from Jefferson," in the New York Legislature, was our host on this occasion, and I am informed that the whole of the expenses of the excursion, including the chartering of the cars and the boat, were paid by the same generous-hearted gentleman.

The trip down the river was made on the Canada side. Returning we took the American side, halting for a few moments at the village of Clayton, upon invitation of the proprietors of the Hubbard and Wilton Hotels. The hospitalities of these houses were freely extended to the party. At 8½ P. M. the "Watertown" landed her "press-gang" at Cape Vincent. They immediately took possession of the cars and enjoyed a pleasant trip to Watertown.

While sailing so gloriously along, it was thought good by the Southern and Northern Editors who were made happy last year when the latter met their Southern brethren at their own homes, to organize a meeting of such as composed their party and "talk the matter over." The meeting was held in the cabin of the steamer, and the following full report is given us through the courtesy of Major Hotchkiss and that gentlemanly reporter, Mr. J. F. Shuey, of the *Washington Globe*:

A re-union meeting of the Northern Editorial Excursion party South last year and the Southern party North at this time, was held on board the steamer Watertown while on its trip to Pullman Island yesterday. C. B. Thompson, of the Leroy (N. Y.) *Gazette*, Secretary. The roll of the excursion party of last year was called and eighteen members responded to their names. The entire Southern party, numbering thirty-eight members, was ascertained to be present. After the formal business of the meeting, gentlemen representing either excursion party were called upon and responded in an appropriate manner. The following is a photographic report of the speeches on the occasion:

A. A. Hopkins, of the *Rural Home*, Rochester, said :

*Mr. President, Gentlemen of the North and of the South*.:—I shall say but a few words, and these come from the heart. I am especially glad to meet those of our Southern brethren whom we met last year. The eighteen or twenty of us present who went South can testify to the warm-hearted hospitality of our Southern brethren, can testify to the noble heartedness of our leader, (Major Hotchkiss,) and can testify to the fact that our whole journey was an ovation from beginning to end. (Cheers.)

I have been very glad indeed to see this interchange of communication. I felt when we went away from the North last year that we started for recreation, but after a little time recreation became a solemn responsibility, an interchange of sentiment that must result in good or bad, and that in a wide degree. I felt when I heard that you of the South were coming North that you too were starting upon an important mission; not merely a mission of pleasure, though first that might be your object. I felt that you would feel as we felt, that that mission was resolving itself into almost a solemn calling; that you should come North and grasp hands with us; that you should learn somewhat of us at home as we learned much of you at your homes, and that by so learning of each other there would come a mutual degree of understanding never before enjoyed. That we have done some little to make your excursion a pleasure has been not less a pleasure to ourselves.

I will only add that in the future we shall feel a kinder feeling toward the South because we went there, because we were there received as gentlemen, as brothers, (cheers,) and I know that all of us will feel that in this fraternal meeting we have come together as brothers anew; that we have met the open hand at the South, and that the open hand has given us a heart to clasp. (Loud cheers.)

W. H. H. Lynn, of the Staunton (Va.) *Vindicator*, President of the Southern Editorial party, said :

*Gentlemen of the Editorial Profession of the North*—who were with us last year, we are glad to meet you again and on your native heath. We are glad to meet you as you met us, rejoicing that we are brethren indeed. (Cheers.) We, too, will have the same tale to tell when we return to our own homes of an ovation from the time that we met you in the borders of your State to the present moment. We will tell them that your hands clasped ours and your hearts responded with a feeling only commensurate with our own.

I would be glad indeed if I could say anything on this occasion that would add to the pleasure of this most happy reunion. I would be glad if I could tell you in language what we all feel, but there are those around me who are more accustomed and better adapted to speaking than I, and I therefore call upon Mr. Berkeley, of Virginia, to respond to the eloquent address of our friend from Rochester, who has just taken his seat.

Robert B. Berkeley, of the Richmond (Va.) *Whig*, said :

*Mr. President and Gentlemen*.:—When we left home, we elected the gentleman who has just called my name, to give us orders, but I think he has made a mistake in calling upon me to respond at this re-union. It was not my privilege last year to grasp the hands of my Northern brethren, but it is a sincere pleasure that I feel now to see you, know you, and call you my countrymen. (Cheers.) We cannot add to what we have already said of the kindness with which we have been received in this great Empire State of our country. From the time we touched at Elmira to this very moment, we have been received, not only on the public thoroughfares, not only in your great cities, but in the private circle. We have come and we have learned of this people, and we are going back home to tell our own people a tale new to them and full of interest, since it carries a promise of the great future before us. (Cheers.) We come from a land not favored like yours. There are scars still existing there. There is much to be done before we can compete with you, but we believe we are learning lessons as we go through your country,

which learned in earnest, and practiced at home will yet bring Virginia alongside with New York in the great and grand march of progress in which she is now engaged. (Cheers.)

We believe, gentlemen of the press, that this meeting together of those who control and direct public sentiment will have more to do to bring about that happy time we all so much desire, than any one thing. There are more people reading the newspapers in these days than ever before. A class down South have recently learned to read, and eagerly catch up the daily papers and ponder over them, and they will take new heart when we tell them that the people of the North bear no enmity toward them. (Cheers.) I believe, under God, that these two sections are already united. Nothing remains but that we should know each other better, love each other more, and therefore together make this country what it should be, and what it will be (Cheers.) I tell you, as I believe, that, strange as it may seem, those who were but yesterday engaged in bearing another banner, are now ready to lift this proud old flag floating over this vessel. It may seem strange, but it is yet true, and it is not so strange. You cannot blame the people down there for doing as they did. We yield to our surroundings in this world. We give way to the influences brought immediately to bear upon us. You cannot accuse them of inconsistency now, when they come back in earnest honesty, as we believe, to make this Government, not two, but one grand and inseparable Union.

S. H. Parker, of the *Geneva Courier*, said:

*Mr. President and Gentlemen:*—Having addressed this entire party yesterday, I did not suppose I should be called upon to add anything further. But I arise to add this much—to bring to your mind a sentiment that has been too much lost sight of, in connection with our visit to the South only a year ago, and with the visit of our friends of the South to us on this occasion. There is one proverb that I feel ought to be expunged, and as an old Jackson democrat I am for expunging it. It is this: that corporations have no souls. Is that a fact? We could not have enjoyed the hospitality of the South last year except through the influence of Major Hotchkiss, and through the favors granted, at his request, by one of the greatest thoroughfares in the United States. I refer to the management of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company. (Cheers.) That is one proof that the proverb ought to be expunged. We would not have enjoyed in the State of New York a re-union of the Editorial fraternity but for the courtesy and hospitality of the railroad companies. The New York Central has always thrown open its cars to us. The Palace Company always extended the same courtesy and hospitality. All who are in favor of expunging the proverb will say "aye." ("Aye!") It is no more a proverb.—(Laughter.)

Mr. Hopkins.—On a beautiful May evening, a little more than a year ago, sixty of us were gathered in the cabin of a fine steamer on the Chesapeake bay, and there we were met by a warm-hearted man whose eloquence for the time thrilled us to very tears; and I but speak the sentiment of the whole sixty, I am sure, when I say that we were touched deeply and earnestly touched by the noble speech of our noble leader, and with that speech ringing in my ears I propose three cheers for Major Hotchkiss.

Major N. H. Hotchkiss, agent of the Chesapeake and Ohio and York River Railroad Companies, the leader of the Southern party, arose, amidst enthusiastic cheering, and said:

*Gentlemen of the Editorial Excursion who were with me South last year, and Gentlemen of the Editorial Excursion now with me from the South:*

Glad am I to meet you here. As our friend from Rochester has said, the first speech that I ever made in my life I made on board the steamer State of Virginia, on the beautiful Chesapeake bay; and I must say that never before did I feel as I felt then. And to-day my heart is too full to utter my feelings and sentiments.

Gentlemen, when I sought to bring the people of the North and the South together, I felt as a Northern man by birth, I knew the Northern people well, and as a Southern man by adoption I knew the Southern people well. I knew that all that was necessary to make them friends was to have them meet, mingle together, and become better acquainted. Upon that I acted. (Loud applause.)

When I had made the speech which was referred to, I had been traveling from Monday evening at 10 o'clock until Tuesday night at 11 o'clock, and during that time I had not slept one wink. I then said it was the happiest hour of my life, and it was. (Cheers.) It was the happiest hour of my life, because I had there this party of sixty Editors from New York and Pennsylvania, on their way down South to meet a people as noble as God ever made. (Cheers.)

Here to-day in this beautiful steamer on this lovely river, with you all around me in this cabin, I say that my heart is too warm for utterance. All I can say is, may God help us all to clasp hands. Never again may we feel otherwise than that, to every body we meet North or South, hands can be extended to each other forever. (Cheers.) United we stand, divided we fall. Let us always be united. (Cheers.) I thank you, gentlemen, and may others who are more capable rise up to bring more Northern men and Southern men together. (Applause.)

Mr. Hotchkiss subsequently said: I wish to add one word. It has only been through the courtesy of the Richmond and York River and Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Companies that I have been able to accomplish what I have for the benefit of my Southern friends and Northern friends. They alone deserve the credit. They employ me and pay me for my services, and I wish them to receive at all times and under all circumstances the credit of it wherever my name is mentioned.

B. H. Randolph, of the Wyoming County *Democrat*, said :

*Mr. Chairman* :—I do not know that I can add to what has been said by those who have preceded me. I started upon the excursion to the South last year with expectations which were fulfilled—more than fulfilled. When we left the Chesapeake and reached Richmond we began to feel that the Southern people were friendly in their feelings towards the North. Our minds had been worked up on questions of the day, and we did not know whether we should experience a friendly greeting or not, but we found them ready to take us by the hand. When we reached the city of Staunton we were met by the President of the Southern Association (Mr. Lynn,) and shown the friendship and hospitality of the people of the South towards the people of the North. We met the ladies of the South in the institutions of learning in that city—ladies from all portions of the South, and they welcomed us warmly. We went to the White Sulphur Springs, and it was an ovation there. At Greensboro' it was an ovation, and so all the way through we were met by the utmost kindness from the people of the South. We finally found the last of those fearful Ku-Klux. We were taken out early in the morning at the White Sulphur Springs by Major Luck, the Grand Cyclops, and I believe my friend Parker was one of those who drank the blood from the last Ku-Klux—through a straw. (Laughter.) We returned North with a new sense of responsibility towards the people of the South, with new feelings regarding their kindness and with the belief that they were firm in their desire to unite North and South in one common and fraternal brotherhood. (Cheers.)

J. M. Keating, of the Memphis (Tenn.) *Appeal*, said :

*Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen* :—I did not have the honor of meeting the gentlemen from the North on their excursion to the South last year, nor was it the pleasure of the people of Tennessee to entertain them. But it affords me great pleasure to meet my brethren of the North who confront the men of New Jersey, and control and direct the

sentiment of the Empire State. We have made a great march in the South towards improvement. Our people are industrious and have been a hardworking and energetic people. The energy which characterized them during the war has found its very best results within the seven years which has elapsed since 1865. It affords me pleasure to assure you that they give to the country the very best evidence of their desire for a reunion in the industries in which they are engaged. We welcome all, come from where they may, with open arms and with hearts ready to respond to every word, sentiment and feeling that gives expression to a common desire. It is no mere lip service, no mere holiday talk when we stand before you and assure you that we mean re-union and that we speak for a re-union. The territory of the South covers a very extended portion of the United States. In diversity of soil and climate, it has no parallel anywhere on earth. We want population, and we invite the people of the North to come there with their capital. They can find the best locations for farms, and in our towns and cities they will find the very best employment for capital.

Gentlemen, I thank you heartily for the reception you have given us on this occasion, and I trust on a future day I will have the pleasure of meeting you on the banks of the Mississippi.

A. B. Venable, of the *New Commonwealth*, Farmville. Va., said :

*Mr. President and Gentlemen* :—I must confess that my heart has been deeply touched by the many kindnesses and hospitalities extended to myself and party, since we first placed foot upon the soil of your grand old Commonwealth. I have had the pleasure of viewing your beautiful country, its grand and unequaled scenery, its magnificent lakes spreading themselves out beneath a pure and beautiful sky, its magnificent hills and mountains reflected in those lakes, your splendid works of internal improvement, your great railroads, your Erie Canal, your wealthy cities, almost reaching out their arms to each other, along those magnificent highways. I have had the pleasure of seeing all these things, and it has made me proud of my country. (Cheers.) Yours is a magnificent heritage. It is such a heritage as is well worthy, and only worthy of the noble race of brave men and fair women who inherit it. But, gentlemen, while my feelings and views have been liberalized and broadened by the great things I have seen amongst you, I claim to come from a section as proud as any that ever the sun of heaven shone upon, the grand old Southern land, the land of memories and of glorious tradition. My friends you should be proud of the South. I was a rebel. Four long, weary, sad years I followed the banners of Robert E. Lee, and whatever the sins, the misfortunes and misunderstandings of that time, we proved one thing, and that was that the men of the North and South were *men*. (Cheers.)

A. O. Bunnell, of the *Dansville Advertiser*, said :

*Gentlemen of the North and of the South* :—I wish I could express my feelings on this occasion. I regret that I cannot. I think not a single member of the party who went South last spring but could wish that he had a thousand tongues to sing praises to the Southern entertainment. Their hospitalities tax even the resources of the Empire State to equal them, and those hospitalities were but the outward expression of a kindly feeling, of a deeper sentiment, a sentiment which is a joy to every lover of his country. Gentlemen, we of the Press, North and South, have but to clasp hands and the national millennium is near at hand (cheers), when, in a sectional sense, there shall be no North nor South, no East nor West, and when the interests of one section of the country will be regarded as the interests of all. I have only to add, may God speed that time. (Loud applause.)

C. E. Chichester, of the Charleston (S. C.) *Courier*, said :

*Mr. Chairman*—Gentlemen of the Watertown Press, my companions and friends from the South, and ladies of the State of New York:—It is to me a great pleasure to be permitted to stand here surrounded by so many friends, and as a representative of the State you sang about yesterday—the pine shall grasp hands with the palm. We are proud of our little State, and we have a little State to be proud of. I regret it was not my privilege to meet you when you were South, and for the Press of South Carolina to grasp hands with the Press of the North. We would have welcomed you there. I trust the day is not far distant when every one here present, and many more, will come among us and see us.

If we of the Press but do our duty faithfully and fearlessly, we can control the destinies of this nation, and make it what it ought to be and what it is, the greatest nation in the world. The *leader* of the paper to-day which is read by 10,000 people, expresses the feelings of 10,000 people. With this in view ought we not to be careful, prayerful and watchful about what we place in our columns? There is too much tendency to say things that are calculated to irritate and offend those of a different section, though it may not be done wilfully. An item of three lines may stir up the blood of thousands in another section. Let us resolve, as controllers of the Press of the North and South, that we will keep our columns clear of any expression that will hurt the feelings of a solitary citizen of these United States. (Cheers.) I doubt not that you have often picked up a paper from our section that has made you feel bitterly. I have picked up many that came from yours that has made my blood boil. Now, sir, this must not and should not be. How avoid it? By guarding those columns as closely as we would guard our own family fireside, and let nothing come in that would hurt your feelings or mine. (Applause.)

The members of the meeting, with joined hands, sang "Auld Lang Syne," after which the party withdrew from the cabin to enjoy the scenery of the St. Lawrence, conscious of having added a new link to the ties which already bound them.

The deck of our sprightly little craft at all times presented a lively appearance. Where there are music and lively feet which are prone to keep time to music's chimes there must be dancing. Of course there must. And there was. The infant class was first called on, Foster at the head, whose avoirdupois is two hundred and ninety in his stockings. This "very wicked" but still very enjoyable state of things was kept up at intervals with "increasing symptoms" most of the day.

Before our downward journey came to an end people looked at their watches, and Bunnell got some crackers. There were many stomachs dressed in mourning for lost breakfasts, and at one o'clock we were promised a taste of the coming dinner. It was only half an hour later when the whistle blew, the band blew, and Pullman Island appeared in sight, just as we had passed Alexandria. Landing was hastily made, and the attack upon the natives began. They surrendered amid cheers, and pointed the way to three hundred feet of loaded tables on the hillside, which were at once surrounded and "captured." This was the place we long had sought and mourned because we found it not. (Appropriate, if not original.) How this abundant collation was enjoyed none can tell better than those who shared it. Muscalonge had especially delivered themselves up for sacrifice on this occasion, and pike and bass had asked to contribute their bones to be picked. Chickens had marched gladly to the guillotine, and lay greeting us with open breasts. All the luxuries of the season made the tables good to look at, and an abundance of flowers made them attractive. And the scene at dinner there presented on that charming hillside close by the water will never be forgotten by the eyes which feasted upon it. Everything here, dinner and all, had been provided by Hon. Senator Winslow, of this

city, and superintended by Messrs. Crossman & Son, of Alexandria. They did their work well, and won honor. So did the citizens of Alexandria, who assisted, with one accord, to make the entertainment what it was. Among the number we saw the faces of Cornwall, and Walton, and Thompson, and all seemed happy. Like all good things the dinner couldn't last always. "The cruel war was over," at last, and President Hall warned the party to be ready to return at half-past three.

Then Mr. A. A. Hopkins, of Rochester, arose and spoke of the magnificent ride, and the munificent dinner, and of him who had contributed this share of the entertainment, closing with a complimentary toast to Hon. Norris Winslow, which was received with cheers.

Mr. Winslow thanked the audience for the compliment, and called upon Hon. Lysander H. Brown.

Mr. Brown spoke of the growing sentiment of Union existing between the North and South, and trusted it would never be otherwise hereafter. He also alluded to the union of all nations in harmony and peace—of the trip down the river under British and American flags as a glad sign that the lion and eagle would hereafter keep at peace.

Mr. Smythe, of Owego, followed with complimentary allusions to Mr. Winslow for his liberality and kindness of heart, and expressed his thanks for his share of abundant enjoyment.

Mr. E. J. Clark, of Watertown, then gave a sentiment to George M. Pullman, Esq., the "great sleeping car man," the owner of the island, and whose liberality allowed its occupation. The assemblage cheered heartily.

Mr. Lynn, of Virginia, President of the Southern party, called out R. W. Hunter, of the Winchester (Va.) *Times*. He said he had not tongues enough to express the delight and satisfaction that he felt on the occasion, he hoped this gathering was a promise of continued peace, and thought the country could be better ruled by the pen than by the sword.

Mr. James F. Starbuck was next introduced, and expressed his pleasure at being permitted to look upon this "union of the press." He hoped it meant union forever, and with it liberty, "one and inseparable."

Major Hotchkiss appeared next, amid cheers, and said he was willing to work but couldn't make speeches. But he CAN talk and did. His cup of enjoyment was running over, too.

Mr. E. J. Clark next proposed a sentiment which was heartily endorsed, complimenting the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad for all their favors, for special trains, and special accommodations in every way. Their route furnished the world the best facilities for reaching this most charming spot.

Mr. McArthur, of the *Troy Budget*, was called out and made a stirring speech. He referred to the long struggle between the North and South, and trusted it would be the province of the press to preserve the peace so dearly bought. He claimed to be an old Watertown boy, who brought his budget to this city thirty-three years ago, and he alluded to the changes that had been made since that time, predicting still greater prosperity in the future. He closed with a sentiment to the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad for its liberality.

Mr. A. O. Bunnell, Secretary, arose to correct a statement in his report as to low water in the St. Lawrence. Although such a condition was true awhile ago, it has now been removed and no danger is apprehended of low water for the remainder of the season.

Mr. B. F. Judson, of Saratoga, an Ex-President of the Association, arose to compliment the management of the present year's programme, and to give voice to his satisfaction at the enjoyment it had afforded, and was still likely to afford.

President Hall responded briefly, attributing its success thus far to the cordial aid of the citizens of Watertown, to whom all praise belongs.

At half-past three the rowing parties in the river were called in and a start made on the return. As the "Watertown" moved away from the island, the band played Dixie and Yankee Doodle, and the heartiest cheers were exchanged between the Editors and their friends on the island. We had "one passenger on board who was left behind." Picking him up we moved on Clayton, reaching that place at half-past five o'clock.

This call was made in acceptance of the following telegram, received by President Hall on the island, as follows:

"Please extend to the party the hospitality of the Hubbard and Walton Hotels during their stay here.

HUBBARD,  
JOHNSON."

Our readers must understand that those hospitalities were enjoyed to the utmost. The dock was crowded with villagers and the party invested the town. At both hotels—admirable they both are—elegant tables were spread with fine cigars and the best of liquors. Those who cared to, partook of this repast, and although one Editor made a misprint and "inserted" something else when he wanted wine, there was not a member of the whole party but could prove "proof" against any excess. There was nothing of the kind, and in this respect again, it was the most orderly excursion ever witnessed.

A half-hour sojourn was given Clayton, and we again moved toward home with cheers for both the hotels, which were loudly echoed, and one gallant fellow on shore proposed three more cheers for the ladies on the excursion, which made the region ring.

Then followed music, dancing and singing and social sports all the way to Cape Vincent. Parker, of Geneva, gathered a choir, and the song "The North and the South" was rendered to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," after the introduction of Mr. Dyer, its young author, so well that the waters almost cheered, and the moss-covered rocks and shores gave back their echoes. A "repeat" was called for and the last verse—the "Union of the Press"—was sung with all hands joined. It was touching and expressive. Following this came "America" and "Dixie" and all the old songs that could be suggested, in which mirth and jollity held full sway. "Home, Sweet Home" finished the concert by band and people. A hasty quadrille followed, and sundry fun was had by the dancers with Hall and Bunnell, that we went put on the bills.

At 8½ P. M. the "Watertown" landed her choice burden at the Cape Vincent wharf—the return train stood in waiting and an hour's ride brought the happiest excursion party that ever left our city back again happier than ever, in good time and in most satisfactory spirits.

If we could say anything better for that Davis Sewing Machine Band than we have already tried to say, it would be that this memorable excursion would not have been perfect without it. Its good appearance, the gentlemanly conduct of its members, and their charming music were topics of praise among our guests, and reasons for pride among our own people.

Our stranger friends express themselves delighted with the journey, and are earnest in their praises of our grand old St. Lawrence. The excursion has added much to the success of the Convention, and is unanimously declared the grandest of them all thus far in the career of the Association.

### INCIDENTS.

Moak and Dawson went fishing. The fish were lucky, and "not at home." Mr. Dawson's speech at the dinner was omitted from the above. We now give it entire: "Please give me a few more of those strawberries."

Lynn couldn't keep his cigar lighted and make himself agreeable to the ladies at the same time. He let his cigar go out and went in on his captivate.

Merriam (M. C.) assumed the role of a newspaper man, and looked after "items." He was introduced to one.

The scarcity of young ladies was keenly felt by such of the younger Editors as had neither wives nor sweethearts. In one double seat we saw three youths paying their devotions to one *Fair child* while two or three disconsolate ones were sullenly watching the scene from another portion of the car. Those who seek further information on this point must apply to Rogers, of the *Rural Messenger*, Petersburg, Va., or Foster, of the *Charlottesville Chronicle*.

The next evening the citizens of Watertown gave the Editors generally, Southern as well as Northern, a grand reception at the Skating Rink—the most brilliant affair of the kind that it was ever our good fortune to attend. Of the Central figure of the Rink—the grand Floral Pagoda—Frank Leslie's artist has drawn a very happy sketch, published in the "*Illustrated Newspaper*" of July 13th. The artist however fails to do justice to his theme. The scene was much more brilliant and impressive than he makes it, more so, indeed than can be portrayed with either pen or pencil. But that your readers may be enabled to form some idea of the general appearance of the Rink I enclose the following description from the Watertown papers:

The walk from Winslow street to the Rink was surmounted with a large number of Chinese lanterns, which gave a pleasing effect to the entrance where, in large letters the word "Welcome" was placed. Passing through the lobby into the main body of the Rink the eye was at once dazzled by the brilliancy of the decorations, and the thought "what mortal man has wrought this magic" at once sprang to the mind.

Our representative on entering had his attention directed to the south end of the building upon which are placed in bold characters the following legends: "The North to the South," and "Welcome to the Press." Beneath these are placed in artistic grouping various flags, banners and devices. At the opposite end these mottoes greet the eye: "Watertown greets the Editors," and directly under it "Banish dull care." Hanging in graceful festoons across and around the whole structure are not less than three thousand feet of garland prepared by nimble fingers, within the short space of a week's time. Properly arranged around the room is Dr. Trowbridge's admirable collection of mineral and animal curiosities. At short intervals around the outer edge of the Rink are erected beautiful floral arches. Within the building, too, are thirty-six vases, all trimmed by the young ladies who have assisted in the decorations.

At either end is a fountain, designed by Mr. Andy Upham, in which are fishes, shells, minerals and flowers, with brilliant lights underneath. The basins are filled with trout, the speckled beauties disporting themselves in the clear crystal water.

In the centre of the room is a graceful Pagoda, in which are circled wreaths of flowers, and within which are fifty colored lights, like glow-worms among the verdure. In the dome of the Pagoda are also clusters of lights, and around the base of the urns are circles of glow-lights. Tropical plants, with foliage of different hues, ornament the turf, which is decked with numerous dolphins, Highland statuary, and vases of flowers. There is also a tiny lakelet in the centre with a clear, pebbly bottom, the rocky sides of which are formed of gorgeous minerals. There is also an elegant orchestra stand designed by Safford Fiske, which is an object of much interest to the visitor.

In the centre of the Floral Pagoda stood a mammoth boquet about six feet high and composed of almost every imaginable variety of flower. Around the base of the boquet was an admirable collection of green-house plants, besides the stuffed birds, &c., before mentioned. In the very heart of all the floral beauties, almost hidden by the leaves and flowers but beautiful beyond compare, were the colored lights before referred to. All this

decoration was done under the supervision of Mrs. Woolley, of Watertown, who gave it her unremitting attention for more than three weeks. The decoration of this Rink alone cost the good people of Watertown between \$3,000 and \$4,000.

At the close of the first part of the programme of dances, gold headed canes were presented to the retiring officers of the New York Editorial Association by its members, and a number of speeches made by both Northern and Southern gentlemen, after which came the refreshment hour, and while the "sober-sided" were enjoying the viands, the band played, and the light fantastic toes of a thousand fair feet tripped merrily to the inspiring strains. The stately quadrille and the glorious waltz claimed undivided attention from this time until the short hours came and the throng dispersed.

The entertainment at the Rink, which was participated in by one hundred and five New York and seventy-eight Southern Editors, was the last link in the chain of pleasures that the people of Watertown wove around us during our stay in their lovely little city. Our next point, according to the programme that Major Hotchkiss had arranged, was the town of Binghampton, near the line of Pennsylvania, but having received an invitation from Mr. Gilmore to visit the Grand Jubilee at Boston, arrangements were made with the people of Binghampton looking to a postponement of the programme as to that place and with the Boston and Albany Road for a free pass (which by the way was readily granted) after which in company with fifteen or twenty of the New York Editors, we resolved to go.

On Friday morning we bade adieu to Watertown, and in company with some of the New York Editors we started for the "Hub of the Universe."

Our route was over some of the richest and most interesting portions of New York State. We passed through the famous dairy regions of that State, and down the rich and beautiful Valley of the Mohawk. This trip being outside of our regular programme, was necessarily hurried, and we passed into the State of Massachusetts at night-fall, and had but little opportunity to see much of the country.

There was no incident worthy of note, except the holy horror of the party for a certain law, of which we had notice, which prohibited the sale of anything that might interfere with the "steady habits" of a sober people. This cast a damper, and created an universal dryness in the party. Scouts would be sent out at each station to spy the land, but time after time they came back and reported the "fountain dry," till at last some fellow in desperation thought he would try a glass of "soda." He was asked what syrup he would have? In Yankee style he answered the question by asking another, "what kinds have you?" To his great relief, the answer was, "Cognac," "Bourbon," "Old Rye," "Rum," &c. He immediately took "syrup" in his, and everybody with one accord took to "soda water."

## BOSTON.

It was eleven o'clock on the night of the 29th of June when we reached Boston, tired and sleepy from the three hundred and eighty-six miles of travel that we had accomplished during the day. As soon as possible, therefore, we retired to rest, from which we arose at eight the next morning to roam about the city and see the sights before the opening of the Jubilee, at three o'clock in the afternoon. Separating from the rest of the party I went with Capt. Winchell, of the Wappinger's *Chronicle*, New York, to the Custom House, Commercial Block and the scene of the celebrated "tea party" which inaugurated the unpleasantness with the mother country ninety-nine years ago. Returning at eleven A. M. we met the rest of our party at old Faneuil Hall, known in the school books of this day and generation as the "Cradle of Liberty" although in point of fact Liberty was some thirty-one years old before the "cradle" as it now exists was built.

One would very naturally infer that so old an infant could need no rocking, but the Hall, as its now exists is an enlargement of the original building—that is to say a new building, in which just enough of the original structure was left to call it “enlargement.” The original building proper was erected in 1742. In 1761 it was destroyed by fire, but the town voted to rebuild it immediately, which was done, and the new building became in 1773 (December 16) the “Cradle of Liberty.” Here we saw Stuart’s celebrated likeness of Washington, Sargent’s painting of Peter Faneuil, Healey’s painting of Webster replying to Hayne, portraits of Samuel Adams, John Quincy Adams, Gen. Joseph Warren, Commodore Preble, Edward Everett, Abraham Lincoln, Gov. Andrew and several prominent men in the history of Massachusetts. Apart from its historical associations these are the only objects of interest about the quaint old building.

From Faneuil Hall we proceed by street railway to the Bunker Hill Monument in the city of Charlestown. Here, as in Rochester, space has been so rigidly economized that we cross Charles river without even suspecting the presence of a stream beneath our feet. Arrived at the foot of the Monument we observe a slight elevation extending along the surface of the green lawn to our right which a sunken stone in the pavement informs us is the remains of the breast-works thrown up by the colonists on the night preceding the battle commemorated by the huge granite shaft which towers so far heavenwards on our left. Here also we suddenly remember that Bunker Hill was not the actual scene of the conflict between the British and Continental forces, but that Breed’s Hill was. But the orders of the commanding General designated Bunker Hill, and although an error was committed in their execution by which Bunker Hill was left untouched, the Battle was always called by that name and the Monument of which I now write stands on the spot where General Warren is supposed to have fallen. A small valley separates this Hill from the Simon Pure Bunker Hill, and looking over in that direction we find it covered with houses—the city having extended to, and swallowed it up. After depositing the usual fee with the janitor of the Monument, we register our names and begin the toilsome ascent. From the pavement below to the summit of the shaft is 228 feet, but the man—especially the portly man—who threads the weary round of 298 stone steps that lead “from foundation to turret” will conclude ere his journey is done that it is nearer 600. But the air in the shaft is always of the same temperature and always cool and bracing. This little circumstance tends greatly to the relief of the tourist, especially in the June and July seasons when the mercury indicates 95 in the shade. From the top of the Monument all Boston is visible, together with its suburban towns, navy-yards and fortifications. We will not look towards Fort Warren because there are some ugly reminiscences connected with that water-girt stronghold and “the place whereon we now stand is holy ground”—sanctified by all the odors and breezes of immaculate loyalty as exemplified by the leading spirits in the Hartford Convention.

But if ascending the Monument was a task, descending proved to be a burthen. It is down, down, down, step after step, bringing ever into play those muscles of the leg that are so seldom used as to be almost valueless for anything like continued effort, until when you reach the bottom you feel about as limp and as limber as a wet rag. But being safely down you thank heaven you did not fall and break your neck.

From the Monument we returned on foot to the headquarters of the Middlesex Horse Railway Company where Mr. John H. Studley, the genial superintendent, bids a kindly welcome, treats us to iced switchel and gives the whole party the free use of his cars to go, like the wind, withersoever they listed. “Switchel” was the beverage which inspired (?) the Continental soldiery during the hot work on Breed’s Hill ninety-six years ago, and consists of a due admixture of molasses and water, slightly acidulated and flavored with the extract of ginger—a sort of beer, in short, which supplies the place of stronger liquors, now that all Boston is under the operation of the prohibitory law.

From this place we rode to the Boston Common, but as it was now rather past the hour at which the Concert in Music Hall was to have begun, our kind chaperone, Mr. Johnston, of the Globe Job Press manufactory, hurried thither to know if we could get a view of the mammoth organ—the pride and the boast of Boston. In a few moments he returned, bearing the compliments of the management of Music Hall, and a polite invitation to the entire party to enter and hear the rest of the Concert. As a matter of course we accepted the invitation, and as a matter of consequence, had the pleasure of hearing the conclusion of the two hundred and thirty-third concert (organ recital) of the New England Conservatory of Music. The only pieces we heard, however, were an adagio from Sonata in D. minor and the Overture to Tannhauser. After the regular concert was ended, the musical director caused the Overture in William Tell to be commenced for our special benefit, but the engineer having had no notification of the honor that was intended us, suffered his steam to go down after the “Overture” was recited, and there was not enough power left to supply the wind necessary to do that splendid composition justice, or to bring out the full tones of the instrument; wherefore the experiment was abandoned and we allowed to feast our curious eyes on the wonderful “Grandfather of all the organs on the continent.” But just between us and the organ stands Crawford’s admirable bronze statue of Beethoven, which would be more admired perhaps if it did not interfere with our examination of the still more admirable instrument that overshadows it. Passing it by, therefore, we enter at once the grand arcana and learn all that we can of the chief attraction of the Hall. This organ was contracted for in 1856 with Herr E. Fr. Walcker, of Ludwigsburg in Wurtemberg, and was set up and formally inaugurated seven years afterwards in the presence of an immense and thoroughly enthused audience. It contains five thousand four hundred and seventy-four pipes of which six hundred and ninety are in the pedal organ. It has also eighty-four complete registers. Its architecture is very rich and appropriate, but a close inspection is necessary to the revelation of all its various and varied beauties. It has a series of polished brass pipes, shaped like the orchestral trumpet and made to imitate the sound of that instrument, as also a multitude of polished ebony and rosewood flutes turned and fashioned as other flutes are and fitted with *embouchures* of polished brass on which the soft tones of that delightful instrument are perfectly reproduced. It stands sixty feet in height, is adorned with busts of such musical celebrities as Haydn, Handel, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Beethoven and others, carved in the polished wood work, is driven by a steam engine of six-horse power and cost something upwards of \$60,000. In the largest of its pipes a large man could easily secrete himself while in the smallest he could scarcely intrude his little finger. Altogether it is a wonderful instrument and Boston has a just right to be proud of it, for I doubt if it has its counterpart on the face of the great globe.

Having now seen the great organ and listened to its wondrous tones, let us proceed via the Common and the Public Gardens to the far-famed Coliseum. This immense building, erected with special reference to the occasion of the World’s Peace Jubilee by Mr. Gilmore, whose efforts in that and other directions are beyond all praise, is situated on a piece of reclaimed or made land in the angle formed by the crossing of the Boston and Albany and the Boston and Providence Railroads about two hundred yards from the site of the Coliseum of 1869. It covers *more than five acres of land* and cost about \$300,000. The depth of the part set aside for the Orchestra and Chorus, to say nothing of that reserved for the audience, is 233 feet. The auditorium, or that part corresponding to the parquette of a theatre, is 312 feet deep. Its width is 357 feet, as is also the width of the part first mentioned. The floor contents of the entire building are 205,758 feet. The promenade adds fifty feet to the width given above, but as it embraces no seating capacity or accommodations for auditors I have not included it in my estimate. It will thus be seen that the entire building covers almost, if not quite, as much ground as is covered by the two first blocks

on Market street, Montgomery, (that is, the Telegraph block and the Central Bank block,) of which an area about equal in width to Market street—perhaps not quite so wide—and extending the full length of the building is all that either audience or chorus does not occupy.

This loss, however, is fully compensated by the gallery, which incloses the auditorium as a dress-circle encloses the parquette, and which increases by at least thirty per cent. the seating capacity of the Coliseum. The exterior, notwithstanding the haste which characterized its construction, presents a very handsome appearance. The central portion of the end facades (which are identical in finish) are brought forward some ten feet from lateral wings, and flanked on either side by towers thirty feet square, and rising twenty-five feet or more above the roof. These towers have fine bracketed doorways and mullioned windows in the second story; above are recessed arches, whose semi-circular heads are provided with ventilating louvers. A projecting cornice, borne on brackets, is surmounted by a hipped-roof, ornamented with cresting and flagstuffs. The central feature of the front is a grand arched portal twenty-five feet in width and fifty feet in height, surmounted by a pediment. This doorway bears a triple mullioned window and three pilasters carrying a heavy moulded archivolt ornamented at its crown. An interior circular frame forms a rose window, which, with its stained glass embellishments, presents a striking interior as well as exterior feature. The height of this central motive is in all about ninety feet. Flanking this triplicate window on either side is a triangular system of fenestration, divided by mullions, some forty feet in length by fifteen feet on its vertical side, which is also to be treated with stained glass. The main cornice of the building has a height of five feet and a corresponding projection. It is quite elaborate in design, and follows the slope of the higher roof until within about twenty-five feet of the centre of the building, when it breaks boldly upward, and then goes horizontally across, several feet above the ridge.

A pedestal with retreating sides, cornice moulding and cresting, carries this portion of the sky line several feet higher, at the centre of which is an ornate base and shield, forming the starting point of a lofty flag-staff, from which wave the American colors and streamers. Several ventilating turrets adorn the roof, and give a pleasant variety to the roof-line, the centre turret predominating, in size and elegance, above the rest. Projections are made by side entrances, and midway on either side rises a mansard-roof tower, twenty-five feet above the lean-to roofs.

Day-light and ventilation have been especially attended to by the architect. In each of the side walls are forty double windows, five by nineteen feet. On the ends there are twenty-four double windows of the same size and two large semi-circular windows, each twenty-five feet in diameter. Above these are triplicate windows, the centre division of which is arched, and just above it a rose-window of a circular form fifteen feet in diameter, and nineteen feet from the ground. Flanking this central feature are triangular-mullioned windows forty feet by fifteen following the slope of the roof. The clerestory between the lean-to and the trussed roof contains a series of sliding windows the row extending the entire length of the building. There are eighty of these windows, each nine feet by five. In the lean-to roof over the galleries are forty skylights, twenty on each side, the sashes being six feet by twelve, or the size of a common billiard table and again in the upper roof are an equal number of still larger dimensions. The effect of stained glass is given to all the windows by ornamentation in various designs, by means of transparent colors, applied by a peculiar process to the inner surface of the glass. The architect has by this means toned down the abundant light and the effect at the great windows of the western ends at sunset is said to be extremely fine.

It so happened that the day we had chosen to visit this immense temple had been designated as a benefit day to Mr. Gilmore, and from two o'clock until after three it seemed as though Boston had poured out its whole population upon the streets—all of which from

that hour were densely crowded with the throngs moving towards the Coliseum. The result was that by three o'clock every seat in the Coliseum was filled and thousands were standing in the outer aisles under the gallery, unable to do more than procure standing room. Those best posted in the matter estimated the number present at from seventy thousand to eighty thousand souls. The Bostonians claimed that there were one hundred thousand present; but I have given what I deem to be the most reliable estimate. A rough calculation made by myself at the time placed the number at eighty-six thousand, and I have an idea that if the count had been taken the official figures would not have varied widely from that estimate. I never before realized the full import of the phrase "a sea of upturned faces" until I arose from my seat near the Orchestra and glanced over that monster assemblage. The thermometer stood that day at ninety-five in the shade. It was then three o'clock P. M., the sultriest hour of the twenty-four, and the breezes had everywhere retired to their caves to keep cool. From these suggestive circumstances some faint idea may be had of the terrible condition of the atmosphere in that room packed as it was beyond all ordinary cramming by seventy-five thousand or eighty thousand persons who sat, like sardines in a box, so tightly wedged in on every hand that freedom of movement was simply an impossibility. Steaming, streaming and beaming faces were therefore the order of the day—so much so that one of our party whose poetical nature could not be restrained by even the heat of the Coliseum, remarked *sotto voce* that the faces around him reminded him of a strawberry bed in which the berries were all ripe! After this burst the rest of us, as a matter of course, quietly subsided.

I have now brought you into the Coliseum and in the very presence of the great Gilmore and the immortal impersonation of the Waltz, Johann Strauss.

The programme for the grand occasion was arranged, no doubt, with a special view to its great popularity. This was to be Mr. Gilmore's benefit, and the management were anxious to put the best foot forward. The lover of good music found in it the promise of a rare feast, and notwithstanding the captious critiques of the New York *Herald* and its special correspondent, no promise was ever more nobly redeemed. That programme I enclose for the benefit of your readers:

## PROGRAMME.

### PART I.

1. HYMN—"From Greenland's Icy Mountains."—*Dr. Lowell Mason*.  
(The audience are requested to join in singing all the verses.)
2. OVERTURE—"Stradella."—*Flotow*.  
Gilmore's Band, P. S. Gilmore, Leader.
3. SECOND ARIA—"Day of Vengeance." (Magic Flute.)—*Mozart*.  
Madame Peschka—Leutner.
4. OVERTURE—"Athalie."—*Mendelssohn*.  
Band of Kaiser Franz Grenadier Regiment, Herr H. Saro, Leader.
5. ANVIL CHORUS—from "Trovatore."—*Verdi*.  
[By general desire.]  
Chorus, Organ and Orchestra, with Anvil, Bell and Cannon accompaniment.
6. GRAND CONCERT WALTZ—"Jubilee."—*Strauss*.  
[Composed especially for the occasion, and dedicated to Mr. P. S. Gilmore.]  
Conducted by the author, Herr Johann Strauss.
7. INFLAMMATUS—"Stabat Mater."—*Rossini*.  
[By desire.]  
Madame Erminia Rudersdorff. With full Chorus, Organ and Orchestra.

## PART II.

1. FOUR PART SONG—"Farewell to the Forest."—*Mendelssohn*.  
Chorus (unaccompanied.)
2. SEXTETTE—From "Lucia," (Chi ma Frena.)—*Donizetti*.  
Bouquet of Artists, with Orchestral Accompaniment.
3. ANDANTE AND MARCHE NUPTIALE—"Lohengrin."—*Wagner*.  
Band of le Garde Republicaine, M. Paulus, Leader.
4. STAR SPANGLED BANNER.—*Key*.  
Solo in third verse by Mrs. Julia Houston West.  
Chorus, Organ, and Orchestra, with Cannon Accompaniment.
5. GRAND POTPOURRI OF IRISH MELODIES—Arranged by Mr. Dan Godfrey.  
Band of the Grenadier Guards—Mr Dan Godfrey, Leader.
6. MARCHE MILITAIRE—"The Inman Line"—*Warren*.  
Orchestra.

As a matter of curiosity, if for no other reason, I beg that you will reproduce it as nearly as possible *verbatim et literatim* in order that your readers may have all of it that we had. It will be observed the promise of which I spoke was indeed fair, and as I have already said that it was nobly redeemed you can possibly form some idea of the grand and glorious entertainment we enjoyed.

I shall not attempt to comment on the music as it flowed out in a mighty, overwhelming torrent from the splendid artists there grouped in such an association of talent as was never before attempted in the history of the world. Suffice it to say that it was beyond all criticism on the part of any man who had not made both the theory and the practice of music the study of a lifetime. This fact will afford your readers the proper standard by which to judge the merits of the criticisms of the Concert indulged by the New York press and to which allusion has heretofore been made. A careful analysis of the published programme is another such standard. It will be seen that there is no mixing together of artists unacquainted with each other's style at any particular point in it except the first selection in each part, and any person who understands the peculiarities of an American audience—how tardily they assemble, how promptly they leave their seats during a recess and how slowly and yet how noisily they regain them after the recess is over—will readily understand why these exceptions were introduced. Nothing so harrows up the nerves of a musician as to have the effect of his performances marred, if not altogether ruined by the noise and confusion incident to the American peculiarity before referred to. It was with all of a musician's feelings, prejudices and sensitiveness, therefore, that Mr. Gilmore, warned by experiences of the past, so arranged his programme that the least meritorious of the performances should occur at the time of all others when they would be least hearkened to, and inasmuch as something had to fill, and somebody to occupy that particular time he wisely allotted it to the multitude, who of all others would least care whether their efforts were listened to or not. Everywhere else on the programme we find homogeneous elements alone introduced and most nobly did they act their several and respective parts.

At the conclusion of the overture (Stradella) by Gilmore's band of sixty splendid pieces, a thundering encore, despite the critics, rang out from the 80,000 auditors like the rush of some alpine torrent or the roar of a mighty tempest. There was, of course, no resisting so flattering an appeal and the band which had already commenced to retire were recalled to the stand. Meanwhile Mr. Gilmore had recognized our little party by the badges that we wore, and in compliment to our beloved Southland ordered his band to play "Dixie." Instantly, and almost as if by the inspiration of some potent charm, every musician raised

his piece and the next moment the well-remembered strains were cleaving the air on wings of melody such as we had never known them to wear before. Instinctively my thoughts turned to the banks of the Euphrates where those that had wasted the children of Israel required of them one of the songs of Zion. "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? Oh! Jerusalem! Jerusalem! If I forget thee may my right hand forget her cunning; may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy!" Such I say were the reflections that thronged unbidden through my mind—such the feelings that thrilled like lightning every nerve and fibre of my heart. Of course, we applauded the performance to the very echo, and it gives me unfeigned pleasure to add that five or six thousand citizens of New England were magnanimous enough to join us in the demonstration. At last, but still, all too soon, Dixie died away and almost before its strains had melted from the ear the rapid notes of the great original National Anthem of the American people—Yankee Doodle—were falling in showers of meteoric melody around the ruins that "Dixie" had wrought in our bosoms. All around us, as fast as the air could be recognized, the enthusiastic bursts of applause rung out like the roar of the ocean. Meanwhile thousands of curious eyes were being bent upon our little party to note how we received what they doubtless thought would be to our ears unwelcome strains, and as the opportunity to show even Boston what magnanimity really meant was too fair to be slighted we joined in the applause with all our heart, soul and strength. We had felt somewhat piqued at the cold reception awarded "Dixie," not because *we* regarded it as a Southern National Air, but because we thought *they* did, and that their coldness originated in that thought. We regarded it simply as a souvenir of our distant homes and loved ones. It was never the national air of the Southern Confederacy and never would have been had that Confederacy lasted a thousand years. But it happened to be the "shoo fly" of that particular era—in other words, "the rage" at that particular time, and our trans-Potomac friends attempted to palm it off upon the South as her national air just as the British soldiery, in Revolutionary days, palmed off "Yankee Doodle" upon the colonies. Personally, and because I always regarded them as deficient in musical merit, I have never fancied either Dixie or Yankee Doodle. But the "Star Spangled Banner" always did possess a charm which never failed to exert its influence over me even when sounding out from hostile camps during the days when we stood hourly upon the "perilous edge of battle."

Prominent among the celebrities who figured in the Jubilee were Franz Abt, the author of that inexpressibly sweet little air, "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," and Johann Strauss, the Spirit of the Waltz. I did not have the pleasure of seeing Abt, but I *did* see Strauss. I see him even yet and shall probably see him forever. A man of low stature, dark complexion, large full head, broad shoulders, slender limbs, black hair roached back from his forehead, side whiskers that descend in heavy masses to the angles of the chin and a moustache that connects the two as with an arch, he stood before us while leading the Grand Concert Waltz (Jubilee) the very incarnation of musical genius. When the time came in which his appearance was due, he sprang lightly upon the steps of the rostrum, and after a slight bow to his audience, turned nervously towards the orchestra and gave the movement with his baton—in this instance the bow of his violin. One, two, three—four, and away go the various instruments, Strauss meanwhile appearing as though he were straining every nerve to go with them—to be one of them—a living, breathing instrument himself. Now the motions of his bow are gentle and circumscribed. He means that the music shall be soft and confined to a few performers. Gently and yet more gently moves that charmed bow, softly and yet more softly breathe the strains of the melody. Now a mere echo is all that we hear from the orchestra and the bow scarce moves at all—so gentle, so softly undulatory is its motion. But now the leader sways to and fro on his slender limbs as a reed before the wind. He grasps the violin in his left hand with a

firmer clutch and the circles described by his bow begin gradually to widen. Rapidly and yet more rapidly the swell increases, growing stronger and yet stronger with each enlargement of the circle of the baton until at last the leader sinking slightly but gracefully towards the stage, suddenly expands both arms to their widest and loftiest reach, at the same time rising to the full height of his stature with a spring so sudden and yet so full of meaning that the glorious burst of melody which accompanies it appears to owe its very creation to that singular gesture. Now the orchestra strikes some favorite passage in the music and the enthusiastic leader, laying his brown cheek lovingly on the disc of his violin appears actually to caress it as a fond mother might caress a favorite child. And the magic instrument, as if responding to the caress, breathes out such strains as Israëli himself might joy to hear.

Such, in brief and imperfect outline, is Johann Strauss, the leader of the orchestra. To be better known or better appreciated he must be seen and heard. His Radetzky March has already introduced him to the civilized world, but the world can form but a very limited idea of his singular fascination even through that splendid medium. He appears to be a young man of not exceeding five and thirty years, but in point of fact he is now in his forty-eighth year.

If I had time and space at unlimited command I would tell you something of Madame Pescha Leutner and Madame Rudersdorff, two of the female celebrities brought forward in, if not by, the Jubilee. As I have neither, they must do as the rest of the ladies do—"speak for themselves gin' they want speaking."

Just before the close of the Concert, in order to escape the jam which would necessarily ensue the general dismissal of so large an audience, I quietly stole away to the outer air and took a horse-car for the Boston Museum. There I saw so much that was calculated to interest, amuse or instruct, that I found the hour I had allotted myself altogether too short to do more than take a bird's eye view of a part and a hurried glance at the rest of the treasures contained in the Museum. The management of the Museum had deposited a large number of free tickets with the chief of the Reportorial Department at the Coliseum for distribution among the visiting brethren of the quill during their stay in the city, thus proving to the world at large that they knew "a hawk from a handsaw." And just here *en passant* permit me to state that the most liberal men we have thus far met with in our rounds are those who have paid the Press the largest sums of money for advertising, and who have therefore been most successful in a pecuniary point of view. George W. Childs, proprietor of the *Public Ledger*, on whose special invitation we visited Philadelphia is a case in point. He made us his guests during our stay in the city of "Brotherly Love," and footed every expense incurred by the party while there, amounting in all to some eight hundred or one thousand dollars, including the banquet at three P. M. and the supper at night.

The Boston Museum is situated near the head of Tremont street, and is one of the oldest of the places of amusement in the Hub. It was opened in 1846 by Mr. Moses Kimball, (under the name of the "Boston Museum and Gallery of Fine Arts,") who connected it with a fine Music Hall, capable of seating one thousand persons, in which the Drama soon afterwards found a home. The Museum proper is very large and very interesting. It occupies numerous alcoves in the large hall on Tremont street, the hall being furnished with several spacious galleries filled with cabinets of curiosities and works of art. Among the latter are busts of several of the leading patriots of the Revolutionary war and oil paintings of historical events and characters relating to and illustrating the career of the United States. The original of "Washington Crossing the Delaware" occupies the half of one end of one of the galleries and is really a better picture than the miserable lithographists would have one believe. In another part of the building is the "counterfeit presentment" of our senior Editor's distinguished father-in-law, the celebrated American Trage-

dian, Thomas Cooper. The painting is by Stuart, and represents the subject as he appeared at the age of twenty-six in the favorite role of "Hamlet." He was a very handsome man, if this painting does him no flattery, and one well calculated to confer upon the character of the Prince of Denmark all the aids that a fine and commanding presence could give it.

In the fourth-story or gallery, among the wax works there collected, was a succession of groups, illustrating the "Career of Intemperance." The first was a contented and happy family, but the father at the head of the table, held gleefully up in his half-raised hand a goblet of the "liquid poison." Number two showed the same family grouped about the same table, but there was now a shade of grief where all had been light and joy before. A very slight indication of "seediness" was here and there visible upon the clothing of the wife, and a very decided indication of intoxication upon the leering countenance of the husband. The third group showed the husband infuriate with drink, his left hand clutching wildly the hair that hung in elf-locks over his brow, his right grasping the neck of a bottle; his lips covered with the foam of madness, and his lurid eyes glaring with rage melting into remorse, upon the prostrate form of his wife, on whose pale temple the ghastly wound, and by whose lifeless side the fractured bottle, rested as swift witnesses of the guilt of the wretch who had sworn to be her protector. The horror-frozen children stand around in attitudes suggesting mingled emotions of fear and grief; and tapping the murderer on the shoulder, is a uniformed officer of the avenging law. This is enough. We need nothing more on the subject of temperance, and our companion, whose mind has been powerfully affected by the mute eloquence of the singular "Temperance lecture," is totally unable to recover his composure without first calling at a convenient drug store and taking about "three fingers straight"—by way of a settler.

I could say much more about Boston and its suburbs because notwithstanding all the ridicule heaped upon it by the Press of rival cities it is one of the busiest, liveliest cities in America, and contains more that is historical or traditional or in some other respect generally interesting than all of its rivals combined. The old elm on the common—a plain looking tree which one would pass in the forest fifty times a day without turning once to look back at—is a little volume in itself. It is older than the city that surrounds it, and at one time during its existence served as a convenient gallows on which to hang witches. Several years ago the wind wrested the witches' limb off, but the city authorities bandaged it back, put it in splints, and finally succeeded in preserving it from decay.

Messrs. James R. Osgood and Company, publishers, were kind enough to supply each of our party with a little book called "*Boston Illustrated*," to which, for my part, I am deeply indebted for most of the historical facts recited in the course of this letter. This little book, with a simplicity that is refreshing beyond all praise, says that "at one time the streets of Boston were quite crooked, but the authorities caused them to be straightened," &c. In some quarters of the globe that would be regarded as a first rate joke on "straightened," but it is so characteristic of the people of New England, and so fully individualizes the predominant trait of their character that I have referred to it for the purpose of illustrating in one word "my impressions of the Yankees." The streets of Boston are so crooked that men who have lived there all their lives frequently get lost among their mazes. Yet the author of this book said they had been "straightened" and was doubtless sincere when he said so. The genuine Simon Pure Yankee thinks his own ways admirably straight though they wind and turn and vary every hour in the twenty-four. Orthodoxy is his doxy—heterodoxy everybody else's doxy. This man, who found the streets of Boston so perfectly straight, would doubtless lose himself forever among the crooked lanes of Philadelphia. As a case in point to illustrate the straightness of the streets of Boston I will recite the experience of "our infant" of the Charlottesville *Chronicle*—Mr. Foster. He was stopping at the United States Hotel, opposite the Boston and

Albany Railroad Depot, on Beach street, and, growing weary of the crowd, concluded to take a short stroll around one block of the city. He feared to undertake a more extensive job—the streets were too straight for *that*. But he finally prevailed upon himself to try one more street and the experiment was fatal. From that time he walked, continuously one solid hour, vainly endeavoring to regain his lost quarters. At last despair overtook him and he threw up the sponge. He had been too proud to inquire the way because that would be to confess that he was lost—a confession of all others he was just then most determined upon *not* making. There was but one other alternative, and that one he resolved to employ. Beckoning to a cabman in the street he inquired: What is the fare from this place to the United States Hotel?

*Cabman*.—Two dollars, sir!

*Infant*.—Too much, sir. I'll never pay that much—will walk it first," (turning off with an air of injured royalty.)

*Cabman*.—Well, sir, seeing as its you, sir, and one of the Editors, sir, I'll take you for a dollar and a half, sir!

*Infant*.—(Straightened himself up with a lordly air.)—*All right!* Here's your money. Drive me there *quick*—I have an engagement.

*Cabbie*.—Jes' so, sir, will have you there in a few minutes time.

*Infant*.—(From the depth of the rolling cab.)—Say, driver! hadn't you better put up the steps of your cab and close the door?

*Cabman*.—Oh! no inconvenience, sir. *Only got to go about FORTY YARDS, SIR.* All right, here we are. Thank you, sir!

*Infant*.—The deuce you do, and well you may! Charge an Editor one dollar and fifty cents for carrying him fifty yards! Confound Boston!

That night, at nine o'clock, we took the train on the Boston and Albany Road for the Capital of the great State of New York.

## ALBANY.

It was Sabbath morning when our party reached Albany and took up their temporary abode at Mr. Leland's magnificent hotel, the Delavan. These Lelands, who own the best hotels at Saratoga, Albany, Long Branch and New York, and who give their personal supervision to the task of running them, are born landlords. What they don't know about "keeping a hotel" is scarce worth the knowing. We found the proprietor of the Delavan to be a most excellent gentleman as well as a careful and considerate host—a man of refinement, intelligence and patriotic impulses—a genial companion and a noble-hearted fellow generally. The morning of this day of rest was spent by most of our party at church, but the incessant labors that had been undergone during the forty-eight hours last preceding disposed quite a number to sleep and sleep they did "like tops." In the afternoon we were waited upon by Messrs. Cassidy and Smith of the Albany *Argus*, and several other representatives of the local Press, who strolled with us over the city, pointing out the various objects of interest with which Albany abounds. The State House and the Capitol are here different buildings. The State House is the building in which the public offices are located—the Capitol, the building in which the sessions of the Legislature are held. Neither of these institutions is equal in point of appearance or finish to the Capitol of the State of Alabama, but the new Capitol now being erected in the rear of the present one, will, when completed, be second only to the Capitol of the United States in point of size and cost, while in the weightier matters of solidity, strength, convenience of arrangement and elegance of finish it will be perhaps the first building on the continent. It covers about three acres of ground, is to be built of granite and will cost, when finished,

about \$16,000,000. It cost the contractors \$6,000 to construct the model which the workmen are to make use of as their guide.

We saw this model, and without a dissenting voice our whole party joined, as one man, in suggesting to the architects who had it in charge the propriety of putting it on exhibition in the Patent Office in Washington, when they have done with it. It is so constructed that every half inch (or perhaps less) represents a foot of the building, so that, with this model before them, the workmen in the quarries may prepare every stone for its place and fit it to the utmost nicety "before it is sent up to the temple" at Albany. It is thus entirely possible to construct and erect the new Capitol of the State of New York without suffering the sound of saw, hammer, "or other instrument of iron" to be heard on or about it. This little circumstance may convey a useful hint or suggestion to some of your masonic readers, many of whom I have heard express their wonder at the wisdom that could plan and build so magnificent a temple as that of Solomon without suffering the sound of iron to be heard on or about its walls.

After visiting the new State House and other points of interest, which I shall not weary your readers by naming, we called on Mr. Cassidy, Editor-in-chief of the Albany *Argus*, at his elegant residence on — street, where we were received with a cordiality and a heartfelt welcome which reminded us of *home*. After having been introduced to the ladies of the family, we were shown into an ante-room where divers and sundry suspicious looking black bottles (which covered a broad table in the centre of the room) gave us to understand that we were once more to assist in "shedding the blood of Scio's vine." I will not undertake to say what passed in that encounter of *wits vs. wine* because I was not present. As soon as I had ascertained the object of our visit to the room I slipped out and quietly stole my way back to the parlor where the ladies were. I have ever thought it decidedly ungallant to leave the society of ladies for that of the wine cup, and the more I think of it the more firmly do my convictions on that subject become rooted in my mind. Of course I do not mean to censure or reflect upon those who think or act differently. In such matters every man's conscience is a law unto itself, and no other tribunal has jurisdiction of his case.

Speaking of Mr. Cassidy and of his accomplished aide, Mr. Smith (the latter of whom, by the way, inquired very particularly about his and our old friend, Milo Barrett,) reminds me that during our sojourn in Western New York we found the *Argus* to be the visiting paper in New York.

Monday morning, July 1st, we left Albany for Binghamton, via the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad, whose courteous officers gave us "clear bills of lading" all the way through without money and without price. Not to multiply words on the subject, however, no railroad company north of the Potomac charged us a cent—the Erie alone excepted. The officers of that road pretended to have entered into an agreement with the New York Central which forbade them to carry excursionists at less than regular fares. They even went so far as to exhibit a pretended telegram from Commodore Vanderbilt, President of the New York Central, in which it was distinctly stated that if the Erie carried our party free it would be regarded as a violation of the contract, and that no matter whether the Erie carried us free or otherwise, the New York Central would make us pay full rates, when we came to use their road. Under these circumstances we felt disposed to patronize the Erie in preference to the Central because we thought the Erie had manifested the most liberal disposition. When we reached Buffalo, however, a new light dawned upon us. The Central, in anticipation of our coming, had a splendid car set apart for our exclusive use and from that time forth, no matter when or where the programme we were following called us, the same road was always at our command and special cars at our service. And I think I hazard nothing in saying that it is in nearly every respect the best road in the United States. Its passenger trains average about forty-

five miles per hour, but the bed of the road is so smooth and the track so perfect that the passenger is hardly conscious that he is traveling at more than the ordinary rate of speed.

### BINGHAMTON.

The first thing that arrested our attention on reaching the city of Binghamton was the thunder of artillery, and for the next few minutes, succeeding the stopping of the train, it seemed as though we were having the same sort of greeting that in 1862-3-4 and 5 was uniformly extended Southern men when they put on their best gray clothes and "rubbed up" their guns to go and see their blue-clad Northern friends just over the way. But after listening in vain for that inquisitive "where's you" with which a shell "searches around" for somebody to burst at, we reached the pleasant conclusion that all that thing had passed away, and that the object of the present demonstration was to do us unusual honor. And in that we were not mistaken; the salvo was indeed intended to manifest the pleasure with which the citizens of Binghamton welcomed our visit. Binghamton was the birthplace of Gilbert C. Walker, Governor of the State of Virginia, and three-fourths of our party were Virginia Editors. In public, as also in private, I had heard the latter express the most enthusiastic admiration of the public and private character of Gov. Walker; and it seemed that the good opinion was mutual, for we now found that the Governor had telegraphed his old neighbors and friends to make the hospitality of Binghamton as conspicuous towards the Editors as their confidence in him had all along been generous and magnanimous. It was also in this county (Broome) that our noble hearted old leader, Major Hotchkiss, was born, and he, too, had preferred a request similar to that which had been telegraphed by Governor Walker.

Thus stimulated, the hospitality which events showed to be indigenous to that lovely little city was aroused to the fullness of its perfection, and from the moment of our arrival until the train that bore us southward passed from their view, its citizens vied with each other in heaping words and deeds of kindness upon us—so much so indeed that "had each kind word and deed been a flower a monument of roses" would have covered us from the sight of men. Several hundred citizens, including some of the most beautiful women in New York, were assembled at the depot to welcome us, and an excellent band of music was also there to lead the procession formed to escort us to our quarters at the splendid old Cafferty House. From almost every building in the city gay banners and streamers were floating, and from the third and fourth stories red, white and blue bunting fell in rich folds to the very sidewalks below. Even the little boys had invested their small change in Chinese crackers in order that they too might be enabled to contribute their share towards the general ovation. "Straws," you know, "indicate the direction of the wind," and we looked upon the ovation tendered us by childhood as a "straw" which showed the strong current of the popular heart.

Having spent the last three or four days in the *sober* atmosphere of Boston and amid the hallowed associations and sanctities of the Sabbath at Albany, a severe drought had fallen upon the appetites of a majority of the Editors, insomuch that one of their first resorts, after reaching their quarters, was the well supplied bar of the Cafferty House. Others wanted to indulge a smoke, and, therefore, sought the same general rendezvous. Of course no one expected it, but when payment was tendered the barkeeper, for the cigars and liquor, he politely refused to receive it. *They had all been paid for.* Anticipating the very result which I have spoken of as flowing from our *unusual abstinence* the citizens had deposited with the barkeeper a sufficient sum of money to keep our whistles moistened during the stay we purposed making in their city. Several of the party, apprehending a scarcity of changes of raiment in case they neglected this last opportunity perhaps, sent

various little bundles to the laundry. For all such bundles a heedful watch was kept, and as a consequence no bill ever came back when they were returned. These little incidents I mention merely to show the thoroughness of the genial hospitality which from the moment of our arrival flowed about our footsteps in abounding streams fresh from the hearts of this noble people.

After dinner, (which was ready for us even before we were ready for it,) thirty or forty fine carriages were placed at our disposal by the citizens, in each of which rode one or two of our kind entertainers to act as chaperones during the ride which it was intended we should take through the city. The first object of interest that we encountered was the steam water works of Binghamton. Here we found two wells, forty or fifty feet in depth and about twelve feet in diameter, from which the water supply for fifteen thousand people was derived. With a view to testing its qualities each of us tried a glass of the water, fresh from the pumps, which we found to be as clear as crystal and as cold as the coldest of our Mountain Springs. From these wells the water is drawn by the agency of a double cylinder steam engine which not only forces it to all parts of the city, but forces it with such power that *no other fire engine whatever* is needed to protect Binghamton from the ravages of the flames. I was informed by a gentleman, with whom I conversed on the subject, that the cost of this splendid engine was about \$6 000.

From the water works we drove to the State Inebriate Asylum, an institution that more nearly resembles a well conducted hotel than an hospital. It is situated in one of the loveliest spots and commands one of the finest views that asylum was ever yet blessed with. Dr. Burr, the acting superintendent of the asylum, and Mr. Hyde, showed us over the institution and introduced us to many of the patients, after which, re-entering the carriages, we retraced our steps to the (incomplete) mansion of Mayor Phelps, where we had the pleasure of seeing what is destined to be one of the most elegant and princely private residences in the United States. I shall not attempt to describe it; but that your readers may be enabled to form some slight estimate of its magnificence I will state that one pair of doors, intended for the front doorway of the central hall, cost \$1,500 at the manufactory. In the third-story of this unfinished palace great bowls of rum punch, claret punch, lemonade, &c., were served, while all around, like sentinels about some Ethiopian encampment, stood huge black bottles, bearing such mythic legends as "Old Tom," "Old Bourbon," "Old Otard," besides various other "Old" fellows, whose names have since escaped my memory. To these, as in duty bound, our respects were duly paid. It is a pleasant sight to see youth so deferential to "old" age—so prompt and so zealous in taking it to the bosom.

From Mayor Phelps' we drove to Colonel Walton Dwight's. Colonel Dwight is the owner of the residence once occupied by the celebrated Daniel S. Dickinson, and during the late unpleasantness commanded the splendid regiment of troops known as the "Buck-tails" of Pennsylvania. The Colonel was at home ready to receive us, and I most unhesitatingly declare that had we been his own sons, instead of late enemies, his welcome could have been no warmer—his hospitality no more bounteous. The same wealth of "mineral waters"—the same profundity of (amicable) punches and the same genial array of "old" faces that had smiled out upon us in that third-story of Mayor Phelps' residence, beamed full upon us here also; and that all hands did ample justice to the claims due former acquaintanceship was clearly evident from the rapidity with which, from that time, even the most quiet tongues commenced to wag.

Leaving Colonel Dwight's we called next at General E. F. Jones'. The General commanded a brigade of cavalry during the war, and, like all other true soldiers of the Northern army, showed that he was as generous in peace as he was brave in war. His lady met us at the door of his residence and welcomed each of us as we entered, but the General would suffer no delay, because the sun was now sinking low in the west, and he said we

had "much drinking to do before sundown." He therefore hurried us into a room prepared especially for the present occasion. On a table, which stood in the centre of the floor, was a demi-cone, composed of roses and evergreens, in the centre of which was imbedded, and embowered, a five gallon bowl of delightful punch that sparkled and glistened in the declining sunlight like a casket of rubies. Other drinks were also floating around promiscuously in the richest abundance, and the breath of fine Havanas was fragrant upon the air. Some of the key party, desirous of escaping the temptations which hedged them round about within doors, stole away from "the wine that was red within the cup" to catch the reviving and refreshing breezes that ruffled the beautiful grass-carpeted lawn.

They needed something of the sort to dissipate the fumes of the Havanas. But "mine host" missed them ere long and going to the door politely invited them in. Of course, no one declined to go; but when all were once more safely housed he locked the door upon them and very quietly *dropped the key in the punch bowl*—informing the crowd, as he did so, that when the punch was exhausted there would be no difficulty in reaching the key. Eventually, however, some prying genius found a long handled spoon or ladle with which he resurrected the key from its ruby grave.

Leaving Gen. Jones almost exhausted with his herculean labors, we went next to the residence of Mr. J. S. Wells, "where the same questions were asked and like answers returned as before." Thence we proceeded to the beautiful residence of Mr. John Rankin, passing on the way the residence of Mr. G. R. Andrews, where we had the pleasure of meeting and taking by the hand the venerable mother of Major Hotchkiss, now more than eighty years of age, who came out to greet and welcome the friends of her son. The meeting between the Major and his mother was very affectionate and creditable alike to him and to her.

At Mr. Rankin's we found, in addition to the wines, etc., a splendid collation spread beneath the shade of the trees in his nicely terraced yard and presided over by the ladies of his household. A little speech making was here indulged, in which many fine, but well deserved compliments were paid the ladies for their courtesy, kindness and characteristic loveliness. On our return to the hotel we were taken to the Fire Department of the city, which we found fitted up with almost palatial elegance. As I said before, they have no fire engines in Binghamton. The hose carriage is all that their water works demand. The numerous hydrants are arranged with taps on which as many sections of hose as may be necessary are screwed, and the force of the water works engine is such that with no other or further preparation thirteen fine streams can be thrown over the loftiest building in the city. The engine is always ready, steam is never suffered to go down; but when a fire occurs the engineer is instantly signalled to raise the pressure to a certain definite and understood standard. The hose carriages, of which there are but two, are perfect beauties. One of the number, a silver mounted affair that looks like a piece of parlor furniture, cost over \$4,000. The other, while not quite so expensive is equally as serviceable, and as neat as a new pin.

The banquet that night was a magnificent affair, but as I am wearied with this letter I will, on this occasion, introduce the Binghamton papers and allow them to speak in my stead:

At nine o'clock members of the Press, with nearly all our prominent citizens, and a large number of invited guests, assembled under the hospitable roof of "mine host," Cafferty, to do justice to the good things set before them. It was emphatically "a feast of reason and a flow of soul." Wine, wit and sentiment flowed from the commencement until the "wee sma' hours" warned them to retire to seek that repose necessary to enable them to continue the programme of the coming day. It will be gratifying to our citizens to learn that Binghamton's entertainment surpassed any that has heretofore been extended to them

during the trip. The bill of fare embraced everything calculated to tempt the palate and contribute to the hilarity and pleasure of the occasion. The Forty-Fourth Regimental Band was present, and discoursed sweet music, and that with the jests, social converse and the *bon mots* that were freely passed around, occupied the attention of the gentlemen until toasts and speeches were in order, when Judge Phelps (who was presiding) announced "our distinguished guests."

H. E. T. Manning, of the *Roanoke News*, Weldon, N. C., responded. He said when he replied to Major Hotchkiss' invitation to join the excursion, he wrote that no means better than social intercourse could be devised to bring the North and South together, and make the people understand each other. With that sentiment they had come among us, and have everywhere met with a hospitality and generosity always characteristic of Northern people. If the way to men's hearts, as has been said, lies down their throats, the people of the North have found a way to Southern hearts. (Laughter.) Referring to the late war, Mr. Manning said the South did what it could, and did it conscientiously. No brave man in the North will blame them for their acts, if they believe they were done with a sense of right. Now he sees a bright future for the country, in the mingling of the North and the South, and the blue with the gray. Surrounded as he was by brave men, he said he felt like quoting from the poet:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said  
This is my own, my native land."

They had experienced all over the North hospitality mingled with generosity. The fair daughters, as well as the men of the North, had stood ready to bid them welcome, and do them honor, and they might rest assured that not only they, but the whole South, would remember their kindnesses. He had no desire to bring up unpleasantnesses of the heart. They are matters of history, and should be allowed to rest as such. The future energies of both sections should now be bent to make the United States what they can be made, the fairest and greatest nation in the world. (Cheers.)

The toast to the "Municipality and Press of Binghamton" was next given, and the Mayor called on Mr. Malette, of the *Daily Republican*, to respond:

Mr. Malette remarked that, without health and strength, as it would happen on this day, sufficient to justify anybody "staying out of nights," he was there, among them, and purposed staying long enough, after reading a toast, to see that his friend, Major Cronin, should carry a part of the burden which had been put upon him. He gave notice here, to his enterprising and patriotic fellow-toasters, in order that they might govern themselves with knowledge, that he had the honor to be the bearer of still another toast, from a distinguished citizen of Binghamton, who would have been here to present it himself had he been able. He alluded to William Stuart, Esq., and the subject of the toast was the leader of the Excursion of Southern Editors, Major Hotchkiss.

Upon what principle an Editor, whose business it was to urge, if not cudgel his brain all day, should be asked to continue that pleasing process at night,—and further, why he should be expected to represent the Municipality along with the Press,—instead of some other citizen who might do it with more propriety and better,—as he hoped during the evening would be done,—puzzled the will and the understanding.

But occupying his place, he would speak, with all his heart, to the guests of the evening, the welcome of Binghamton. He knew he could do that for the Press, for which he was specially commissioned; and he was equally confident, from what so happily appeared, that the city government and people of Binghamton entered with unreserved and most praiseworthy heartiness into the reception and welcome.

There was, the speaker said—those who knew him best need not be assured—no ordinary occasion which would tempt him in a public assembly, from his virtue of reticence. With the modesty peculiar to members of the Press, he should at once set up his claim to that! But he could not stay at home, nor fail to greet these men of the South, now among us upon a visit of cordiality and good will. The occasion is eminently ours. Binghamton and Broome county were in a high degree entitled to the honor of the movement, of which this was one of the happy results. Not only was here the nativity of the man who had conceived the plan of bringing together the representatives of the North and South, but both excursions had had their first impetus from Binghamton. We should hear more about that from the lips of Major Hotchkiss, before the end of this festivity, more than had been remembered by the speaker, and that must be quite new to most of those who should hear.

Mr. Malette said he had proposed the excursion, by the gentlemen of the Press of the South to Binghamton, without once thinking that it would compel him to abandon his favorite role of silence. He had thought solely of the eminent propriety of such a visit North, and of the great good likely to be accomplished by it. He was sure the people of the North would greet such an expression of confidence and desire for cordiality, with the warmest and most generous of responses. They would—as the result proved—crown these gentlemen of the South, seeking the way to better and truer relations, with their blessings; they were waiting to sing with their Southern brethren—as it had occurred at Boston, where the guests had visited—the songs of peace; they would put into their hands olive branches, as they would gladly hold in their own, forever.

The reception of the Editors of the North in the South—children of Israel wandering with their Moses (Major Hotchkiss) in a strange land—was the beginning of a new day of peace. The Canaanites met us with artillery whose roar was tremendous—it was the sound of their voices of welcome. The cold steel to which they invited us was the steel of their carving knives. These Canaanites were not of the ancient sort; whose homes were promised to the faithful.

The traditional hospitality of the South was more than maintained. It was not dead or sleeping. It comprised an earnestness of welcome as unexpected as it was gratifying. The members of the Press were received with tokens of consideration which they could in no manner claim as belonging to them, but which they accepted as for the people of the North. The social heart of the South was stirred; it was met with the best response the Northern Editors knew how to make.

Mr. Malette then spoke briefly of the Press, saying that what he should utter, as from the Press to the Press, might for the good of the cause be regarded as “in school;” and not to be heard by disinterested ears. The power of a free Press, stupendous as the power of thought, rests on a strict adherence to truth and principle. There was not, as formerly, any great contravening cause. Thanks to the spirit of liberty and progress, there was now practically no outrage upon the freedom of the Press, of the foremost nations—no general *Index Expurgatorius*, nor even the hardly less offensive *imprimatur*. The Press of this country was absolutely free, subject only to the just law of protection of individual rights. If he (the speaker) were to put in one sentence the results of his own experience and convictions, he could not do it so well as by repeating the words addressed to him by the most eminent Editor, Poet and Scholar of this country, at whose feet he had had the honor to sit, as a pupil: “Print no word which your conscience does not approve.”

After making a short address to the Press of the South and North, as one body, in which the tremendous responsibility that each and all bore for the permanent peace and good understanding and prosperity of the country, was commented on, with a view to the fact that the utterances of the Press become interwoven with the thought of the coun-

try, and the fabric of its policy—Mr. Malette offered the following toast, which was drunk standing :

*The Southern Editorial Excursionists :*

The representatives of the intelligence and patriotism of the South ; their coming to the North is to be hailed as the sign and beginning of a new era of peace : May they fire the Southern heart for the re-united States, for the brotherhood of our people, for the memories which are theirs and ours, and for a spirit of concord and devotion which shall assure the grand destiny of the Republic.

At the conclusion of Mr. Malette's remarks there was music by the Forty-Fourth Regiment Band.

R. W. Hunter, of the Winchester (Va.) *Times*, who was called on to speak to the toast, said he did not rise to make a speech, but to complete a speech begun at Mr. Rankin's, in which he was interrupted by Gen. Jones. He wanted to say he had been enchanted in Binghamton. The scenery from the Inebriate Asylum (laughter) is grand, and not excelled by anything he ever saw. The wisdom of the Legislature in erecting the Inebriate Asylum so near Binghamton was apparent to him. (Cheers.) Its location corresponds with the eternal fitness of things. (Cheers.) He was also highly pleased with the City Water-works, the best in the world. Water is good taken internally, but it is not good to take it clear. (Laughter.) There must be a commingling of spirits with water, as well as of the North and South. (Laughter.) He proposed, he said, to enlarge upon this subject. As he was speaking in Broome county, and Broome county gave to Virginia her Governor Walker, (cheers,) a gentleman, whom he believed he could say truthfully that he had done something to elect him to his present position ; Broome county also gave to Virginia its Major Hotchkiss.

Governor Walker has not only been valuable to Virginia, but has done the whole country a valuable service. Virginia was under a military government when he went into the Gubernatorial chair. He (the speaker) hoped his hearers would never know what it was to be under military rule. Virginia fought four years to get out of the Union, was extremely anxious to get back, and that feat was accomplished largely by Governor Walker. The winter of our discontent was made glorious summer by this son of York. (Cheers.)

When the war closed all asperities were buried. Neither South nor North has any malignancy to nurse ; no vengeance to gratify. You are as ready to take us by the hand as we are to clasp your hands. We have found it so everywhere we have been. At the Hub, where Gilmore played with cannon accompaniment, Dixie was played for our entertainment, and no sooner had it been finished than Yankee Doodle was struck up.

Slavery is gone, and it is not the spirit of bravery to hold on to old issues. The Southern people, like yourselves, have not forgotten the past, but they wish to be on friendly terms with the people of the North, and unite in making our country great and grand beyond any conception heretofore formed.

As Mr. Hunter took his seat the band played Dixie, followed by Yankee Doodle.

Mayor Phelps offered the following toast :

"Our friends from abroad, and especially the Mayor of Scranton "

Mayor Monies was called upon to respond. He said the people of Scranton had always felt kindly toward the citizens of Binghamton. He had been much pleased with what he had seen of the people of Binghamton during the day, and with what he was seeing. As to the Southern Editors, he hoped they would be as well pleased with their reception at Scranton as they had reason to be with their reception at Binghamton.

Colonel Lynn offered the following :

"The State we call the Empire State. God bless her."

To this toast Judge Balcom was called to respond. He said if he had been called upon to speak for Binghamton he would have been contented by remarking as a gentleman once did concerning Henry Clay's mouth, it speaks for itself. (Cheers.) But New York was a great State to speak for; that he did not expect to say anything when he came here. That the people of Binghamton had not assembled there as partisans, but as citizens of the Empire State to give the representatives of the Southern Press a cordial and hearty welcome, (cheers) which they were doing. The people of the Empire State have no hatred or unkind feelings towards the inhabitants of the Southern States, as was readily seen by such greetings as they were giving the Southern Editors who were present. The great need of the people of the two sections of the Union, was that they should know each other better than they had. That Southern gentlemen coming North found we were very much like themselves; that when Northern Editors went South last year, they discovered that the people in that part of the Union gave them the most cordial greetings and acted towards them like brothers. (Cheers.) He thought such excursions better than that gentlemen should go to Europe for pleasure; that there was enough North and South in our own country to interest all travelers, sight-seers, and pleasure-seekers. He trusted the time was not far distant when the people of the South would be as prosperous and happy as those of the Empire State (cheers;) that they have but one great Government and one destiny. The Judge continued at considerable length, and sat down amid cheers.

Colonel Lynn offered the following :

"The Soldiers of the South—may their valor in battle only be equalled by the valor of the whole country."

General A. B. Venable, of the *New Commonwealth*, Farmville, Va., was called upon to respond. He said he felt unworthy to represent the glorious army under Lee and Stonewall Jackson. He was in the Southern army, and had no recantations to make. He fought for what he believed was right. He believed the Northern people, who live in a cold climate, were as icy as their winters. He is now among us to view our beautiful scenery, and admire our great internal improvements. He glories in the wealth of the North, and he is now one of the young men of the South who will clasp hands with the young men of the North to make the whole country great and progressive. He was proud of the whole country. He feels proud of the North, and the North should feel proud of the South. Both sections should bury past differences and clasp hands here and forever as American citizens. (Cheers.)

At the conclusion of General Venable's remarks, the band played "America."

"Our Country" was proposed by Colonel Lynn, and responded to by Major Cronin.

Major Cronin said: The law whose existence modern science has demonstrated—the most important discovery since Newton's time—the law of Evolution, or Universal Progress, permits no evil without a resultant good. When, for a moment, we recall the events of a few years ago, and think how terribly both North and South have suffered; and then look about us at this banquet, where meet, with cordial and fraternal feelings, the citizens of one undivided country, we may perceive what great good has resulted from great evil, and feel assured that the South and North have consolidated a peace which will be as perpetual as the rivers and mountains of our country. To him the banquet possessed a significance, in a broad, human sense, of more importance than the Confederate victory at Chancellorsville, or the triumph of Federal arms at Vicksburg.

When we consider the irresistible tendencies toward a higher civilization, toward a union of all peoples and nations—a tendency well illustrated by the recently projected

steam ferry between Calais and Dover, which will bind together those hereditary foes, England and France—may we not hope, without being accused of Utopianism, that the time will surely come

“When the war drum throbs no longer,  
And the battle flags unfurled,  
In the Parliament of Man—  
The Federation of the World.”

Col. Lynn proposed the following, which was responded to by Gen. John Robinson:

“The Soldiers of the North: May their valor in battle only be equalled by their efforts and ours for the perpetuity of the whole Union.”

Gen. Robinson said he did not see the propriety of a soldier replying to a toast like that. Officers are generally modest and cannot talk well about themselves. (Laughter.) Armies are a necessary evil. Men are like animals: their natural state is war. Organized armies, to prevent the stronger swallowing the weaker, cause peace.

With the past decade the finest armies ever organized have met in battle in this country. We of the North fought you to the death, because we believed that if you succeeded we should all go to perdition. If there is any more fighting to do he preferred that it should be with some other country. He had enough of civil war, and he believed the South had. During his military service he had spent many years in the South, and formed many acquaintances, and he had many dear friends there who left in 1860 to join their fortunes with the Southern Confederacy. He served in the South after the war, and occasionally then received attentions from the members of the Editorial profession there, (laughter,) and when he was relieved in the South to take command of the Department of the Lakes, a North Carolina Editor said he had been sent away about the right distance to please the South. That Editor, the General said, had never met him, and did not know what a clever fellow he was. (Laughter.) If he had been with this excursion he would have been convinced that there are many clever fellows at the North.

“The Press of Scranton,” was responded to by Mr. Adams, of the *Democrat*. He said he was glad to be a part of the party, and was glad he had witnessed the reception in Binghamton. He did not go to the war but sent a substitute. [Colonel Dwight: Hurrah for the substitute.] He hoped to show the Excursionists the genius of the people of Pennsylvania in rearing up a city of 45,000 inhabitants where forty years ago there was nothing but a howling wilderness. He believed the Press had done something toward that development and improvement. He was not like the medical profession. He could take his own medicine. With the aid of the Press, a million of minds can be struck with the same ideas. Mr. Adams concluded his remarks by referring again to the reception of the Southern Editors in Scranton.

Colonel Dwight said that welcome to the Southern Editors was the voice of every person in Binghamton. No North, no South, no East, no West, is the sentiment everywhere. Formerly we only knew each other by the politicians. Had we have known each other socially the war would never have been. He preferred the crack of champagne bottles to the crack of a battery, and he hoped the moulders of public opinion would go South and tell their readers that we are a set of clever fellows up in Yankeedom. (Cheers.)

At the conclusion of Colonel Dwight's remarks, the band played “The Star Spangled Banner.”

A neat toast to Tennessee was proposed by Colonel Lynn, and J. M. Keating, of the *Memphis Appeal*, was called upon to respond, but it was announced that that gentleman was indisposed and had probably retired.

Robert D. Ward, of the Richmond *Inquirer*, made some humorous remarks, comparing the temperance or intemperance of the North with the intemperance of the South. He believed the light wines of New York—equal to those of Rhineland—were great promoters of temperance. He had been captured by the North, not by cannon; but by being taken to the Northern homes and introduced to the wives and families, he was made to feel as though he were in Old Virginia, when people had enough to make those around them happy. He had supposed that people living in cold climates had cold souls; but he found as warm souls in his tour North as he ever met with. He would go back, he said, and tell the people of the Old Dominion that the people of the Empire State gave the representatives of the Southern States the grandest reception ever given to anybody. If you come among us we will not treat you as you have treated us, because we cannot do it; but honest men can shake honest men by the hand and look honest men in the heart. The South will be benefitted by our receptions among you, and will be more ready, by this evidence of good feeling, to unite in making this the greatest country on the face of God's foot-stool. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. R. W. Hunter followed Mr. Ward, with humorous personal allusions about him.

The toast of "The North, our Co-Equal in the Union, we rejoice in her unexampled prosperity," was proposed by Colonel Lynn and responded to by District Attorney Hopkins.

Mr. Hopkins said that with the experience of nine months before Petersburg he could testify to the valor of the South. The South believed it was right, and sacrificed a Stonewall Jackson to the bloody struggle. We believed we were right, and sacrificed our Wadsworth. Let us now stand by the graves of Jackson and Wadsworth and looking over the bloody chasm that intervenes, pronounce for a union of hearts, a union of hands, and the flag of our Union forever. (Cheers.)

Robert B. Berkeley, of the Richmond *Whig*, being called upon, responded in a very eloquent speech, in which he said that there is not a heart in all the Northern land that was not wounded and draped in mourning by the war, yet we meet around this festal board, have clasped hands, and know we are friends. The grand object of this trip has been accomplished. As the gentleman has said; we stand by the graves of Wadsworth and Stonewall Jackson, and look and clasp hands over the bloody chasm that intervenes. Hereafter we will press forward together. There are scars in the South as well as in the North but we can press forward together and make America what it should be. (Cheers.) We fought against the Union, but we are ready with our feeble hands to support that banner that floats so proudly over your residences. (Loud applause.) Robert E. Lee, had his services been requested, would immediately after the close of the war, have given every energy for the Union, and taught a nobler lesson than we all can teach. We want statesmen now to rise above party and self. We want Americans to appreciate the liberty bought with blood and bathed in tears.

### VOLUNTEER TOAST.

The regular programme being here completed, Mr. Malette obtained the floor, that was contested by the friends of some of the young lawyers of Binghamton, and said he would now present the toast to which he had referred, of Mr. Stuart, to the Great Pacifier, whose name was already a part of American history. It was as follows:

"N. H. Hotchkiss, the practical statesman, and public benefactor of the day, to whom the gratitude of the nation is eminently due.

"Had the grand idea, now so happily consummated of bringing the North and the South together, through their Editorial representatives, been conceived and carried out, fifteen

years ago, the mightier pen, would not have yielded to the sword, and civil war have desolated the land."

The toast was received with cheers; and there were calls from all parts of the room for Major Hotchkiss.

### MAJOR HOTCHKISS' SPEECH.

Mr. Hotchkiss said he was too full of gratitude for utterance. He lived in Broome county until he was forty years of age; then he went to Virginia, and saw that the people of the North did not know or understand the people of the South. He believed the North and the South should come together and a good understanding, and full appreciation would follow. He entered into the employ of the Chesapeake and Ohio, and Richmond and York River Railroads, for forty dollars a month, and paid his traveling expenses, with the exception of railroad fare. His salary was soon raised to one hundred and fifty dollars per month, and with that capital he took a company of sixty Northern Editors through the South. When they returned, Mr. Malette, of the Binghamton *Republican*, called upon him to bring an equal number of Southern Editors North. He did it, and the reception they were at was one of the results. He wanted some more able man to continue with the excursions until it shall be a great movement, increasing in numbers each year, as the snow-balls he rolled down hill when a boy increased with each evolution.

He wanted it understood that the railroad companies in whose employ he is, are to be thanked for the movement which he has the reputation of leading. Without their aid he would be able to accomplish nothing of the kind.

General Jones being called upon said that in behalf of the citizens of Binghamton he had worked all day at the stomachs of the guests, where their appearance seemed to indicate their needs lay. But he feared, when too late to make amends, that we begin at the wrong end of the reception.

T. F. McDonald, in response to calls, said it was the happiest day he had experienced since the day he came out of a Confederate prison and breathed the free air again under the old flag. He was happy to hear the sentiments of patriotism so nobly spoken by the gentlemen of the South, and could say, in the language of one of New England's sweetest poets—

"Go sound the loud tymbrel  
O'er Egypt's dark sea;  
Jehovah has triumphed,  
His people are free."

Mr. Becker, after repeated calls, arose and said: I drink to our Southern guests, not in the ruby wine which cheers, exhilarates and often inebriates, but in the cold, life-giving, sparkling water, the toast of Rip Van Winkle, "Here's to you and your family, long may you prosper and be happy." Though not myself a member of the Press—as I have been accused of being (for further particulars I refer you to Major Cronin, over the way.)—but rather a disciple of Blackstone than a knight of the quill and scissors, still I think there is one sentiment in which our gallant friends will unite with the legal fraternity. It is this:

"A fee-simple, or a simple fee,  
And all the fees entail  
Are naught when compared to *thee*,  
Thou best of fees—female."

Colonel Dwight replied felicitously to this toast.

Mr. George Becker closed with a speech of twenty minutes duration that was replete with eloquence, and which added much to the entertainment of the evening. The company then arose and clapping hands around the table, sang "Auld Lang Syne," with the Band accompaniment, and then a good night and to bed—all much pleased with each other, the world, and things in general.

Just as the entertainment was about to close, General Jones mounted a chair and proposed "Three cheers for the best set of fellows that ever assembled under this roof," and they were given with a vim that made the very rafters ring.

At one the ensuing evening we quitted Binghamton amid the kind wishes and regretful adieux of both entertainers and entertained.

We clip from a Binghamton and a Lynchburg paper:

General E. F. Jones, of our city, was called for and responded. General Jones was really the "head and front" of the heartiness and cordiality which animated all our citizens. He knows how to entertain people without their knowledge—the rarest of social gifts.

In the afternoon of Monday the citizens supplied carriages for the Editors, and Mayor Phelps, Colonel Dwight, General Jones, John Rankin, Esq., and Mr. Wells, provided at their respective residences collations which would have been thought munificent by hereditary princes.

Mr. Foster, of Charlottesville, Va., was called the "baby" of the excursion, and he bears the title with equanimity, and weighs only 280 pounds. Mr. Lynn, the President of the Excursionists, is highly respected by all the Editors, and is one of the leading minds among them. He was not chosen President for any adventitious merits.

To Major N. H. Hotchkiss is due the credit of planning and executing an expedition which will result in lasting good to the whole country. He is a gentleman of force, nerve, transparent honor, and is gifted with a frankness of disposition that includes almost every social accomplishment. Long may he wave.

We wish we could mention all who participated in the reception. Mr. Cafferty, who furnished the banquet, knows how to keep a hotel. Can a higher compliment be paid to any man?

The music was Stubblebine—which means artistic and refined.

George Lawyer, of the *Democrat*, and Mr. G. R. Reid, of the *Republican*, looked after the finances. Their labors were arduous, but unrequited.

Mr. D. R. Grant and Mr. Gennet—the latter was in the excursion South last year—performed prodigies of hard work in preparing the reception. As did also Messrs. Brownson, Devoe and Wells.

The Editor of the *TIMES*—but we are becoming too personal, and must stop.

To sum up, Binghamton eclipsed all of her sister cities in the heartiness of her reception, and her noble citizens may rest assured they will ever hold a pleasant place in the memories of the Southern Excursionists.

Among the incidents of the visit to Binghamton was the meeting of the veteran Major Hotchkiss with his aged mother, near four score and ten, who had come the distance of fifteen miles to see her darling boy. The scene was most affecting, when the two met in embrace, and there was scarcely a dry eye among the party when the aged son and mother were seen weeping their tears of joy. A blessing was involuntarily bestowed from one and all, and a fervent hope expressed that the mother and son might yet be spared for many more such happy meetings.

But the happy time at Binghamton had to be brought to a close, and so, after early breakfast, we set out on our journey, soon to leave behind us the great Empire State, the

borders of which were only a few miles distant. Scranton, the city of wonderful growth, and the centre of the great coal mining district of Pennsylvania, was our next point, which we reached in three or four hours.

### SCRANTON.

Twenty years ago this city of 45,000 inhabitants was little more than a wilderness; but the "black diamonds" of Anthracite lay in dense masses beneath its mountains and valleys; and when the acquisitive hand of Enterprise thrusts itself through the superincumbent earth and dragged them forth from their dark caverns into the glorious sunlight, the mere hamlet felt their magic influence and within less than a decade sprung forward to the third place among the great cities of Pennsylvania. Here we were met by a large deputation of citizens, and, preceded by a splendid band of music, proceeded to the Wyoming House, where quarters had been duly engaged long before our arrival. The Mayor of the city, Mr. Monies, and the Editor of the *Democrat*, Mr. Adams, had met us at Binghamton and accompanied us to Scranton. They were, therefore, the medium through which our introduction to the leading citizens of Scranton was brought about; and although the task was a heavy one, considering the fact that neither had met us until within the twenty-four hours last preceding, it was performed with a tact and a grace that would have done no discredit to gentlemen who had known us "from our youth up." As a matter of course the dust that had collected in our throats during the long ride must needs be washed down and the hospitable citizens had on hand sundry specifics for just that sort of complaint.

Of these one was labelled "Bourbon," another "Monongahela," another "Old Rye," (although I saw no *wry* faces made over it,) another "Otard," still another "Madeira," and yet others of various names and denominations which, as your readers know nothing of them—not even their names—I will not take up space by reciting. After these necessary precautions against tracheal and epiglott sand bars had been duly employed our party returned to the depot where we found a special train in waiting to convey us to the Coal Mines. The first of these that we visited was the Taylorsville Mine, situated about twelve furlongs from the city, and apparently one of the oldest and most profitable in that valley. After roaming like a colony of rats through every nook and corner of the immense coal breaker we descended by means of a platform car into the deep abyss, (called a *shaft*,) below. The coal-breaker resembles an immense, but very narrow, granary cut squarely through at the comb and one side only left standing, with stair-cases leading from one shed room to another until the third and last, or rather the main building, which stands centrally over the shaft, is reached. From this circumstance your readers will readily infer, what is indeed true, that the "granary" of which we speak has apparent *two* shed-rooms—one extending out from the main building and the other extending out from *that*—so that to the exterior view the roof presents the appearance of a long narrow, inclined plane, of which the angle of inclination increases with each of the successive roofs until the "jumping off place" at the comb is reached. A steam engine below raises and lowers the elevators which bring up at each trip about two thousand five hundred pounds of coal. The "box car" (which holds the coal) is supported by small iron wheels which rest on regular railroad iron, securely fastened to the platform, or elevator, and which when the platform reaches the level of the upper floor, connect with like bars that lead thence to a point some ten feet distant, where the loaded car receives a tilt that empties it of its contents at one "fell swoop." The car is then rolled back to the platform, and firmly fastened upon it. The engineer below receives the signal, and the elevator descends into the mine, meeting, as it reaches the half-way point, a loaded car, going up by the same machinery

and the same cable that sends it down. Reaching the bottom it is rolled aside, and a loaded car (of which quite a number are kept in waiting below) is quickly placed upon the platform in its stead. The signal again communicated, and the loaded car rapidly ascends the shaft to the outer world. Reaching the floor above it is rolled to the "dumping" place, before referred to, whence its entire contents are borne away by a schute to the machinery by which the larger lumps are partially crushed. From the crushing rollers the coal falls into two immense revolving sieves—the one on the right hand, the other on the left. These cylindrical sieves, (I don't use technicalities because they would not be understood) resemble immense coffee toasters open at both ends—poised, *not horizontally*, but at an inclination, *downwards* from the breaker, of about fifteen degrees. The first pair of these cylinders is provided with very large interstices at the lower end, which gradually decrease in size as we approach the upper. Three or four schutes lead away to like cylinders below, and into these the smaller lumps of coal that fall from the larger cylinders are carried away to undergo a second sifting process.

The larger lumps (i. e., those too large to go through the interstices) gradually gliding away, to the lower end of the sieve and are thence borne away by still another schute to the receiving cars that are kept ready to receive the coal of that size. Meanwhile the smaller coal, that has fallen through the interstices before referred to, is carried down the schute, and passed into a second set of cylinders, or sieves below. Here the same general process takes place, but as these sieves are finer than the first, but similarly constructed in all other respects, a second size of coal escapes from the lower terminus, while that which has escaped their meshes goes down to the third and last set, where the pea coal and coal dust are all that the fineness of the separator or sieve will permit to pass through. By this process, apparently tedious but really rapid, the coal is assorted into four separate sets of box or coal cars, each of which said sets is thus loaded exclusively with coal of about the same sized lump, but the lumps in set No. 1 are twice the size of those in No. 2, those in No. 2 twice or three times as large as those in No. 3, and so on down to the pea or trash coal. These sets stand on tracks that connect with the railway on which we had been traveling.

Surrounding each schute leading from the various sieves are from six to eight urchins whose features might at a glance be mistaken for the devil's own and who watch the sooty current as it glides by them, (stirring it occasionally with a small rod kept for that purpose) to pick out the pieces of slate that come gliding along with the coal. These little imps are watched over by an overseer, who carries a long pole with which he touches up the idle and inattentive. They are regular experts, and can scent a piece of slate as truly as a hound scents his prey.

After we had gone through the breaker, the superintendent of the mine had a car, or naked platform rather, elevated for our accommodation on which, ten at a time, we descended 208 feet into the bowels of the earth, amid the densest darkness that the imagination can picture. It was apparently a perilous trip, and two of our party positively refused to take it. We bore each a small lamp attached to a wooden handle, so that when once down and pursuing our subterranean explorations the line of march resembled a small torch light procession. The air was very cool and what seemed singular to our inexperienced minds, seemed to be blowing a gentle breeze. This we found on inquiry was produced by the ventilators by which the mine is kept continually supplied with fresh air. The galleries and chambers into which the mine has been cut extend for acres in every direction forming a labyrinth or honeycomb, from which no stranger would ever be likely to find his way out. Wherever the roof (which is composed of native slate) is weak, solid timber staunchions, or otherwise huge pillars of coal (purposely left standing) afford the requisite support. The imagination of the reader can picture whatever else of interest we saw in the mine, (except the mules which we found drawing the coal cars) and I shall therefore hurry

forward to the entrance which is reached by an inclined road-way, or mule-way as it is called, dug from the surface, about 500 yards from the breaker, for the admission of the aforesaid mules. After reaching the bright sunlight once more we took the cars and visited various other mines in that vicinity, one of which we were told lay 600 feet below the surface. But we went down into no more; and now that our "natural curiosity" had been duly satisfied returned to the city.

Returning to Scranton, we had the pleasure of meeting and conversing with Major F. A. Dony, a prominent lawyer of Mauch Chunk, (pronounced Mock Chunk,) and one of the cleverest men alive, who strongly insisted that our party should visit his little city and take Philadelphia in their route back to Baltimore. He informed us that the officers of the Lehigh Valley Road, and of the connecting road between that road and Philadelphia, had requested him to notify them at once whether or not we would consent to defect from our programme (which led us back to Baltimore via Northumberland on the Susquehanna) so that they might have special cars for our accommodation. It was, therefore, essential that we should act at once. A meeting was accordingly called by President Lynn, in which, after a short debate *pro* and *con*, it was determined to accept the kind invitation extended by Major Dony and seconded by the roads referred to. This decision was all the more grateful to those who advocated the measure from the fact that Mr. McKean, managing Editor of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, acting for and in behalf of George W. Childs, the enterprising proprietor of that paper, had extended us a polite invitation to visit "the City of Brotherly Love" and become the guests of Mr. Childs during our stay therein. The matter having now been definitely settled, Mr. Dony proceeded to perfect the necessary arrangements, which he did with the utmost possible dispatch, and made all ready for our "free transportation."

Immediately after our return from the coal mines a collation was served at the residence of Col. Tripp, an old gentleman who was visiting the lines around Richmond during the war and taken prisoner and confined in the Libby for several months. He endured the privations that Confederate soldiers know all about, but had forgotten all this. He did not forget, however, while enjoying his fine wines to send out some of it to the drivers.

Shortly after tea, which in most Northern cities is announced at five P. M., we proceeded to the blast furnace, the rolling mills and the railway iron rolling mills, situated about five or six hundred yards from the hotel. In the first we saw what Major Hunter, of Winchester, Va., very properly characterized in a speech delivered shortly afterwards "the great grand-father of all the steam engines on the continent." It was designed to supply the blast for the furnaces and most nobly did it perform that task. Its dimensions are so huge that no ordinary building would admit of its introduction, even by piece-meal; wherefore it was first set up and the building afterwards erected over it. It is a twenty-five thousand horse power affair, and has eight cast iron fly wheels, each of which is about thirty feet in diameter. The air is conveyed from the engine to the furnace by means of immense iron cylinders, resembling the smoke stack of a steamer but much larger. The furnaces are not unlike huge chimneys with a side opening just above the level of the second floor. On this second floor the crude ore is deposited in great heaps, from which the furnace is kept duly supplied through the "opening" referred to. The flames reach from the base of the furnace up to and above this opening, and the glare which they reflect upon even the most ruddy features, gives them the pallid hue of death.

From the blast furnace we went to the rolling mill, and from thence to the railroad iron rolling mill, where we saw much that was, to our unpractised eyes, both novel and interesting. We saw, for instance, square blocks of iron, heated to a white heat, drawn through immense iron rollers (armed with successive grooves deepening from one end of the rollers towards the other) gradually lengthening as they were passed, with surprising

rapidity, from one groove to another and gradually assuming the peculiar shape of T iron with each successive change, until as they emerged from the last groove upon the long truck beyond they were perfect T rails and ready for the saw. The truck on which they rested after their last emergence from the machinery was then rolled away to one side where two rapidly revolving circular saws, set the proper distance apart, cut the bars, at each end simultaneously, into rails of the standard length. It was now night, and the glare of the furnaces and the sooty visages of the workmen suggested frightful thoughts of a country where no 2500 horse-power engines are necessary to fan the fires.

Returning once more to the hotel we found a magnificent banquet awaiting our arrival. Two tables, extending from end to end of the long dining hall of the Wyoming House fairly groaned with the weight of a feast which none of us could do justice to because already "too full for words." A goodly number of the magnates of Scranton, besides invited guests from the neighboring towns of Pittston, Wilkesbarre, Mauch Chunk, &c., were present to grace and do distinguished honor to the unusual occasion. The Mayor of Scranton (Mr. Monies) presided with all the grace and dignity of a veteran. About eleven o'clock the cloth was *considered* removed and toasting and speech making became the order, not of the day, but of the night. The following programme of the toasts and responses I clip from the columns of the Scranton *Free-Press*:

1. "Our Guests."—To which our Mayor responded by a heartily expressed welcome to the guests of the evening. In reply, Mr. J. S. Budd, of the *Index*, of Petersburg, Va. returned thanks in behalf of the Excursionists, for the cordial reception given them.

2. "Our Country—One and Indivisible."—Response by W. W. Ketcham, of Wilkesbarre, in a most eloquent and patriotic speech, which was as eloquently and patriotically responded to by R. B. Berkeley, of the Richmond (Va.) *Whig*.

3. "The Press—The Modern Lever of Progress and Civilization."—Response by J. B. Adams, of the *Democrat*, of this city, and J. M. Keating, of the Memphis (Tenn.) *Appeal*.

4. "National Fraternity—The true basis of successful co-operation for the advancement of good will among all citizens."—Response by J. D. Laclar, of the *Republican*, of this city, and Colonel Stone, of the *News*, Raleigh, N. C.

5. "The Judiciary—Honest, Pure, Incorruptible; the only safeguard of the Constitutional rights of the people."—Response by C. Smith, of this city, and Major R. W. Hunter, of the *Times*, Winchester, Va.

6. "Education—The great bulwark of a nation's prosperity and happiness."—Response by Colonel C. E. Boyce, of this city, and A. B. Venable, of the *Commonwealth*, Farmville, Va.

7. "Coal, Iron and Cotton—The three great staples of the commercial industry of our nation; may they always meet with the fostering care of an honest Government."—Response by Hon. Lewis Pughe, of this city, in a succinct history of the rise and progress of the coal and iron interest of this valley.

The toast was also responded to in behalf of the South by M. M. Cooke, of the Montgomery (Ala.) *Daily Advertiser and Mail*, with some valuable statistics of the production and value of the cotton crop of the South, showing the importance of that staple, its bearing upon the financial situation at Washington, its instrumentality in keeping the currency up to its present standard of valuation and its value in sustaining the Government's credit abroad. He also spoke of the coal and iron regions of Alabama; stating that there were 5,000 square miles of coal lands surrounding a mountain of almost solid iron ore forty miles long and resting on a basis of limestone and sandstone, and concluded by inviting both capital and labor to "go to Alabama and grow fat."

The next and last toast was:

8. "Cities of the Valley—May they always be united in honest rivalry."—Responded to by Professor Bruce, of Pittston.

Mr. Bruce was warmly applauded at the close, and we believe we in no way detract from the other speeches when we say that his was the most finished speech of the evening.

Mayor Monies followed in a brief speech, after which the entire assemblage joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne," when the banquet ended.

The good feeling that prevailed throughout is perhaps the best evidence of the result of the visit. Not a word was spoken that could in any way offend, or that offered occasion for after unpleasant remark.

So much for the *Free Press* and its account, which is good as far as it goes, but it omits to state that the festivities were continued until the broad day beamed through the windows of the Wyoming, or that all, or nearly all, of the "revellers" retired by sunlight to their various couches.

The next morning, accompanied by Mayor Monies and twenty-five or thirty of the good citizens of Scranton, we took the train down the valley of Wyoming for Wilkesbarre. The little village of Wyoming is consecrated by the muses of History and Poetry. It was here that the most horrible Indian massacre that ever happened north of the Potomac, took place about one hundred years ago, and here also is the scene of Campbell's touching and beautiful legend of "Gertrude of Wyoming." But the Wyoming of to-day is situated more than three-quarters of a mile from the scene of the massacre. A small monument, of which we caught but a fleeting view as the train thundered by it, marks the latter spot, while farther away, like a little jewel hid in a casing of emeralds, the village discloses occasional glimpses of white walls and lofty spires. On the right of the road, coming South, may be seen a bare cliff in the enclosing mountains, which in compliment to the poet who wove around the consecrated spot his web of mingled Romance and Beauty, is called "Campbell's Ledge." The Valley of Wyoming is in all respects but one, the counterpart of the spot described by Claude Melnotte in Bulwer's splendid drama, "The Lady of Lyons." It is, indeed,

"A deep vale shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world,"

But there is no

"Clear lake, margined by fruits of gold and whispering myrtles"

In any part of its lovely confines. The low mountains, clad to their summits in living green, shut in a smiling landscape on which Nature seems to have exhausted her stores of of beauty and bloom. The well-tilled fields stretch away in softened undulations which, like the gentle throbings of the bosom of the great deep, hide no part of the scene from the gaze, while over the whole valley there broods such an air of rural quietude and peace that the mind of the beholder, catching its inspiration from the splendid panorama, "laps itself in the general Elysium."

We left Scranton on the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad, the freedom of which road was extended to the Excursionists by D. T. Bound, General Superintendent, who accompanied the party, and there met the son of Major Hotchkiss, our leader, who is the Paymaster of the road.

### WILKESBARRE.

At Wilkesbarre we found a well stored *table d'hote* and a welcome as warm and as genial as the heart of mere tourists could desire; but owing to the fact that we had not more than two hours time at our command the ceremonies were not so formal or so imposing as those that had marked our entrance into other Northern cities. We had, in

fact, barely time to transfer our baggage and demolish the feast spread for our refreshment, before the kind hearted citizens were at the door of the hotel with their carriages and buggies waiting to take us to the depot of the Lehigh Valley Road on which we were to pursue our devious route to Mauch Chunk. I said "devious route" because of the fact that the Lehigh Valley Road in its passage through the Alleghany Mountains is perhaps the crookedest in America. It follows the course of the Lehigh river, nowhere leaving its banks more than two rods, and as the river necessarily winds its way among the mountains, (that rise abruptly almost from the margin of its waters,) according to the openings that Nature has cleft for it in the rocks, the reader may easily picture to himself some of its sinuosities. Immediately after leaving Wilkesbarre (so-called in honor of the two celebrated Englishmen, John Wilkes and Col. Barre) the upgrade becomes very steep, and this continues until the summit of the mountains that enclose the Wyoming Valley is reached. Then a scene of beauty and grandeur breaks upon the beholder which defies all description and which once beheld can never be forgotten. We are then eight hundred feet above the valley and have a clear and perfectly unobstructed view of all its loveliness unrolled as upon a map before us. I can think of nothing better to compare it with than some magnificent chromo-lithograph, stretching away miles in extent and tinted as no picture made by human hands was ever yet, or possibly ever will be tinted. Perhaps a panorama would afford the most suggestive idea, because the flight of the train along the four or five miles in which this view continues gives to it that appearance of motion which recalls the panorama more aptly than any other mere work of Art. Turning at last to the right the cars begin their downward flight through the wilderness, that crowns the mountain tops and slopes, to the banks of the dark rolling Lehigh that foams and frets along at their base. About nightfall, or but a few minutes before twilight, we reach the city of Mauch Chunk and anchor for the night.

### MAUCH CHUNK.

Awakened in the early morning by noises of the most hideous character I sprang from my bed and looked out from the solitary window of my lofty room upon a motley collection of urchins, who with "wild halloo and thundering sounds" were engaged in celebrating the birth-day of American Independence. They seemed to be contented, and the manner in which they disposed of fire-crackers would have made the heart of a Chinaman leap for joy.

Mauch Chunk is situated on the banks of the Lehigh river and beneath the very brows of the lofty mountains that skirt that stream throughout the greater part of its course. A man, standing on the summit of the mountains that overlook the city, can pitch a biscuit upon the roof of almost any building in it; and yet it has a population of more than eight thousand souls. The mountains on the west of the Lehigh separate at this place, disclosing a deep ravine, or glen, in which, as well as along the banks of the river, the city is located. It therefore assumes the form of an L, one part of which runs along the river and the other up the glen. At the right (exterior) angle of this L is situated the magnificent residence of Hon Asa Packer, the first choice of the Pennsylvania Democracy in 1868, for President of the United States. He is a very able man and well beloved by his fellow-citizens of both political parties.

Owing to the peculiarity of its location, Mauch Chunk has deservedly secured the name of being the most romantic city in Pennsylvania. The country in which it is situated has, with equal propriety, been styled "the Switzerland of America." Fancy a city nestled down in the midst of a beautiful glen, overshadowed by high mountains so

steep that a chamois cannot scale their rugged sides, and so lofty that the summer sun shines not into the valleys they enclose before ten o'clock in the morning or after four or five in the afternoon, and you have some idea of the topography of Mauch Chunk. Fill in this outline with splendid buildings, elegant grounds, the hum of machinery, the thunder of passing trains, the emerald clothing of the mountains' sides and summits, the most invigorating of atmospheres, and the wildest, most romantic of rivers, and the portrait will be a *fac simile* of this wonderful city. About two hundred yards above the bridge across the Lehigh, and just beyond the L before mentioned, Mount Pisgah rises like a sentinel over stream and city, and "looks from its throne of clouds" over one of the grandest landscapes that the imagination of man ever conceived. Half way up the mountain is the narrow shelf of level land on which stand the depot and other buildings of the celebrated Switch-Back Railway. As this was one of the curiosities that had induced us to stop at Mauch Chunk, we repaired to the depot at eight o'clock, and taking a car which had been specially fitted up by the Company for our accommodation, were soon ascending the mountain side, at an angle of about thirty degrees elevation, and at a rate that I supposed equal to about eight miles an hour. The power by which this rapid ascent is accomplished is a stationary engine on the summit of the mountain, and the *means* by which that power is applied is what is called a bumper, which moves in the rear of the car, literally *pushing* it up the steep. This bumper is a small but strongly constructed frame of heavy timbers, six or seven feet long, three feet high and about three feet wide, mounted on flanged wheels held to their places by spiral springs which surround the axles, and continually press them outwards. At the point where the inclined railway sinks to a level grade an excavation is made beneath the track, down into which two *interior* rails, that gradually approach each other as they descend, are laid. When the descending bumper reaches these interior rails the flanges upon its wheels take hold upon them; and the gradual approximation of the rails, compressing the spiral springs, forces the wheels *up* the axle (towards its centre) until they are near enough together to permit wheels, bumper and all to pass inside the outer track and down into the excavation beneath it. The car we occupy is then pushed by hand directly over and beyond it, when the signal is communicated to the engineer on the mountain and the ascent of the bumper begins. We see the wire cable beneath our car begin to crawl slowly upward; then, turning to the rear, we see the bumper emerging from its "hole in the ground," its wheels widening as they rise until as they reach the exterior track, (on which our car stands,) they spread to the utmost limit of their immovable axles and adjust themselves to the width of the regular track. A moment later it strikes the rear of our car with its heavy front; a slight jar, succeeded by a gentle forward motion, follows, and now, that the contact between car and bumper is complete, the engineer plies all the steam at his command and we scale the mountain's side with a rapidity that tries even the hardest nerves. Parrallel with the inclined track is a bar or succession of bars of serrate iron, over which a solid steel arm, extending outward from the bumper, continually hovers, ready to drop into the notches and arrest any downward descent in case of the breaking of the cable. Reaching the summit of Pisgah (six hundred and sixty-four feet, in the perpendicular, from the foot of the "incline") we part company with the bumper, take a hasty survey of the magnificent outlook and removing the brakes begin the descent toward the coal mines. This descent ranges from forty-five to two hundred and twenty-one feet to the mile, and the car, when once under headway down it, flies along at the rate of twenty five miles an hour.

At the end of the first six miles we have left Mt. Pisgah and stand *vis a vis* to Mt. Jeffer-son where another ascent of 462 feet must be made by similar means to those employed in scaling Pisgah. But the ascent here is less abrupt, and the bumper, instead of the iron

arm, is provided with two immense iron horns, pivoted in the solid timbers in its front and looped up behind by means of a mechanical contrivance that lowers them to the earth so soon as the strain upon the cable that draws it upwards is removed. In case this cable breaks, therefore, the points of the horns immediately fall and the weight of the car drives them into the earth—stopping the train before it has had time to acquire the slightest momentum. From the summit of Mt. Jefferson we “turn loose” and run down another grade of forty-five feet to the mile to Summit Hill where we halt and are “treated” by the chief pilot of our expedition, whose name I regret not having learned. Summit Hill is a little mining village on the top of the mountain, and here, as at Mauch Chunk, the citizens were out in their holiday attire, celebrating the Fourth of July. A regiment of Sunday School children passed in review before us during our brief stay. Just beyond the road from the village we saw the opening of a coal mine which has been burning during the last twenty years, with no prospect yet visible of its early extinction. Here it was as we moved off that our Quaker convert made the attempt heretofore referred to, to rid himself of his narrow-brim hat by waving it at a bevy of young ladies and allowing it to fall.

From Summit Hill to No. 2 Panther Creek Plane the route is very circuitous, stretching along for two or three miles beneath the shadow of one continuous heap of trash or pea coal forty feet high and sixty feet broad at its base. Some faint idea of the business done by the mines, that are just here visible in almost every direction, may be had from this significant circumstance. The bumper that pushes us up No. 2 Panther Creek Plane is not of the same class as those that officiated at Pisgah and Jefferson. It is not arranged to sink beneath the track. It is run back on a parallel track and the car that carries our party is switched on in front of it. As the motive power of that car is simply gravitation, the reader may have some curiosity to know the manner in which the “switch-back” is accomplished. The track on which we approach the foot of the ascent is graded downwards as far as the switch and upwards for a few rods beyond it. The momentum acquired in running down the down-grade carries us to the top of the up-grade beyond. At that point the brakes are applied and the car is stopped. The switch (now behind us) is then adjusted, and the brakes being removed the car glides back down the grade and shifts to the other track. The signal is then given and we are drawn to the mountain top as before. From this point we run to No. 1 Panther Creek Plane, which we find to be the longest of the ascents on the route, but by no means so steep as the others. By this time, however, our nervousness on the subject of climbing mountains by steam has entirely subsided, and we glide up the steep with a feeling of exultation and pride in the mastery of mind over matter which no one, who has not felt it can ever learn from a mere description. This is the last of the ascents on the switch-back railway; for we are now 16 miles, by the route traveled from the foot of Pisgah and more than half way round the circuit which the switch-back pursues. From this point back to Mauch Chunk the grade is 96 feet to the mile, and as there are no obstructions in the way we make the trip (9 miles) in about 20 minutes, finding ourselves, at the termination of our ride behind the Gravitation horse, on the identical spot where one hour and ten minutes before we had taken the car! Thence returning to the city, we take leave of our kind friends, Dr. Gunster, of Scranton, Mr. Dony, of Mauch Chunk, and others, and move off at 10.30 for the “City of Brotherly Love.”

### PHILADELPHIA.

Arriving in Philadelphia we found a long array of fine carriages waiting to convey us to our quarters at the Continental, and a large deputation of the members of the Press ready to extend the hand of welcome and the heart of cordial and fraternal greeting. Mr. McKean, of the *Public Ledger*, acted as master of ceremonies (which were both few and

simple) and Messrs. Biddle and Anderson, of the *Age*, and several gentlemen from the *Press*, as his accomplished aides. Philadelphia is too well known to the country at large to require a description at my hands, even though my opportunities for "spying it out" had been sufficient to justify me in attempting that task. I shall, therefore, hurry through it and take my adieu of the public as an Excursionist.

The dinner spread at the Continental by direction of Mr. Childs did equal credit to the liberality of that gentleman and the *cuisine* of the house. The table was provided as though a brigade of hungry connoisseurs had been expected, and the wines that washed it down were of the finest French vintage. It is unnecessary to say that we did both meat and drink ample justice or that mirth and good humor were omni-prevalent. After dinner the carriages were again ordered for a drive through Fairmount by far the largest if not the finest Park in America. The various and manifold beauties of its lovely scenery were pointed out to us by our attentive and polite chaperones who directed the drivers to such spots as afforded the most charming views. After surveying about half the Park a halt was called at a small public house in the centre of the grounds where refreshments, with straws in them, were again served and where we loitered amid the refreshing shades until the declining sun warned us that it was time to return to the city. It was dark as we returned and the fireworks and pyrotechnics with which the people were testifying their devotion to the birthday of American liberty filled the air with a thousand brilliant and beautiful shapes of flame. An hour later one of the fiercest storms that ever visited Philadelphia was raging over the city, carrying destruction and in some instances death before it. But heedless of the storm we paid our devotions to the banquet, which, like the dinner, had also been provided at the cost of the proprietor of the *Public Ledger*. At eleven o'clock we took leave of our warm hearted friends, and seating ourselves in a new car that had been provided for our exclusive use by the polite officers of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad sped southward to

### THE MONUMENTAL CITY.

At that place our party disbanded with many expressions of mutual esteem and friendship, but above all with hearts full of thankfulness to the gallant old Major Hotchkiss, Traveling Agent of the Chesapeake and Ohio and Richmond and York River Railroads, for the pleasure they had received through the instrumentality of his untiring labor and potent personal influence. Long may he wave!

And now, we have said but the one-hundredth part of what we should have said, but we must close with paying a tribute that is due to Mr. W. H. H. Lynn, of the *Staunton Vindicator*, for the able manner in which he at all times presided over our body; and with congratulating the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad and the Richmond and York River Railroad Companies, on having in their service a man who, with all his ability and energy, never loses sight of the interest of his employers.

## COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

---

From the Richmond *Enquirer*, Saturday, July 13, 1872 :

### A JUST ESTIMATE OF THE NORTHERN PEOPLE.

We like to see a man who can discard the narrow ideas of his provincial training and lay aside his native prejudices so far as to do justice, when he travels abroad in the world, to those he may meet with. This is a world in which good and bad are pretty well distributed everywhere, and in every nation or country we find them. It is natural for each to think his own people the best, and perhaps it is patriotic that he should ; and so long as he remains, like Rasselas, shut up in the Happy Valley of his blissful ignorance, and only knows the world through the terrible accounts he receives of it from occasional travelers, he is not to be blamed if he believes all beyond the boundaries of his visual line outside barbarians ; but once he ventures forth and sees for himself how kind and beneficent Providence has been to all, and how equally He has distributed his blessings, if his intellect be not wholly under the control of his prejudices, he must rise to a higher and more generous estimate of the diffused worth of humanity. Among the Editorial visitors to Pennsylvania and New York, who recently accompanied Colonel Hotchkiss, none seems to have profited more by the trip than Mr. James D. Morrison, the able Editor of the Rock-bridge *Citizen*, and he has brought much of his knowledge home with him. In referring to the character of the people they visited, Mr. Morrison says :

"We had been taught to look upon these people as cold, selfish, and miserly—as forgetting the comforts and the amenities of life in their race after wealth. It is not so. We have never seen or imagined a country with such an air of competence and comfort everywhere, and in all of its appointments.

"It is a false notion that the fast people of the North do not enjoy life. They live more in one day than we do in a year. If they do hoard wealth they put it into a shape in which they and their families may derive from it the largest amount of happiness and the greatest degree of rational pleasure. Their houses and grounds are constructed and kept with neatness and taste, and supplied with every convenience and appliance both for use and to please the eye. We heard of their superior civilization, and in a material point of view, at least, it is superior. Their religion is, that the bounties of Providence bestowed upon them, and which they have taken hold of and by their industry and energy have developed and put into shape, are for their use and enjoyment, and they do use them to the fullest extent, and we are a half convert to their creed. We believe it is as sinful for us to leave buried and undeveloped all the treasures which are scattered around us on every side as it was to wrap the talent in a napkin and bury it in the earth. The difference is, we have received the five talents, they received the two and the one, and they have made them yield a thousand fold, whilst we have not had energy enough to dig a place to hide ours, and they lie around in the broad glare of open day, a living witness of our want of industry to make them breed with a profusion which would surprise the world and make our own beautiful section teem with wealth and the comforts which a proper use of it brings. The field is before us, the way is open. Everything and more

than these Northern people had is to our hands, and it will be to our shame and disgrace if we do not arouse ourselves and put them to the uses which the God of Providence designed them for."

The following is taken from the *Richmond Whig* :

#### THE NORTH AND SOUTH.

We copy in this issue from the *Philadelphia Ledger* a pertinent and well considered article relative to the recent excursion of Southern Editors to New York and adjacent States. There can be no doubt of the fact, inculcated by the *Ledger*, that the mingling of the people of the North and South in the manner indicated, would do more to dispel prejudices and strengthen the bond of brotherhood than any other method that could be devised, and chiefly from that conviction we have always favored and encouraged excursions from the South to the North or *vice versa*. Major Hotchkiss deserves much credit for originating and carrying out the Editorial Excursions of 1871 and 1872, and in granting to him full authority to make all the necessary arrangements, the authorities of the two railroad companies represented by Major Hotchkiss have exemplified their liberality in the most commendable manner. In a New York (State) paper received yesterday we find the following, among other resolutions, adopted by the New York Editorial Association :

RESOLVED, That it has given us a brotherly pleasure to meet our Editorial friends from the Southern States and exchange friendly greetings and social intercourse with them. As an association we have been glad to know them, to take them by the hand as citizens of a common country and members of the same fraternity, to listen to their patriotic speeches and to welcome them to the hospitality of the Empire State. For this high privilege we are indebted to the Union-loving and honest Major N. H. Hotchkiss, and the liberality of the Chesapeake and Ohio and Richmond and York River Railroads.

From the *Philadelphia Ledger* :

#### THE SOUTHERN EDITORS.

A few days ago a large party of "Southern Editors" passed through this city, after an extensive tour through Pennsylvania and adjoining States. During their brief visit to this city, the frequency of their allusions to what they had seen in our State or elsewhere in the North, indicating the great resources and power of this portion of their country, and of their allusions to the generous hospitality of their reception in all the places they visited, gave a new evidence of the great advantages resulting from travel and personal observation by intelligent men. We have no doubt that these gentlemen, educated and cultivated as they are, have gone home with opinions and sentiments of a character widely different from and far more just and accurate than those with which they left home a month ago. They have a higher conception of what is meant by the "United States," so far as the northern portion of their country is concerned; they have a better knowledge of the nature of that industry, enterprise, education, training and thrift which have developed the communities in these northern latitudes into rich and powerful Commonwealths; they have better understanding of the future possibilities of their own States, with their vast undeveloped resources, when they shall have applied to them the same processes and energies they saw in active operation in Pennsylvania and New York, and, in addition, they have found that the sharp experiences of the recent war have left no feeling of sectional hostility among the large numbers of people with whom they were brought into close social contact. We infer this not only from what they said, but from the manner which characterized the saying of it, and the natural ways in which their remarks cropped out in the course of

general conversation. We have no doubt that they go back to their duties as journalists with views and opinions so far tempered and modified—if not broadened—by what has come under their observation, that their respective papers will have far higher capacities for usefulness to their own people. They can speak of many important matters with force—the convincing cogency—that comes from absolute knowledge. They can give wide currency to facts which it is of the utmost interest to their people and to the whole country shall be broadly known. They can correct many erroneous impressions from their own knowledge and experience. And their experience, and the telling of it, will prompt others to travel in the North, as we trust their example will stimulate our own people to travel in the South during the season when the South offers to travelers a genial climate.

These are good and valuable influences, and are the very highest advantages that result from travel. There is nothing like seeing with one's own eyes the things he has read or heard of. He then finds how faulty and incomplete the best written or oral description can be; he finds, also, in close observation of these things, how many other things there are concerning which he has neither read nor heard anything whatever, notwithstanding the vast amount of printing, and talking, and writing we have going on in our day. He finds useful things and methods, unknown to him at home, well understood and practised in communities and among peoples whom he has perhaps ranked as inferior to his own. And similarly, there is nothing like personal contact of different peoples with each other for correcting hasty, unwarranted, or unjust impressions, produced by what has been heard or read, or conjured up in some way, at a distance from the person or people concerned. Personal intercourse dispels the glamour where the distant picture has been too favorable; removes the false impression where it has been incorrect or unjust; and almost invariably shows the intelligent *observing* traveler something—and quite frequently many things—to admire among people for whom he previously entertained no feeling but that of indifference or repulsion. Our Northern people are great travelers. Many, however, of the most active amongst them have not made the tour of the principal geographical divisions of their own country. Yet without this they can have no competent understanding of the boundless capacities of the United States. The man who stands upon the railway tracks at Market street bridge, and considers that the iron rails beneath his feet stretch away in an unbroken line nearly thirty-three hundred miles to the waters of the Pacific, and nearly as many more to the frontiers of Texas, has in his mind the germ of a great idea, but he does not, and cannot understand what that part of his country between him and the Pacific, or the Gulf of Mexico, really is, unless he goes and looks at it and examines it with observing eyes. Then he will understand that his country is not only a great empire, possessing all the elements of unparalleled greatness and power within itself, but have that understanding deepened into the conviction that it is a world within itself.

From the Memphis (Tenn.) *Appeal* :

In conclusion, it is proper that we should give some expression to the debt we owe Major N. H. Hotchkiss, General Traveling Agent of the Richmond and York River and Chesapeake and Ohio Railroads, the originator and organizer of the excursion, and to whose genius and love of country, to whose eager desire to restore harmony between the North and the South, we owe this re-union between brethren, attended, as it was, through all its varied phases of feasting, toasting and speaking, by the kindest spirit. He mapped it out, he labored and worked, and he perfected it in all its details, leaving nothing to be desired. An old man, native to New York, but a Southerner by adoption, the Major, after fighting his old friends and schoolmates as a Confederate soldier, conceived the plan of bringing the North and South together through the Press of either section, and so sowing the seeds of peace and good will. He is well repaid in the results so far, but will be better

by-and-by, when, as we say in election time, the full returns come in. May he live to see his country all he would have it, and to organize and conduct an Editorial Excursion all round it, and may we be one of the party. To our brethren of the South who were of the party, we make acknowledgments for many kindnesses and courtesies, and are glad to be able to put on record their love of the South, and to speak of the dignity with which they sustained themselves in presence of our Northern countrymen.

From the *Geneva Gazette* :

Honor to whom honor is due. While to the genial and public spirited Major N. H. Hotchkiss, our people, North and South, are indebted for the inception of the noble undertaking of bringing, through the interchange of Editorial visits between both sections of our country, the North and the South into closer communion, and for devising the excellent arrangements for carrying it into effect, it is due to the companies, of which he is the Traveling Agent, to say that to their munificent liberality and intelligent appreciation of the object, the public and the Press are indebted for the material facilities required for its accomplishment. These Companies are the Richmond and York River and Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Lines, whose office is at No. 90 Light street, Baltimore. The Fountain Hotel is the headquarters of the gallant Major, whom we shall ever be proud to rank among our most valued friends.

From the Lynchburg (Va.) *Republican* :

And now, in closing, permit me to say a word in praise of Major N. H. Hotchkiss, the leader of our party, who devised and carried out the grand scheme of the Northern Excursion, under the auspices of the Chesapeake and Ohio and Richmond and York River Railroad Companies, and for which lines of Railroad the Major is the General Traveling Agent. The completeness of the arrangements made, and the manner in which they were carried out, gave evidence that no uncommon labor had been bestowed in the perfection of the grand scheme; and this, together with the prime motive of the Major—that of bringing the people of the two sections of the Union together, in order to a restoration of the era of good feeling—entitle the old veteran not only to the sincere thanks of the individual members of his excursion party, but to the entire people of the two great sections of the Union. Long may he survive to lead annually such excursions as he has inaugurated.

From the *Elmira Gazette* :

It is nearly a year since we saw him,—quite a dozen months have swung round the circle of life's hopes and happiness, since his gladsome greeting was heard and hearty hand-grip felt. Though absent he was not forgotten. We had traced him by the kindly newspaper bulletins which announced his goings hither and thither, now *chaperoning* the Maryland Editors over the land, now escorting an agricultural Editorial party through the Old Dominion. Whenever we heard of him he was following out the impulses of his noble nature and doing some good to somebody or set of bodies. Though he should live a "thousand years, my own Columbia," (and why should not such men) he could be doing the very same thing, making some one glad and happy. Of course we refer to Major N. H. Hotchkiss (for who else fills such a bill)—the man of whom more pleasant and complimentary paragraphs have been written than any other person living or dead. We have styled him the Great Pacificator, for his great excursion of Northern Editors South, and the reciprocal visit North, did more than anything else, since the war, to establish a friendly feeling between the people of the two sections—made them acquainted with one another, and knowledge begot respect and consideration, while it removed false impressions. Major Hotchkiss' visit to New York (meeting hosts of friends here and in other cities) is a filial one, he coming to visit his aged mother. At the same time he has an eye to business and omits no opportunity to show up the beauties of the great trunk railroad he represents—

the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad and connections, passing through an historic region to the Ohio river, unsurpassed in scenery in the world. He is also still the Traveling Agent of the Richmond, York River and Chesapeake Railroad and Steamer Line.

From the Richmond *Enquirer*:

Major N. H. Hotchkiss, the energetic and amiable Agent of the Chesapeake and Ohio and York River Railroad Companies, to whom the entire Press of the country, if not the country itself, has been so deeply indebted, has been the recipient of a very handsome present from the Balcony Rocking-chair Manufacturing Company of Cooper's Plains, New York, who have sent him an elegant rocker—one of the best in their establishment—accompanied by a letter, from which we make the following extract:

"Major Hotchkiss—Your course of 'reconstruction' cannot be *too highly* praised, and will tend more towards healing the breach between the North and the South than any other. This has brought you more directly to my notice, and I have the highest respect for you, and as a very small proof of this allow me to present you with one of my best easy-rockers.  
A. E. COOPER."

We trust the Major may long live to enjoy his rocker and the good opinion of his many friends everywhere in the land.

From the Richmond *Dispatch*:

The *Deposit Courier*, of Deposit, New York, gives the following notice of the arrival of a gentleman "pretty well known in these parts," and on the York River Line. It is so original that, apart from any personal considerations, we give it a place. Mr. H.'s friends may not altogether recognize the picture, but he can stand a good deal of painting.

"On Monday we were surprised as well as gratified to receive a brief visit from N. H. Hotchkiss, Esq. His presence, though fleeting, left sunshine and gladness, for his sympathy, always open and frank, assumed a substantial shape not easily forgotten, and more particularly acceptable as the circumstances rendered it most providential. But riches, and gems, and worldly honors are worthless if we throw aside the kindly, heartfelt friendships that make this world a paradise below: and of all men who *believe* in the honest grasp of the hand and the speaking, truthful light that beams from the eye, N. H. Hotchkiss is the chief."

This notice has very much increased the "pressure" of Mr. Hotchkiss' hand. We can hardly write for one he gave us, and he has broken the hands of two or three friends by the irresistible severity of his "grip."

From the Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser and Mail*:

On Friday, the 10th day of May, 1872, we met for the first time Major N. H. Hotchkiss, the Traveling Agent of the Chesapeake and Ohio and Richmond and York River Railroads, who was then engaged in forwarding the interests of the roads he so ably represented, as also in arranging the details of a grand excursion by the Editors of the South to the States of New York and Pennsylvania. He said that his purpose was to bring together the representatives of public sentiment North and South, that they might be enabled to know and like each other better; and although we gave him credit for the very best of motives, we thought his endeavors would be fruitless. In the light of experience we are prepared to say, at this time, that his efforts were not fruitless. On the contrary they did great good; and a series of such re-unions as those which took place with the craft in the North at every halting place on the route of our grand excursion last year would restore perfect cordiality of feeling between dis severed sections sooner than any thing that mere politicians could either execute or devise.

But the Major's mind turns upon business as naturally as a vane upon its pivot. His hobby is the Chesapeake and Ohio and the Richmond and York River Railroads. They are the suns of his system around which he makes all other material things revolve. He does many good works—as many as any other man on the continent—but the hardest work is that which he does in the interests of his roads. The Richmond and York River is the favorite route of those who travel the Chesapeake bay. It is known through every foot of its length to almost every old soldier of the army of Northern Virginia. It is officered by good and true men and represented here to-day by *the* railroad agent *par excellence* of America.

It is a grand road, and no man who travels for pleasure or profit should neglect an opportunity to take at least one trip over it.

This same Major Hotchkiss, who is best known as the "Editors' Friend," "the ubiquitous Locomotive in pants," "Old Nitro-Glycerine," "Dynamite," and other pet phrases will leave the city this morning for Columbus, to the craft of which city we do most cheerfully and cordially commend him. We had the pleasure of following his lead in that Editorial Excursion last year, during which we had an opportunity of learning all about him, and the more we learned the better we liked him. We wish him the most abundant success in everything he undertakes because we know that he will undertake nothing which in its fullest development will not redound to the good of his country and of his fellow-men.

From the *Roanoke News*:

WELCOME, THRICE WELCOME!—Our surprise was only equalled by our gratification at beholding in our office, on yesterday, the ever welcome and genial face of our old friend, Major N. H. Hotchkiss, the Traveling Agent of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad and Richmond and York River Railroad, *alias* the "Editor's Friend," "The ubiquitous Locomotive in pants," "Old Nitro Glycerine," "Dynamite," &c., &c. Many have been the pleasant recollections of our participation in the "Southern Editorial Excursion," under his leadership, through the Northern States last summer, and his familiar words, "It is well!" were like the joyful echo of pleasant sounds—his merry greeting that of a long tried friend, while his beaming countenance brought back, in vivid distinctness, delightful memories of by-gone days.

Always with an "eye to business" the Major, not forgetful of the land of his birth—the North—nor yet the land of his adoption—the South—has been engaged for several years, in the noble principle—the great undertaking—we might say, the divine calling, of bringing the people of the North and South together that they—"Knowing each other better might learn to love each other more." Obeying his pleasing injunction—"Follow your conductor and fear no danger," it was our good fortune to form one of his party of Excursionists, through the North last summer, and never can we forget with what care and forethought he led us safely and triumphantly through, and with what genuine satisfaction he shared and mingled in our joys and rejoiced at our pleasures.

No man in the United States has done more to bridge the "bloody chasm" and bring into closer and more intimate and friendly relations the people of the North and South. By his gentlemanly bearing, winning, affable ways, and noble self-sacrificing devotion to principle he wins hosts of personal friends everywhere he goes as well as warm supporters and friends of the railroads which he represents. May his pathway, through life, be smooth, and may his joys be as numerous as his many virtues. His headquarters are at the Fountain Hotel, Baltimore.

We could continue these quotations *ad infinitum* but our space is limited. Suffice it to say that the Press, North and South, East and West, bore ample testimony to the complete success of Major Hotchkiss' undertaking and the the great good accomplished by the two Editorial Excursions.—ED.

In concluding what has been to me truly a "labor of love," I have explanations to make and thanks to return—explanations by no means disagreeable and thanks whose expression requires more than the meagre vocabulary I possess.

When first I conceived the idea of bringing my Northern and Southern brothers together, I was in the employ of the Chesapeake and Ohio and the Richmond and York River Railroad Companies, where I still hold the position of Traveling Agent.

The officers of those Roads, when apprized of my design, immediately extended every facility for its furtherance. Months, and I may say with perfect truth, years were consumed in preparations for the two Excursions. During much of that time I was necessarily absent from the post assigned me by those Corporations. No word of comment ever reached me—no sign of disapproval was ever given. If not as enthusiastically, they were as practically enlisted in the realization of the scheme as myself, and through their good offices I was enabled successfully to bring to pass what many of my friends of the public Press have pronounced "the crowning effort at reconciliation."

To the Railroad Companies, Steamboat Lines, Hotel Proprietors, and the Western Union Telegraph Company, I desire particularly to pay my respects. The work I undertook was exceedingly arduous. To pilot fifty or sixty gentlemen over a distance of perhaps fifteen hundred miles in the Excursion of 1871 and three thousand miles in 1872, to arrange connections, supply accommodations and provide for their amusement is no light task, and should never be attempted save by those who feel within themselves the qualities to insure success. Even then the natural anxiety which such a responsibility begets, is harrassing in the highest degree, and a barrier to all real enjoyment unless the pilot is most cordially seconded by those whose business it is to supply the wants and cater to the oftentimes fastidious fancies of the traveling public. That I was enabled to accomplish my undertaking in a manner pleasing to those under my guidance and satisfactory to myself is due in great measure to such Corporations as the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, the Richmond and York River Railroad, Northern Central Railway, Pennsylvania Central Railroad, New York Central Railroad, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad, Black River Railroad, Albany and Boston Railroad, Albany and Susquehanna Railroad, Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad, Lehigh Valley Railroad, and Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad; the only road on the route exacting fare being the New York and Erie Railroad, from Elmira to Buffalo, which charged me for the Excursion party one hundred and forty-seven

dollars and fifty cents.\* Many other Roads extended hospitalities which we were unable to accept. I desire to return thanks also to the York River Steamboat Line, to the Canandaigua Steamer, the Seneca Lake Steamboat Company, the Keuka Lake Steamboat Company, and the St. Lawrence Steamboat Company.

The St. Clair Hotel of Baltimore, and the International Hotel of Niagara, threw open their doors to our party, free of charge. The Rathbun House, of Elmira; Buffalo Club; the Osborne House, Rochester; the Webster House and Canandaigua House, Canandaigua; the Arlington House, Fall Brook House and Mountain House, Watkins Glen, of which J. J. Lytle is Proprietor; the Franklin House, Geneva; Globe Hotel, Syracuse; Sinks' Opera House, Rome; Woodruff House, Watertown; (Mr. Winslow, on Pullman's Island, gave the party a splendid banquet;) the Hubbard and Wilton Hotels, Cape Vincent; Delavan House, Albany; Cafferty House, Binghamton; Wyoming House, Scranton, and F. A. Doney, Mauch Chunk, in conjunction with the Editorial Fraternity and the Citizens along the line of the Excursion handsomely entertained the party.

Mr. George W. Childs, of the *Public Ledger*, of Philadelphia, extended the hospitalities of that city to the Excursion Party.

And now to the friends who so generously assisted me whilst preparing the details of the excursion—what shall I say? "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," but sometimes the heart is *too full* for utterance. The words of cheer, the kind greetings and good deeds rush through the mind in such crowding phalanxes that to place them in order and lead them forth would savor more of art than soul. In such an array, too, many of the dearest might be lost to view. How often in the solitude of my chamber do I call to mind the noble exertions of those gentlemen, their untiring energy, their urbanity and unselfishness, their cheerfulness under difficulties that would have appalled stout hearts, their final triumph and the entire self-abnegation with which they transferred the laurels from their own brows to mine!

Hospitality is a beautiful gem, but like all costly jewels it must be garnished before its purest radiance can be seen. These gentlemen were the goldsmiths through whose hands the diamond passed to receive its polish and setting. Through their efforts "the lamp was rubbed and the doors flew open." Aladdin's experiences were as nothing compared with our own. Our party was hurried from the inspection of the mechanical wonders produced by the ingenuity and energy of man to the contemplation of the beauty and sublimity which Nature had so lavishly placed at their disposal.

Machine shops and parks, mines and glens, artificial cascades and towering natural Falls passed in such rapid review as to appear the work of some gigantic kaleidoscope unceasingly in motion for the benefit of the sight-seers,

\* See Parkers' Resolution, page 85.

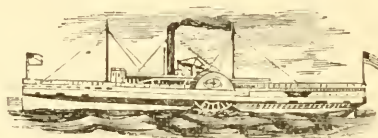
while the formal courtesy of the banquet hall alternated so often with the gentle influence of the home circle and the silvery tones of the softer sex that we were seldom able to analyze the delightful but conflicting emotions which possessed us during the entire excursion.

Though it may seem invidious to particularise, where so many contributed to the success of my undertaking, I cannot refrain from acknowledging my obligations to Jno. Van Horne, General Superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company; Ed. S. Young, Esq., General Passenger Agent of the Northern Central Railway; A. H. Hall, President of the New York State Editorial Association; S. H. Parker, Vice President, and A. O. Bunnell, Secretary and Treasurer, and the entire Press of the Country.

In behalf of myself and my companions, I now return thanks for the hospitalities extended us, and with the hope that my feeble efforts have borne fruit and in some measure bridged over the "bloody chasm" of sectional hatred and prejudice, I bid adieu to the public.

NELSON H. HOTCHKISS.

**THROUGH AIR LINE**  
**PASSENGER & FREIGHT ROUTE**  
 TO THE  
**South and Southwest,**  
 VIA  
 Richmond, York River and Chesapeake Railroad Line,  
 VIA RICHMOND.



THE STEAMERS OF THIS LINE LEAVE

Pier No. 10 Light Street Wharf,  
 AT 4 O'CLOCK P. M.

**FOR RICHMOND,**

CONNECTING WITH THE

*Richmond and Danville, Chesapeake and Ohio,  
 North Carolina, Charlotta, Columbia and Augusta,  
 Greenville and Columbia,  
 Richmond and Atlanta Air Line*

**RAILROADS,**

For Danville, Greensboro, Salisbury, Charlotte, N. C.; Columbia,  
 Greenville, Spartansburg, S. C.; Augusta and Atlanta, Ga.;  
 Staunton, Charlottesville, White Sulphur Springs,  
 Charleston and Huntington, W. Va.

**AND ALL INTERMEDIATE POINTS.**

FOR ALL INFORMATION APPLY TO

R. FOSTER, Gen'l Supt.

N. H. HOTCHKISS, Traveling Agent.

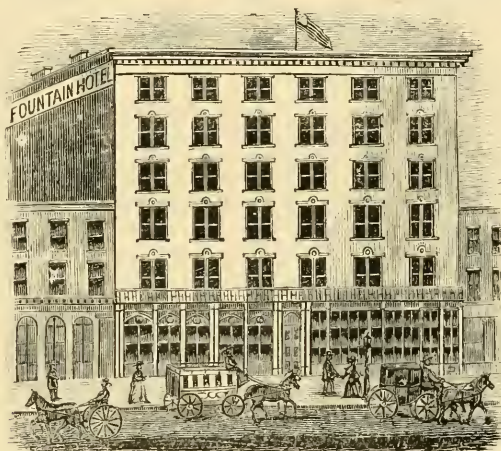
# Fountain Hotel,

Nos. 91, 93, 95 & 97

CAMDEN STREET,

Near the Baltimore and Ohio Depot,

**BALTIMORE, MD.**



This Hotel has been renovated and refitted with all the modern Improvements; GAS AND WATER ON EVERY FLOOR. The

## Bedrooms are Large, Cool and Airy.

Special attention given to the wants and comforts of our Guests.

National Fire Escapes and Babcock's Fire Extinguisher on the premises.

The Hotel is convenient to all Southern and Western Railroads, Steamboat Landings, &c. Cars running every five minutes to all parts of the City, saving back hire.

This House is proverbial for its Order, Cleanliness and Good Fare.

TERMS, \$2.00 per day; Chambers on Parlor Floor, \$2.50 per day.

Telegraph Office in the house.

*All the Appointments are First-Class.*

R. SHARE, Proprietor.

N. H. HOTCHKISS,

Travel Agent Ches. & Ohio and Rich. & York River R. R. Co.

OFFICE—144 LIGHT STREET, BALTIMORE.

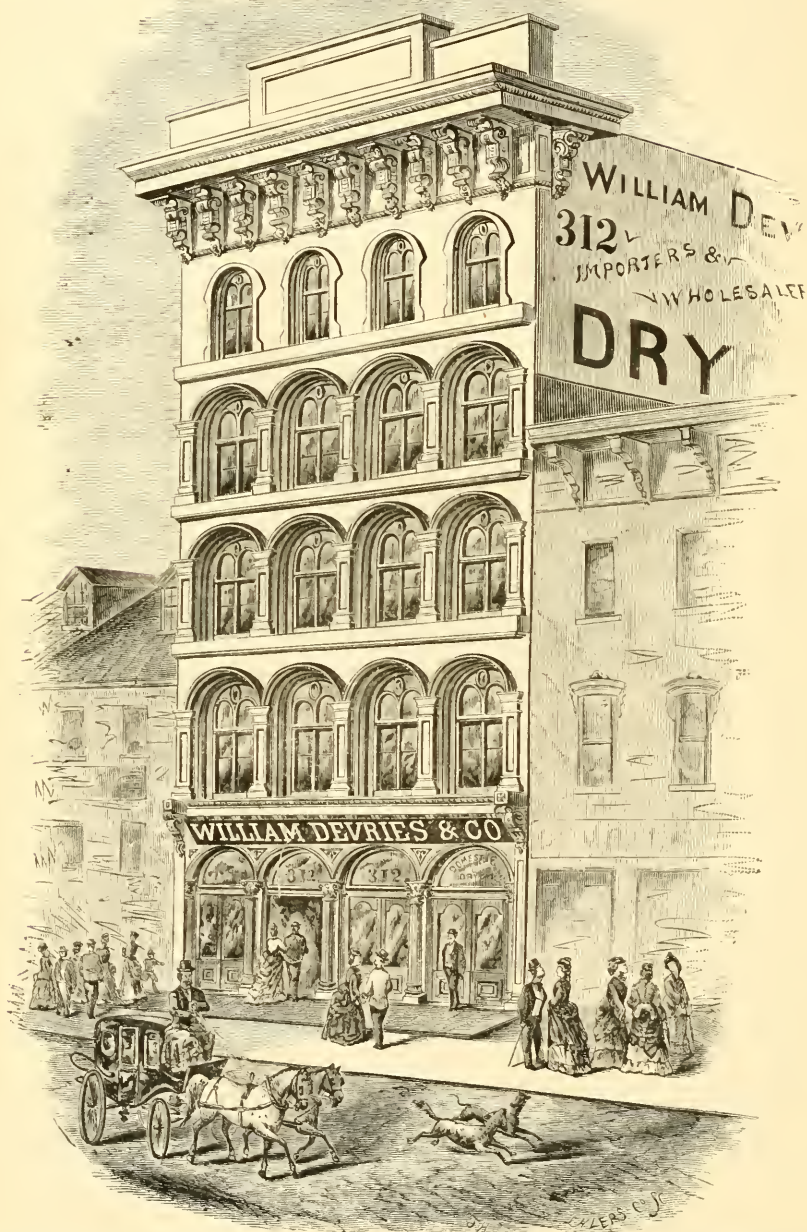
HEADQUARTERS—FOUNTAIN HOTEL, “

William Devries.

Christian Devries, of S.

William R. Devries

Solomon Kimmell,



Wm. Devries & Co. Wholesale Dealers in Foreign & Domestic Dry Goods & Notions,  
 312 W. BALTIMORE ST., (between Howard and Liberty,) BALTIMORE.

# DEVRIES, YOUNG & CO.

Wholesale Dealers in

## BOOTS AND SHOES,

No. 310 West Baltimore Street,

*Between Howard and Liberty Sts.,*

BALTIMORE, Md.

---

WILLIAM DEVRIES.

ALEX. YOUNG.

S. K. G. DEVRIES.

BROWN, LANCASTER & CO.

**BANKERS**

AND

**BROKERS,**

No. 6 Rialto Building,

BALTIMORE, MD.

# THE BEST IN THE WORLD!

## The Regulator & Champion Fire-Place Heaters

**ARE PRONOUNCED SO BY ALL WHO USE THEM.**

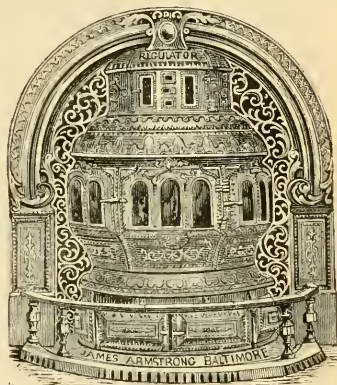
These Heaters are constructed upon entirely new and scientific principles. They are powerful Heaters, and Ventilators. Our principal of introducing the draft at the top or feed door of the Stoves obviates numerous defects common to all other Fire-Place Heaters. It prevents escape of noxious gases to mingle with the air of the apartments, and it ventilates the apartments by using the upper strata of air to support combustion in the Stove. It keeps the top of the Stove comparatively cool, thus preventing injury to mantels. It is a hot blast Base Radiator, supplied with a regulating damper by which the fire can be controlled to a nicety never before obtained in Stoves.

### A SAVING OF ONE-THIRD THE FUEL

Is accomplished by this contrivance. We invite all persons to call and see our Stoves before purchasing elsewhere.

The Heaters will Warm the Rooms above thoroughly, and also the Rooms in which they are placed.

We have them heating Parlors 15x30 feet, and three large Rooms above, effectually.



**JAMES ARMSTRONG,**

Manufacturer and Dealer in Stoves, Ranges, Hollow Ware, &c.

FOUNDRY—PORT DEPOSIT, MD.

60 Light Street, Baltimore.

## CARRIAGE REPOSITORIES.

The largest stock of Extension Top and Pony Park PHAETONS; Single and Jump Seat JAGGERS; BREET'S; Close Panel CARRIAGES; ROCKAWAYS; TOP and NO-TOP BUGGIES; SULKEYS; Trotting, Jersey, Market, Beach and Express WAGONS, *Twenty-Five per cent. less than New York Prices.*

SECOND-HAND CARRIAGES taken in Exchange, and always sold cheap.

NEW and SECOND-HAND SINGLE and DOUBLE HARNESS at all prices.

GRAND CENTRAL REPCSITORY, 94 W. Fayette Street,

GREAT WESTERN REPOSITORY, 120 N. Howard Street,

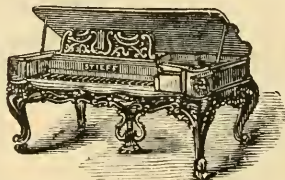
BALTIMORE, MD.

WASHINGTON REPOSITORY, 319 12th St., Washington, D. C.

*P. D. SCHMIDT & CO., Proprietors.*

## STIEFF'S PIANOS

UPWARDS OF  
FIFTY FIRST  
PREMIUMS,  
GOLD & SILVER  
MEDALS  
awarded to  
C. M. STIEFF  
for the best  
PIANO.



The superiority of Stieff's Pianos is conceded by all. Prices will be found reasonable; good workmanship. A large assortment of second-hand Pianos, \$75 to 300. Agents for Burdett Church Organs,—all styles. Office and Warerooms, 9 N. Liberty St., Baltimore.

## E. WHITMAN & SONS,

*Manufacturers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF*

**Agricultural Implements,  
FERTILIZERS,**

**Garden and Field Seeds,**

Nos. 145 & 147 W. Pratt St.

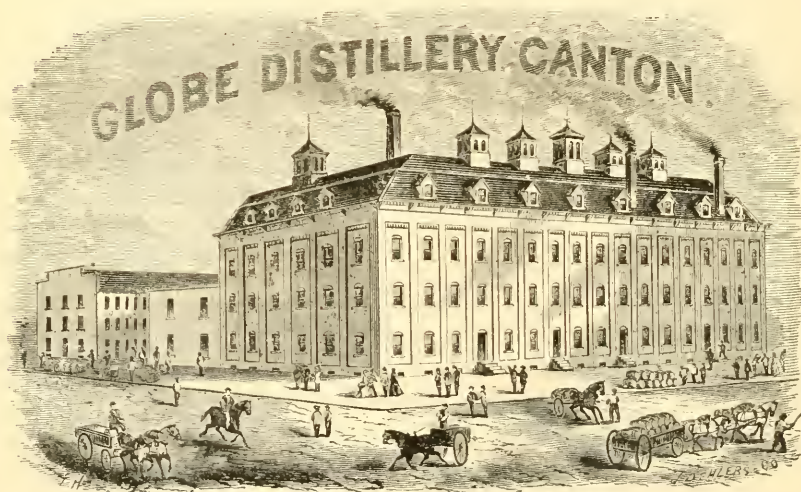
OPPOSITE THE MALTBY HOUSE,

**BALTIMORE.**

ESTABLISHED 1825.



THOS. J. FLACK & SONS,  
WINES AND LIQUORS,  
52 SOUTH STREET, BALTIMORE.



FLACK BROTHERS,  
Distillers of Rye and Bourbon Whiskies, Rum, Gin and Brandy,  
OFFICE. 52 SOUTH STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

DISTILLERY, BOUNDED BY CLIFTON AND FIRST STREETS AND FIFTH AND SIXTH AVENUES.

**J. D. EHLERS & CO.**  
**Engraving and Steam Printing**  
**HOUSE,**  
**87 Second Street, Baltimore.**

---

The attention of Merchants and Manufacturers is respectfully called  
to our unequalled facilities for executing orders for

**LABELS IN COLORS**

AND SUPERIOR

**Book and Job Printing.**

Having our own skilled

**CORPS OF ARTISTS AND ENGRAVERS**

On the premises, we are enabled to compete with any establish-  
ment of the kind in other cities.

**Designs, Samples and Estimates**

Cheerfully furnished on application.

**J. D. EHLERS, & CO. Baltimore.**

ALLEN M. LYON.

ALEX. B. WELLS.

J. K. CHILDREY.

**A. M. LYON & CO.**  
**TOBACCO MANUFACTURERS,**  
 20th STREET,  
 Between Main and Franklin Sts.,  
**RICHMOND, Va.**

---

PEACH BLOSSOM, JULIA CARROLL, SPORTSMAN'S COMFORT,  
 MAGNOLIA, WASHOE, PIG TAIL TWIST,  
 FIRST LOVE, FRANGIPANNI, SULTANA,  
 FARMER'S JOY, SHORT HORN, SHEET ANCHOR,  
 AND PLE TRY THIS ALONE,

**SMOKING TOBACCOS.**

*The Democratic Leader*, of Binghamton, New York, speaking of MAJOR HOTCHKISS and his unvaried cheerfulness, says: "This is occasioned probably from his using LYON'S SULTANA SMOKING TOBACCO, manufactured only at Richmond, Va., and which is the best in the world, and makes every one happy and jolly that uses it." This is the Tobacco which the Major smokes in the pipe which he holds in the Frontispiece.

---

**JOHN K. CHILDREY,**  
**TOBACCO MANUFACTURER,**  
 Corner Twenty-Fourth and Main Streets,  
**RICHMOND, Va.**

**All Styles of Plug & Twist Tobaccos.**

---

CLOTH OF GOLD, GRAPE LEAF, WATER LILLY,  
 BARRET'S CROWN, INTRODUCTION, HARVEST,  
 BARRET'S ANCHOR, SUNNY SOUTH, CHARMER,  
 FORGET ME NOT, AND OTHER BRANDS.

**J. T. ELLYSON,**  
**BOOKSELLER & STATIONER**

1112 MAIN STREET,  
**Richmond, Va.**

Any Book published sent to any address, postage paid, upon receipt of  
the publisher's advertised price.

SOLE AGENT FOR THE SALE OF

**"The Pine and The Palm."**

**Monticello Cigar Factory,**  
**CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.**

**CHAS. C. WERTENBAKER, Proprietor.**

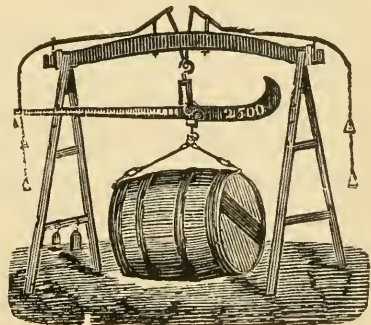
Bonitas et Forma, La Loula, Silver Grays, Monticello,  
Mouse, La Mell, and other Fine Brands.

**Prices Low and Satisfaction Guaranteed.**

SEND FOR PRICE LIST AND CIRCULAR.

**JESSE MARDEN,**  
**SCALE MAKER**

SOUTHEAST CORNER OF  
Charles and Balderston Sts.  
**BALTIMORE.**



# Piedmont and Arlington LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

**Home Office—Richmond, Va.**

This successful VIRGINIA COMPANY has established Agencies in every section of the country, North, South and West, and is the only

## **SOUTHERN LIFE COMPANY**

That has complied with the Insurance Laws of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, &c., and SECURED BUSINESS in these States.

**Annual Income over One and a Quarter Million Dollars.**

**20,786 POLICIES ISSUED TO SEPTEMBER 30th, 1873!**

### **POLICIES ISSUED FOR NINE MONTHS ENDING**

*September 30, 1871, . . . . . 1,513*

*" " 1872, . . . . . 1,872*

*" " 1873, . . . . . 2,567*

**OVER \$1,250,000 PAID IN DEATH LOSSES!**

ALL DESIRABLE FORMS OF LIFE AND ENDOWMENT POLICIES ISSUED.

POLICIES LIBERAL AND NON-FORFEITABLE.

ALL CLAIMS PAID PROMPTLY.

SURPLUS (DIVIDENDS) RETURNED TO POLICY-HOLDERS ON THE CONTRIBUTION PLAN.

*No Company in America has been more successful, and no Company can present superior advantages to those who desire A LIFE POLICY.*

**W. C. CARRINGTON, President.**  
**D. J. HARTSOOK, Secretary.**

T H E

# Virginia Fire & Marine Insurance Co.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, No. 1015 MAIN STREET,  
RICHMOND.

*Chartered 1832. Cash Assets \$350,000.*

THIS COMPANY does a **FIRE** business almost exclusively, and has been prosperous for nearly *FORTY-TWO YEARS*. Its policy is to increase its ability proportionately with the increase of its risks. It ranks with the best Five, out of sixty-one Companies reporting to the New York Insurance Department for 1872.

**C. W. STANDARD & CO.** Agents in New York City, 139 Broadway.

Agencies in the Principal Cities of Georgia and Mississippi.

**WM. WILLIS, JR.,** Secretary.

**W. L. COWARDIN,** President.

GEO. S. PALMER.

DANIEL J. HARTSOOK.

WM. H. PALMER.

**PALMER, HARTSOOK & CO.**  
**COMMISSION MERCHANTS,**

*No. 1321 Cary Street, Richmond, Va.*

Special attention given to Consignments of

**Cotton, Grain, Flour, Tobacco and Country Produce.**

LIBERAL CASH ADVANCES MADE, and BAGS furnished, on application, for Grain.

AGENTS for Knight's celebrated Dark Standard Syrups and Sugars; F. L. Williams & Co's high grade Refined Sugars and Bright Sugar-house Syrups; "Holladay's and other brands Virginia Flour, and Spanish Mass Licorice of various grades.

*AGENTS here of the AMERICAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY, of Philadelphia.*

THROUGH BILLS OF LADING for Freight issued from RICHMOND to LIVERPOOL, and Tickets for both Cabin and Steerage Passengers.

# Beware of Imitations & Counterfeits!

ESTABLISHED



1850.

**FOR GENUINE! SEND YOUR ORDERS DIRECT.**

## Analysis of Prof. J. L. Campbell.

LABORATORY OF W. & L. UNIVERSITY, LEXINGTON, VA.

Messrs. J. BUMGARDNER & SONS, *Staunton, Va.*

*Gentlemen* :—The sample of Whiskey sent here by you for analysis, has been subjected to a careful Chemical examination, and found to be free from all drugs, or substances foreign to Pure Rye Whiskey. Its mildness and purity adapt it well to Medicinal purposes for which PURE WHISKEY is wanted. Very respectfully, J. L. CAMPBELL, Prof. of Chemistry.

## Analysis of Prof. McCulloch.

LEXINGTON, VA.

Messrs. J. BUMGARDNER & SONS:

*Gentlemen* :—I have carefully examined your "OLD RYE WHISKEY" and take pleasure in informing you, that I found it a very *pure and superior article*, quite free from any adulteration or foreign matter, and such as is required for Medicinal use.

It may be well to specify that it is remarkably free from *fusil oil*, that natural product of the fermentation and distillation of grain, which unskillful manufacturers find so difficult to get rid of or avoid, and which gives to common Whiskey not only a disagreeable taste and odour, but very deleterious properties.

Our people little know or imagine what villainous fabrications are sold to them, sometimes even poisonous, by dealers in cheap *Wines and Liquors*.

Respectfully yours, R. S. McCULLOCH.

**SOLD PURE and UNADULTERATED** { IN QUANTITIES AND PACKAGES OF ALL SIZES.

 For Prices and all other information, apply to

**J. BUMGARDNER & SONS,**

*Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors,*

**STAUNTON, VA.**

|                 |                |
|-----------------|----------------|
| Alumina,        | 869            |
| Silica,         | Trace*         |
| Organic Matter, | Trace (slight) |
|                 | 107            |
| Total,          | 7.777          |

The detection in the sediment of minute quantities of arsenic and copper is interesting. These two metals have, in Europe, been found together in deposits from the mineral waters of Ems, Schwallbach, Wiesbaden, Pyrmont and other localities (Walchner, &c.) The former metal is popularly spoken of as existing in one or two of the Virginia Springs, without, I believe, the fact having been established by analysis. Its presence in this case is unquestionable, though the amount is very small. It will, on this account, be interesting to watch the influence of the water in cases of intermittent fever, periodically recurring neuralgia, and chronic diseases of the skin and chronic nervous affections.

In like manner, the use made in medicine of salts of copper would point to the examination of any apparent effect of this water upon certain nervous diseases, such as epilepsy, chorea, and upon long-standing cases of diarrhoea and dysentery.

I am, sir, respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. W. MALLEY.

Viewing these mineral waters as a whole, the peculiar advantages attending such a combination at one place, must place the JORDAN ALUM SPRINGS in the front rank of Summer Resorts for invalids and those broken down from over taxation of mind, seeking rest and recreation.

## ACCOMMODATIONS.

Arrangements have been made for Excursion Tickets from all principal points to these Springs. Tickets at reduced rates, and good until November.

Any one with baggage checked to other points passing over the C. and O. R. R., desiring to make a detour for a day or so to the Jordan Alum, can, by application to the conductor, have baggage put off at Goshen or Millboro', and again rechecked for destination on their return. There being two daily passenger trains over this road, this enables one to leave train going West passing Goshen at 5 o'clock, A. M. or 5 P. M., and return in twelve or twenty-four hours; those going East can leave train at Goshen at 9 A. M., returning same evening or next morning, or leave train at 10 P. M., and spending night at hotel at Goshen, go to Springs next morning, returning same evening if desired.

Express Train, going West, arrives at Goshen 5 A. M.

Mail Train, going West, arrives at Goshen 5 P. M.

Express Train, going East, arrives at Goshen 10 P. M.

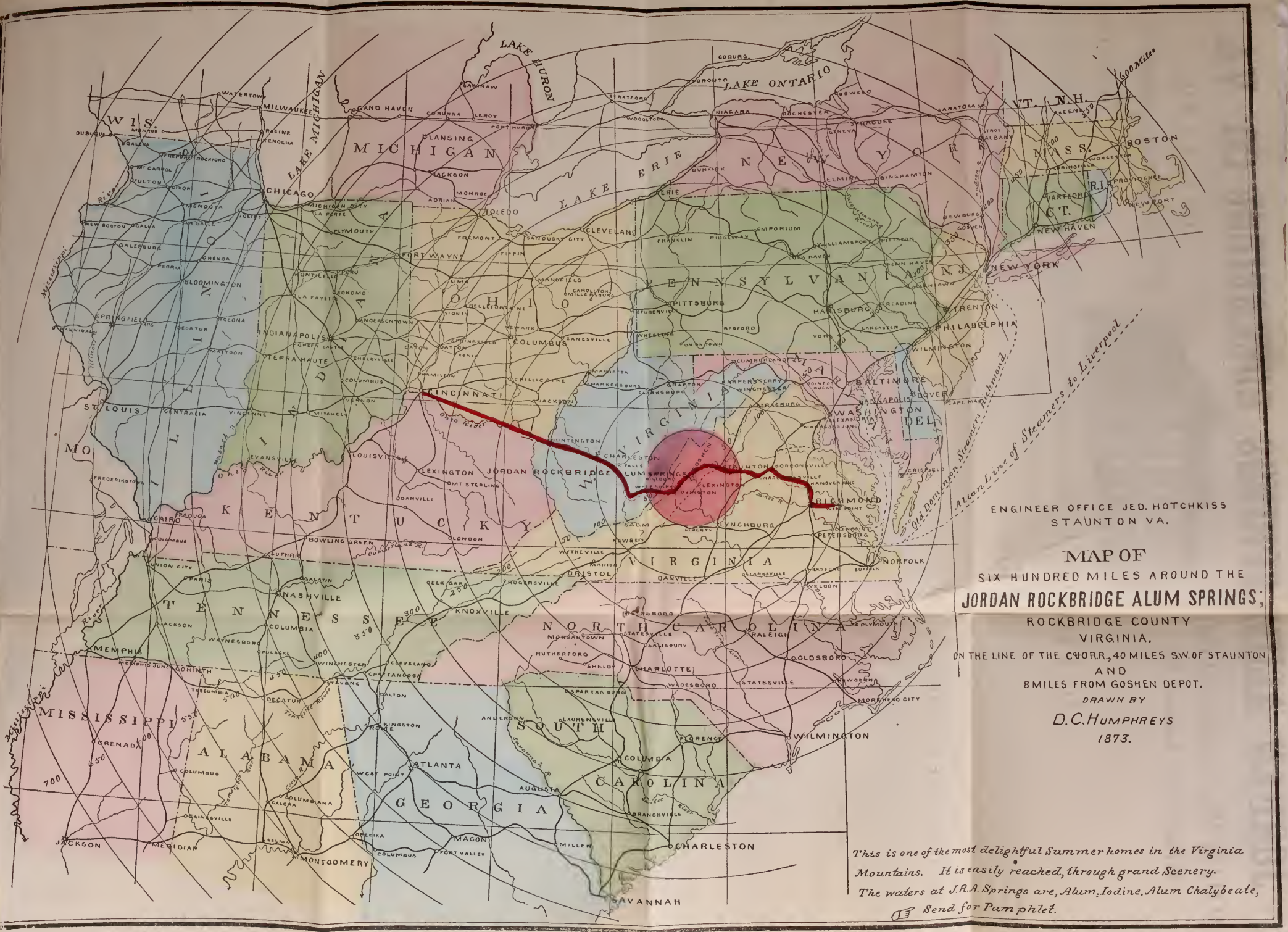
Mail Train, going East, arrives at Goshen 9 A. M.

## WATERING PLACES IN VICINITY.

Much pleasure may be derived by visiting the Watering Places in the vicinity, which are—

1. *Rockbridge Alum*, James A. Frazier, Proprietor, one-half mile distant by public road. (skilled gymnasts can reach it in 120





ENGINEER OFFICE JED. HOTCHKISS  
STAUNTON VA.

**MAP OF**  
SIX HUNDRED MILES AROUND THE  
**JORDAN ROCKBRIDGE ALUM SPRINGS,**  
ROCKBRIDGE COUNTY  
VIRGINIA.  
ON THE LINE OF THE CHORR., 40 MILES SW. OF STAUNTON  
AND  
8 MILES FROM GOSHEN DEPOT.  
DRAWN BY  
**D.C. HUMPHREYS**  
1873.

*This is one of the most delightful Summer homes in the Virginia Mountains. It is easily reached, through grand Scenery. The waters at J.R.A. Springs are, Alum, Iodine, Alum Chalybeate,*  
*Send for Pamphlet.*

complete and first-class in every respect. The buildings have lately been erected (all of them since April, 1872,) and are furnished throughout in good style; the main Hotel is 105 feet front with two wings running back 136 feet, giving a total frontage of 377 feet, three stories high, with Mansard roof, containing offices, parlors, reception room, upwards of 100 chambers, a ball-room 102x36 feet and dining room, the same size. The chambers are large, well ventilated and each furnished with a complete set of cottage furniture, each bed being provided with the National wire mattress and a pure soft hair mattress. Water closets are on each floor of the hotel, and the same is lighted with gas. Every chamber is connected with the main office by an electric bell, saving visitors much annoyance in waiting, when servants are needed.

Cottages have also been erected and furnished in the same style, with all the advantages of the hotel excepting gas, but instead with the Perkins & House safety lamp.

## AMUSEMENTS.

A Billiard Room, with new Tables and a complete outfit, a Bowling Alley, also entirely new, will serve to pass away time pleasantly for those who love these games. Deer and pheasant abound in the surrounding mountains for the sportsman, a beau-

† Distinctly observed with spectroscope. \* Obtained from ochreous sediment.

yards by vaulting a high fence,) a delightful and popular Summer resort.

2. *Rockbridge Baths*, Phil. F. Brown & Bro., Proprietors, 15 miles distant through the "Goshen Pass," possessing many attractions, among them a most luxuriant plunge bath.

3. *Cold Sulphur Springs*, J. B. Goodloe, Proprietor, 7 miles distant, good improvements, excellent Hotel and a most magnificent Sulphur Spring.

4. *Bath Alum*, Braxton & Carrington, Proprietors, 15 miles distant, a most charming Summer resort, and a variety of valuable mineral waters.

Beyond the Bath Alum along the Warm Spring Valley the traveler finds the Warm, Hot and Healing Springs, all finely improved with splendid accommodations, and continuing to Covington on the C. & O. R. R., passes the lovely and picturesque Falling Springs.

Visitors bringing their own horses and carriages can have the same properly cared for at very moderate charges, and will find the pleasant drives and points of interest in the vicinity to amply repay the expense of transportation.

Post Office, *Alum Springs, Va.*, and office Western Union Telegraph Company in main hotel.

Arrangements are now being completed to have the Jordan Alum and Jordan Iodine Waters for sale in bottles in all the principal cities of the United States.



# JORDAN ALUM

JOHN W. CAMERON,  
(Of Pulaski House, Savannah, Ga.)

PROPRIETOR

DR. J. EDGAR

# JORDAN ALUM

JOHN W. CAMERON,  
(Of Pulaski House, Savannah, Ga.)

PROPRIETOR

DR. J. EDGAR

Among the many attractions of the mountains of Virginia, and in the midst of their wild and grand scenery, nestled in a little valley, eight miles from Goshen and five miles from Millboro' (two stations on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, the grand trunk railway connecting the Chesapeake Bay and the Ohio River,) the traveler will find a delightful Summer Retreat known as

## JORDAN ALUM SPRINGS.

Here, two thousand feet above the sea, the grandeur of the mountain scenery, the purity of the air, the delightful temperature, and the medicinal virtue of the waters will make the traveler feel as another Ponce de Leon at the "Fountain of Youth," and give promise of another "lease of life."

### THE MINERAL WATERS.

In their curative powers, cover nearly all the diseases to which human flesh is heir, and consist of

#### ALUM WATER.

Improperly so named, being Aluminous Sulphated Chalybeate, and possessing most marked virtues in various diseases.

The result of an analysis of this water made by Prof. WILLIAM GILHAM, of the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, is as follows:

VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE.  
Lexington, Va. March 10, 1889.  
JOHN W. JORDAN, Esq.—Dear Sir:—I have carefully analyzed the sample of Alum Water sent me some time since, and find one gallon of it to contain:  
Of Silica . . . . . 2,920 grains.  
Of Sulphate of Alumina . . . . . 5,650 grains.  
Of " of Magnesia . . . . . 4,666 grains.  
Of " of Lime . . . . . 3,308 grains.  
Of " of Potash . . . . . 6,688 grains.  
Of Free Sulphuric Acid . . . . . 8,856 grains.  
Chloride of Sodium, in small quantity, not determined.  
Organic Matter, not determined.

By comparing this analysis with the published Analysis of the Rockbridge Alum Water, you will perceive that all the leading constituents of the latter water are present in yours; and that while the numbers expressing the proportions are different, these differences are no greater than exist between the waters 1, 2 and 3, of the Rockbridge Alum. The two waters are *essentially* the same, and I have no doubt that in the cure of disease yours will be found to be fully as efficacious as the more celebrated waters of the Rockbridge Alum. Very respectfully, your obedient servant, WILLIAM GILHAM.

Belonging to the same genus and possessing some valuable medicinal powers peculiar to itself, there is another water known as

#### IODINE-ALUM WATER.

Which, from its composition as shown by the following analysis of Prof. WILLIAM E. ALKIN, of the University of Maryland, is adapted as stated by Dr. MOORMAN, in his book *Mineral Waters of North America*, "Not only to the treatment of the various diseases for which other Alum Waters are used, but also from its highly alterative composition to be a reliable remedy in cases wherein those waters would be uncertain or inefficient."

This Spring is not located on the grounds of the Jordan Alum Springs, being so situated a few miles distant as not to admit of any improvements for accommodation of visitors; the water however is furnished to the guests at the Jordan Alum bresh from the spring daily.

#### LETTER OF PROFESSOR ALKIN.

Dear Sir,—I beg to send you the result of the analysis of your Alum Water, which you will note as compared with the analysis of any of the Alum Waters heretofore known, shows a remarkable difference. In your Spring—a difference not only in the strength of the water as shown by the quantity of Soluble Salts in the gallon of water, but a difference also in the character of the Salts. The very large proportion of Iron and of Free Acid, and more important than all, the quantity of Iodine in combination, will give to the water far superior to that of any other of which I have any knowledge.

It is manifest from the composition that this Spring Water will be not only admirably fitted for relieving promptly and safely all the various forms of disease for which Alum Waters are recommended, but will prove a reliable remedial agent in many cases wherein those waters are used, or inefficient.

W. M. E. ALKIN, M. D., LL.D.  
Prof. of Chemistry, &c., University of Maryland.

#### SOLID CONTENTS.

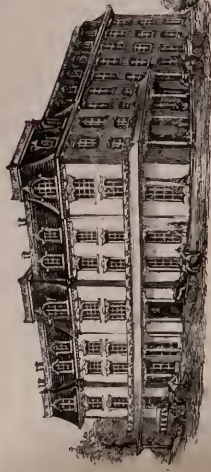
|                                 |                |
|---------------------------------|----------------|
| Sulphate of Lime,               | 5,320 grains.  |
| " of Magnesia,                  | 6,290 grains.  |
| " of Iron,                      | 22,250 grains. |
| " of Alumina,                   | 30,465 grains. |
| " of Potassa,                   | 1,580 grains.  |
| " of Soda,                      | 216 grains.    |
| Silicate of Sodium,             | 3,022 grains.  |
| Chloride of Sodium,             | 374 grains.    |
| Iodide of Sodium,               | 360 grains.    |
| Grenate of Iron,                | 820 grains.    |
| Phosphate of Iron,              | 641 grains.    |
| Free Sulphuric Acid,            | 302 grains.    |
| Free Carbonic Acid (estimated), | 28,376 grains. |
| Organic Vegetable Matter,       | 3,600 grains.  |
|                                 | 7,703 grains.  |

# SPRINGS, ROCKBRIDGE CO., VA.

C. B. LUCK,

(Of late Spottswood Hotel, Richmond, Va.)

MANAGER.



EDGAR CHANCELLOR, RESIDENT PHYSICIAN.

And to complete the list there is on the grounds a short distance from the Hotel a bold

### MAGNESIO-CHALYBEATE SPRING.

Shewing in its composition a character surpassed by none on this continent, but more nearly approximated in the presence of Arsenic and Copper, by some of the celebrated mineral waters of Europe. Attention is called to the analysis by Dr. J. W. MALLER, of the University of Virginia:

W. W. FLANSBACH, Esq.  
President Jordan Rockbridge Alum Springs Company, Charlottesville.  
Sir: Having examined, at your request, the waters of the Chalybeate Spring known as No. 1, upon the property of the Jordan Rockbridge Alum Springs Company, I beg to report the following results:

#### DISSOLVED GASES.

|                     |                                               |
|---------------------|-----------------------------------------------|
| Carbonic Anhydride, | Cubic inches per Imperial Gallon, 6.31        |
| Marsh Gas,          | (Reduced to 60° F. and 30 in. pressure), 0.31 |
| Oxygen,             | 2.20                                          |
| Nitrogen,           | 10.26                                         |
| Total,              | 18.90                                         |

#### SOLID CONSTITUENCIES.

|                            |                |
|----------------------------|----------------|
| Calcium Sulphate,          | 4,462          |
| Potassium Sulphate,        | 163            |
| Sodium Sulphate,           | 167            |
| Sodium Chloride,           | 141            |
| Iron Carbonate (tribasic), | 916            |
| Manganese Carbonate,       | 3,308          |
| Magnesium Carbonate,       | 4,090          |
| Lithium Carbonate,         | Trace          |
| Alumina,                   | .066           |
| Arsenic,                   | .565           |
| Copper,                    | Trace*         |
| Nitric Acid,               | Trace (slight) |
| Organic Matter,            | .107           |
| Total,                     | 7,777          |

The detection in the sediment of minute quantities of arsenic and copper is interesting. These two metals have, in Europe, been found together in deposits from the mineral waters of Ems, Schwalbach, Wiesbaden, Pyrmont and other localities (Walchner, &c.). The former metal is popularly spoken of as existing in one or two of the Virginia Springs, without, I believe, the fact having been established by analysis. Its presence in this case is unquestionable, though the influence very small. It will, on this account, be interesting to watch the influence of water in cases of intermittent fever, periodically recurring neuralgia, and chronic diseases of the skin and chronic nervous affections.

In like manner, the use made in medicine of salts of copper would point to the examination of any apparent effect of this water upon certain nervous diseases, such as epilepsy, chorea, and upon long-standing cases of diarrhoea and dysentery.

I am, sir, respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. W. MALLER.

Viewing these mineral waters as a whole, the peculiar advantages attending such a combination at one place, must place the JORDAN ALUM SPRINGS in the front rank of Summer Resorts for invalids and those broken down from over taxation of mind, seeking rest and recreation.

### ACCOMMODATIONS.

The Accommodations for the entertainment of visitors are complete and first-class in every respect. The buildings have lately been erected (all of them since April, 1873,) and are furnished throughout in good style; the main Hotel is 105 feet front with two wings running back 135 feet, giving a total frontage of 377 feet, three stories high, with Mansard roof, containing offices, parlors, reception room, upwards of 100 chambers, a ball-room 102x36 feet and dining room, the same size. The chambers are large, well ventilated and each furnished with a complete set of cottage furniture, each bed being provided with the National wire mattress and a pure soft hair mattress. Water closets are on each floor of the hotel, and the same is lighted with gas. Every chamber is connected with the main office by an electric bell, saving visitors much annoyance in waiting, when servants are needed.

Cottages have also been erected and furnished in the same style, with all the advantages of the hotel excepting gas, but instead with the Perkins & House safety lamp.

### AMUSEMENTS.

A Billiard Room, with new Table and a complete outfit, a Bowling Alley, also entirely new, will serve to pass away time pleasantly for those who love these games. Deer and pheasant abound in the surrounding mountains for the sportsman, a beautiful

tiful mountain stream running through the grounds and filled with trout for the disciples of Walton, shady strolls among the mountains in quiet glens and lovely valleys for cupid's victims, and delightful drives and promenades for those so inclined.

Prof. Schott's Band of Music from the United States Naval Academy, is engaged for the season, which insures nothing will be lacking in this respect.

Nothing shall be lacking to promote the health, comfort and pleasure of all.

### Route and Means of Access.

PASSENGERS FROM THE NORTH, on reaching Washington take the W. C. V. M. and G. S. R. R., passing Alexandria, Va., and change cars at Gordonsville, thence on the C. and O. R. R. to Goshen, Va., where coaches will meet them for the Springs.

FROM THE SOUTH VIA RICHMOND, take cars at Richmond for Goshen Depot and no change.

VIA LYNCHBURG, change cars at Charlottesville, Va., and no further change.

FROM THE WEST VIA WASHINGTON, take W. C. V. M. and G. S. R. R., and change at Gordonsville for Goshen.

VIA CINCINNATI AND HUNTINGTOS, take through train at Huntington, no further change.

Passengers can leave cars C. and O. R. R. either at Goshen or Millboro'; the former being eight miles and the latter five miles distant. Coaches will be found at both stations to carry them to the Jordan Alum.

Arrangements have been made for Excursion Tickets from all principal points to these Springs. Tickets at reduced rates, and good until November.

Any one with baggage checked to other points passing over the C. and O. R. R., desiring to make a detour for a day or so to the Jordan Alum, can, by application to the conductor, have baggage put off at Goshen or Millboro', and again rechecked for destination on their return. There being two daily passenger trains over this road, this enables one to leave train going West passing Goshen at 5 o'clock, A. M. or 5 P. M., and return in twelve or twenty-four hours; those going East can leave train at Goshen at 9 A. M., returning same evening or next morning, or leave train at 10 P. M. and spending night at hotel at Goshen, go to Springs next morning, returning same evening if desired.

Express Train, going West, arrives at Goshen 5 A. M.

Mail Train, going West, arrives at Goshen 5 P. M.

Express Train, going East, arrives at Goshen 10 P. M.

Mail Train, going East, arrives at Goshen 9 A. M.

### WATERING PLACES IN VICINITY.

Much pleasure may be derived by visiting the Watering Places in the vicinity, which are—

1. *Rockbridge Alum*, James A. Frazier, Proprietor, one-half mile distant by public road, (skilled gymnasts can reach it in 120 yards by vaulting a high fence,) a delightful and popular Summer resort.
2. *Rockbridge Falls*, Phil. F. Brown & Bro., Proprietors, 15 miles distant through the "Goshen Pass," possessing many attractions, among them a most luxuriant plunge bath.
3. *Cold Sulphur Springs*, J. B. Goodloe, Proprietor, 7 miles distant, good improvements, excellent Hotel and a most magnificent Sulphur Spring.
4. *Bath Alum*, Braxton & Carrington, Proprietors, 15 miles distant, a most charming Summer resort, and a variety of valuable mineral waters.

Beyond the Bath Alum along the Warm Spring Valley the traveler finds the Warm, Hot and Healing Springs, all finely improved with splendid accommodations, and continuing to Covington on the C. & O. R. R., passes the lovely and picturesque Falling Springs.

Visitors bringing their own horses and carriages can have the same properly cared for at very moderate charges, and will find the pleasant drives and points of interest in the vicinity to amply repay the expense of transportation.

Post Office, *Alum Springs, Va.*, and office Western Union Telegraph Company in main hotel. Arrangements are now being completed to have the Jordan Alum and Jordan Lodging Waters for sale in bottles in all the principal cities of the United States.

\* Distinctly observed with a 200 telescope. \* Obtained from ochreous sediment.











LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 068 592 6

